THE ILLUSTRATOR

CONTAINING 788 ILLUSTRATIONS
BY 78 ARTISTS

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THE

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR

FOR THE

THIRD QUARTER OF 1895

CONTAINING

788 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

SEVENTY-EIGHT ARTISTS

VOL. V.

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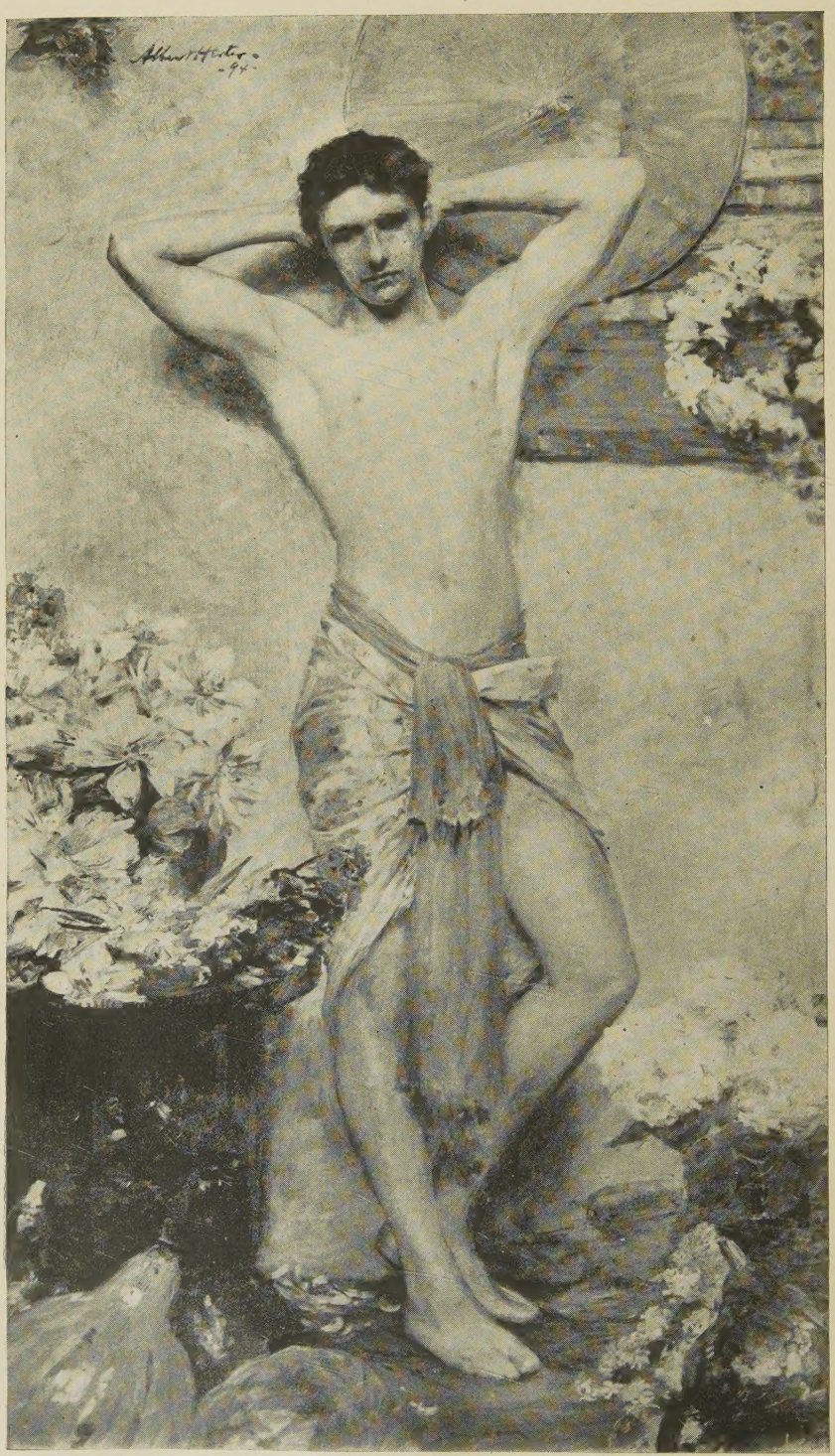


From a painting by Albert Herter

AN ATHENIAN FLOWER-MERCHANT

The Monthly Illustrator

Vol. V July, 1895 No. 15

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth"

JAPAN IN AMERICAN ART

By George Parsons Lathrop

With original illustrations by Albert and Adele Herter.

ADELE HERTER

Fine art, poetry, esthetics, often lead the way and "blaze" the trail for the slower advance of politics, statesmanship and general civilization, along some path discovered by the more delicate sensibilities of the imaginative mind. Statecraft and treaties, war and diplomatic peace, issue largely from motives of materialism and commercial greed. Yet they are frequently compelled to follow the lines, or bend their steps to the direction, first laid out by the progressive poet and painter.

This country, it is true, originally sought Japan for purposes of trade and profit. But one of the strongest factors was an intellectual interest in Japanese art.

On the other hand, a curious counter-movement has gradually grown into promi

THREE GENERATIONS IN A JAPANESE FAMILY

nence, and has begun to assume distinct proportions, showing definite results, in the study of Japan by American artists, from their own point of view and by their own methods.

At first this representation of Japanese subjects in American art was, no doubt, regarded by the public as a mere quest for the novel and the bizarre. Walter Gay, of Boston, was, I think, one of the first pictorial explorers there, but brought back rather conventional transcripts of Japanese landscape. Although there remains, naturally, in these themes, as treated by later and more sympathetic workers, an element of *grotesquerie*, to the average eye, it is becoming evident, now, that the interchange of artistic impressions and influences between Japan and the United States has a more serious bearing and promise than was formerly supposed.

THE FLOWER-CART,—A STUDY OF JAPANESE CEREMONIAL COSTUME

Striking evidence in this direction is given by the pictures in which Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter have portrayed Japanese figures and scenes. The frontispiece is an example. The artist tells us that it represents an Athenian florist at rest in the market-place, but it falls well into its Japanese grouping by reason of its peculiarly blended traits of poetry, picturesqueness and naturalism. The pose is an extraordinary one. Yet—strange though the angular lines appear, formed by the elbows, and the forearms reaching in with clasped hands behind the head; the long inward curve of the right leg, and the outward jutting of the left knee;—the total effect is one of natural restfulness and a new sort of grace. The face and head are

not, of course, at all Japanese; but the spirit of the composition is so, at the same time that it brings to bear all the resources of European and American art. It is this fusion of the two elements, of more or less oriental material with an occidental point of view, blended with a sentiment of the far East, that seems to me so suggestive of a new development in art.

In the first of the Japanese real-life studies accompanying this article, we find a curious depiction of a mother, or grandmother, a child, and a doll. All three figures are squatted on the floor. As Lafcadio Hearn says, the Japanese live upon the floor. Their home-life goes on in a sort of "doll's house," but of a very different and much more wholesome kind than Ibsen's. It would be interesting to ascertain, if we could,

From a painting by Adele Herter

A PORTRAIT-HEAD

From a painting by Adele Herter

O KAMI-SAN

whether they do not, by this child-like and natural mode of life, store up a great reserve-force of mental, physical and nervous power. Certainly they seem to have brought such a reserve-force into play in their dealings with other nations, and in their war with China.

There is one very curious thing about the Japanese, so far as we may judge from pictures and books; and this is, that, while their life and manners are in some respects at the acme of healthful simplicity, in other respects they are bound by a most rigorous artificiality.

The Japanese lady, here shown, who drags by a party-colored cord a little toy-wagon filled with flowers, is a wonderful specimen of extreme conventionality in dress. Mrs. Herter gives us two life-like studies of a Japanese girl, and a Japanese woman in well-designed, waist-banded costumes. These, also, show the rigor of nation-

al fashion. Yet in the final illustration in this group we revert to out door, sylvan life, and behold bare-legged men pleasantly standing or sitting near the edge of a wood, who have been carrying a young woman in an open palanquin.

What is more immediately to our purpose, here, is that their simplicity and system of existence have perpetuated among them those wonderfully strong, yet delicate, perceptions of color and line in nature and the human figure, which have become instinctive and sure, and form the life of their art.

This art affects and will continue to affect us all. And one of the most interesting ways in which it will do so will be through American pictorial studies of Japanese subjects; for our artists, consciously or unconsciously, absorb the Japanese artistic feeling into their work, and diffuse it again. Mr. and Mrs. Herter, however, have mingled with the Japanese feeling their own American way of looking at things; and we get an entirely unique product.

PHILLIPA PICARD

A REST IN THE WOODS

OUT-DOOR LIFE IN NORWAY

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

Illustrated from photographs of pictures in the Norwegian National Gallery.

I am not acquainted with any nation which does not regard itself as God's chosen people, the elect of the earth, the noblest result of the human evolution. If it is big and has great possessions, like England and Russia, it will base its claim to superiority, to a considerable degree, upon its numbers and the extent of its dominions; if it is small, like Holland and Norway, and dwells in a contracted strip of territory, it will find this, too, a cause for congratulation, and boast (as I once heard a countryman of mine do) that God could not afford to make many such tremendous fellows, because "the stuff was too precious." How often I was told in my childhood that I ought to be grateful because I had been born of a hardy, frugal and God-fearing people, far from the vices of the wicked world, and the longer I live, the more I am convinced that this was, indeed, cause for gratitude.

Life was sweet in those days and its every minute relished with a zest, the memory of which arouses a dim envy. The pleasures which fell to my lot were wholesome and primitive and of nature's own providing. I am not speaking of school, of course, which was never included in the scheme of nature; but which nevertheless was useful as a sombre foil against which the joys of truancy gained a brighter relief. And in Norway there are a thousand excuses for truancy which exist in no other country. The mountains, the forests, the glorious fjords, seemed to me a perpetual invitation to vagabondage.

When the meadows steamed in the spring sun, and the first hint of pungent odors rose from the soil,—when vagrant whiffs of resin were blown from the neighboring woods and roused queer lawless impulses within you,—then the cattle grew uneasy in their stalls, and the dairy-maids shaded their eyes against the sun and

From a painting by B. Askevold

WATERING THE CATTLE

From a painting by Hans-Dahl

A DAIRY-MAID

From a painting by E. Skramstad

A SCENE IN NORDMARKEN

looked longingly toward the highlands. For the three months which they spend with their herds at the saeters or mountain-dairies are to them the happiest months of the year, which are looked forward to with joyous anticipations. No sooner are the birch and the alder beginning to sprout in the glens, and the great highland plains clothed with juicy grass, than the long procession of cows, horses, goats and sheep, starts mountainwards, amid riotous bellowings, neighings, and clumsy antics of delight. The brown collie, Pasop or Trofast, like a fussy official, runs about fuming and barking; the cows snort, raise their tails and kick up their heels; the colts chase each other like mad about the croft; and the dairy-maids blow their Alpine horns, startling the clamorous echoes of the cliffs.

This saeter-procession is a favorite subject with Norwegian painters. Adolph Tidemand has treated it capitally and has invested it with a charm which his successors scarcely have rivalled. The cattle-painters, Askevold and Bergh, who both interpret the pastoral sentiments most beautifully, have also represented the saeter-life in a variety of phases. Askevold's cows are delightfully bovine. They are the kind of cows which, as Emerson says, seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. The idyllic sweetness of the pastoral life envelops them as in a fragrance of new-mown hay. His picture "Watering the Cattle" has long held an honored place in the national gallery of Norway, and his "Evening at the River," though less animated, is no less steeped in the sentiment of the Norwegian highlands.

In Bergh's "Cattle in a Birch Forest" one scarcely knows whether it is the cattle or the landscape which is the more delicious. Partly perhaps on account of its Norse associations, a young birch is to me the most beautiful of trees. There is something in its slender grace and the vapory translucence of its sparse foliage to which the term virginal seems vaguely to apply. It is never well to analyze such impressions; but rather to give them for what they may be worth.

The smell of the birch, too, especially in early spring, when the sap is mounting, has an exquisite delicate pungency which to me is ineradicably associated with the Norwegian highlands. A mountain lake snugly embedded among low wooded ranges, with sedgy shores and whiffs of spring's rarest essence wandering over its surface, is capable of arousing a strange unequalled contentment.

It is such a bit of landscape Skramstad has surprised in his "Scene in Nordmarken," which has a shy air of woody remoteness and privacy, inimitably rendered in the picture.

Bodom, who belonged to an older school of painters that demanded more violent effects, found in the same region a multitude of *motifs* which he elaborated with a romantic relish of the mere externally picturesque. The very name Nordmarken has to a Norseman a singular fascination. If he be a sportsman, he will remember with a thrill of delight toilsome hunting and fishing expeditions into the heart of this glorious wilderness; and even if he be not addicted to gun or rod, he will recall with scarcely less pleasure the halo of romance with which Asbjörnsen, Barth and other literary huntsmen have invested this delectable region.

It was the fashion in my boyhood and is yet, I believe, for well-to-do families in Christiania to have a hut in Nordmarken, whither excursions were made, whenever the desire for primitive life awoke in the breast of the city dwellers. If the father was a man of robust health and youthful temper, he would strap his knapsack on his back, and rally his boys and girls about him for a tramp into Nordmarken. In winter time, the little procession would start across the white fields on *skees*, the youngest boy or girl (who might be twelve or thirteen) keeping close

From a painting by K. Bergslien

THE BIRCHLEGS CARRYING KING HAAKON ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

From a painting by Tidemand

A WEDDING-PARTY AT A FORD

to the father, and the elder ones striking out boldly, screaming and shouting with glee. It was a tremendous lark for the children, this run into Nordmarken.

And then to make a fire in a little log-hut in the woods and cook your own meals, and sleep in queer alcoves in the wall,—how awfully exciting! As the hills grow steeper, the climb becomes more laborious; but the joyous agitation of the children makes the blood bound in their veins, and they unmurmuringly endure fatigue and hardship, for they know that he who complains will suffer the penalty of being left at home the next time. Skating on the glorious steel-blue tarns can only be indulged in early winter before the snow has spoiled the ice; but skee-running is nearly always to be enjoyed, and trapping and shooting are also permitted during the frost-bound months. In the spring and summer the game is protected until its young are old enough to dispense with parental care; which in most cases is not until the middle of August or September.

The fishing in the rivers frequented by the salmon is mostly in the hands of English sportsmen, who pay far more for the privilege than the native owners could realize by catching and selling the fish. But in the numerous mountain tarns the fishing is free; and magnificent sport is yet to be had.

I have a most vivid recollection of a mountain expedition undertaken with my three sons in 1891, from Grindaheim in Valders. On our return from a visit to a Lapp encampment, we struck, about ten o'clock in the evening, two large and beautiful tarns, connected by a shallow sound or narrows. Here the water was so clear that we could, by the fiery light of the late sun, count every pebble on the

bottom; that is to say we might have done so, if it had not been for the trout which stood packed in the narrows, with their noses against the slow current, gently moving their fins. Large speckled beauties there were, weighing from one to three pounds. They seemed strangely sluggish, however, and as far as I could see, scarcely one of them stirred, as I stole up to the bank and screwed my rod together. I was just about to drop my fly on the placid surface, when one of the guides grabbed me excitedly by the arm.

"For God's sake," he whispered, breathlessly, "don't drop your fly there."

"Why not?" I queried, in amazement.

"The tarns are enchanted. You may throw your fly all night, but not a fish will you catch there."

"Stuff and nonsense. I'll take my chances."

"But if you do, the Lapps will throw spells over you; and you may never see a well day in all your life. It is they who have enchanted the fish."

"I'll take my chance of that, too."

Whatever the reason, not a fish rose to my fly during that night, and when, fancying that I was too plainly visible, I crawled aboard a rickety raft and was rowed cautiously along the shore, no better luck attended me. I had a suspicion that something was wrong with my fly and changed it a dozen times. But though I employed the most approved kinds, brilliant and appetizing enough to tempt the most fastidious palate, not a solitary trout deigned to notice my assiduous acrobatics: they were and remained "enchanted." For all that I do not regard these hours as by any means ill-spent. The enchantment somehow invaded my own mind, and invests my memory of this glorious night even to the present day.

From a painting by B. Askevold

EVENING AT THE RIVER

From a painting by H. Gude.

CATTLE IN A BIRCH FOREST

I know that it is the fashion to make light of the loss which humanity has sustained in turning its back upon the primitive pursuits of fishing and hunting. The gain, of course, is apparent enough and needs no emphasizing. In Norway, where a large portion of the population yet depends for its daily bread upon the inhabitants of the woods and seas, it has always seemed to me that life was sweeter, the brain saner, the heart more tranquil than in the lands that boast a more complete civilization.

It may be, perhaps, that at this distance of years, my recollections of those happy days take on a color of romance which was not inherent in them. It may be that the dairy-maids who conveyed me on a pack-saddle, at the age of seven, to my grandfather's saeter, were not as charming as my fancy now depicts them. I would even admit that being stuffed into a basket and tied to a pack-saddle is rather an ignominious mode of locomotion. And yet how entrancingly the laughter of those two barefooted girls, their artless chatter and the ringing blasts of their Alpine horns, re-echo in my memory. There is a dewy freshness of life's morning about the impressions and sensations of this journey which pertains to nothing of later date.

The smell of the smoke of the fire they built upon the saeter-croft lingers yet with an exquisite pungency in my nostrils. I could not comprehend at the time why they boiled juniper twigs in a large caldron; and that juniper twigs are used for sweetening wooden milk-pails, was not the only thing I learned on this memorable occasion. It seemed no less miraculous to me that a bit of fish-skin was put into the coffee to make it clear.

But most memorable of all the enchanting things I saw and heard, was a certain deep, warm, tremulous glimpse I got of something unutterable, which for want of a better phrase I shall call nature's secret. What I mean by this is a sense of kinship and closeness to the soil; a mysterious affinity to the woods, the mountains, the tarns,—all breathing and all inanimate nature.

From a painting by E. Skramstad

LIFTING A SALMON-NET

What tranquil, beautiful contentment possessed these simple girls as they sat knitting long woolen stockings at the fire in the late summer night, and told stories, with an unaffected faith, about the Hulder Necken, the Trolds and all the legendary creatures that inhabit forests, cliffs and waters. And I (though I have profited less than I ought by their example) seem to see in retrospect how simple, sweet and wholesome life might be to him who has not eaten of the fatal fruit of the tree of knowledge.

To them Nature was inhabited by mysterious beings of supernatural origin.

From a painting by Coppelen

A MOUNTAIN TARN

The sombre forests were haunted by the Hulder, a tricksome but most wondrously alluring wood-nymph, who is apt to let girls alone, but is exceedingly dangerous to young men. She is dressed in a scarlet bodice and a short black embroidered skirt; and her beautiful golden hair streams down over her shoulders. But unhappily she has one peculiarity which separates her from her mortal sisters. Her glorious form is marred by a heifer's tail, which she always keeps anxiously concealed under the skirt. Once when a great longing for human society took possession of her, she ventured down to a farm at the edge of the forest where a wedding was being celebrated. No sooner had she entered than the young lads, dazzled by her beauty, thronged about her, importuning her for the next dance. She selected one and began to tread the measure of the lusty "palling." But as the joy of the music and the rhythmic motion kindled her blood, she forgot her unfortunate appendage, and let it drop beneath the hem of her skirt. No sooner had her partner caught sight of it, than a freezing horror made the cold sweat burst out upon his brow. He controlled himself, however, and whispered in the Hulder's ear: "Fair maiden, thou art losing thy garter."

Instantly she vanished, but the tactful youth she rewarded with perpetual good luck with his herds until he grew to be a rich man.

These and many other folk-legends were told to me that night, as I sat in the saeter-croft before the fire, in sight of the vast glacier which loomed up on the northern horizon and sent, every now and then, an icy gust down over the highlands. While my face and front were being toasted, little shivers were stealing down my back. But I was not sure whether they were due to the shuddering tales heard or to the chilly breath of the glacier. It seemed to me then a fascinating,

uncanny affair to sleep on a bed of straw in a log hut in the heart of a most primeval forest, inhabited by trolds and hulders and nixies and no end of uncomfortable sprites. It is not in the least surprising to me that so extensive a folk-lore and mythology as that of Scandinavia, should have grown up among a people who spend their days amid a forest resonant of strange noises, filled with wild beasts and overshadowed by formidable mountains.

This was the very same kind of a wild forest as the one in which Hop-o-my-Thumb and his brothers went astray and came to the house of the ogre. But for all that, I slept very soundly that night, though I fancied I could hear the cattle-bells in my dreams, and the matutinal lowing of the cows, waiting with uneasy impatience to be milked. It seemed hard to forgive the dairy-maids for having permitted me to sleep during this interesting operation. When I arose, about seven o'clock, I could see the motley kine scattered like little colored dots upon the distant mountain meadows, under the very edge of the glacier.

There springs the sweetest grass, watered by innumerable springs and rivulets that trickle deviously down from the ice, through mossy rocks and little bogs where birches and aspens grow; and there are spread everywhere the wonderful alpine flower-gardens, where starry plants hasten to bloom—knowing how short their season of work is to be—almost before the snow has melted away.

I may add that I derived a profit from this expedition which I was then incapable of anticipating. The impressions of those two idyllic days crystalized, many years later, into three chapters of my first book, "Gunnar." I had gained a glimpse of the very heart of pastoral life; and I value this glimpse as among my most precious possessions.

From a painting by E. Bodom

FROM NORDMARKEN

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON BURLESQUE ART

By Tudor Jenks

Illustrated by photographs of caricatures exhibited in New York, in March, 1895.

I believe in consulting experts upon their own subjects, and therefore asked a member of the Authors' Club what was the meaning of "Trilby: Her first Appearance." He told me that she was a character in a recent book by Du Maclaren. He gave an outline of the plot. "Trilby," it seems, was a model for young girls — that is, young girls in pictures, not real ones. She got there with both feet, especially the left one, and was a pretty useful sort of girl, "altogether," except for some defect that the author doesn't emphasize particularly. She wasn't lacking in honesty, or good temper, and didn't break things. She was an excellent washer and ironer, and clear-starcher, and had no objection to going into the country. She was also a good plain cook. Her trouble was with followers—she was something of a flirt. Anyway, she refused to take any taffy, and went around giving farewell concerts with an unpleasant Hebrew named Svengecko. The book is based on the old song:

TRILBY: HER FIRST APPEARANCE

"I loved her, and she might have been
The happiest girl in the land,
But she fancied a foreigner who played the flageolet
In the middle of a German band."

And when she came home to die, "Little Billee," who never was strong, died too. The

A FIN-DE-SIECLE EPISODE

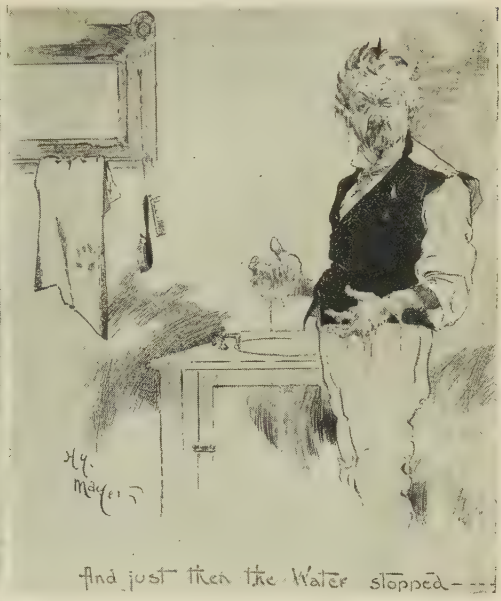
"THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN, HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES, WHEN DOWN CAME A BLACKBIRD AND NIPPED OFF HER NOSE"

doctors said it was heart-failure. If "Taffy" and the "Laird" had not both lived through it the book would have made a hit, if the publishers had advertised it. It is illustrated by Thomas Nast, or one who learned shading in the same school—the fly-screen school.

Strangely enough, the next drawing is by C. D. Dobson, author of "Old World Idles," and "At the Sign of the Liar," and creator of the beltless American girl. It is, as Mr. Bangs of Corsica remarked, a count of no account hypnotizing an American heiress into exchanging cash for a coronet — getting change for half a crown. This remark is covered by the general copyright-laws of several governments, in the hope that attention may thus be concentrated upon its uniquity.

A REALISTIC STREET-CORNER OF PARIS

CHAUNCEY DE PEACH



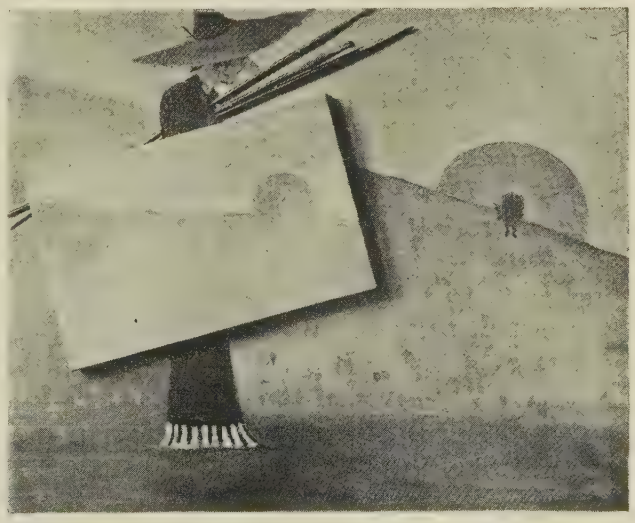
AND JUST THEN THE WATER STOPPED

Walt Whitman's ode upon the next gem can hardly be improved:—

Who is this that I see?
The tall, slim, with arms outstretched, groping?
The clothes-line, petticoat-hung, humidity dispelling?
A girl, a female girl, young, fair!—pretty fair—fair to middling, let us say,
Why not? Oh, hush!
And the bird, ebon-winged, also outstretching.
A blackbird by-coming, nose-snipping!

Afar I hear the chink of gold, loathsome gold — gold in the counting-room,
Counted out by the king. I would like to be a king
Or a queen — a bread-and-honey eating queen, kitchen in-sitting.
And what of it?
Oh, the snipness of ravens!
Why not stop here! Whoa!

The "Realistic Street-corner in Paris" is not signed, but no doubt it is by Raffaelli. You may know that because it is so ugly, and at ugliness Raffaelli can give cards and spades to the whole Academy of Design. Whenever



AN ART STUDENT

a Weary Raggles tries to drown himself in the Seine, they rescue him and encourage him. "Do not despair," they say, "go to Raffaelli. He will make a model of you."

One eminent art-critic says that the line of the water-spout synchronizes too much with the tail and off-hind leg of the feline. But he fails to notice that the chiffonière's dexter fore-limb subtly accentuating yet differentiates this symphonic curve—a distinction

HEART EXCHANGE

score of a Wagnerian opera.

Chauncey Depeach is a character prominent on the Bowery, who said that he started in life with his two hands and his head. But since then he admits having acquired a prominent corporation—the result of judicious watering. He is a rising after-dinner speaker, and has kindly consented to publish his recipe. Here it is:

Select a well-developed chestnut. Transplant it to Peekskill. As soon as

EVENTIDE; OR, A WOMAN WITH A HISTORY

first drawn by a member of the Seidl Society who understands the bass-drum

A NYMPH AT THE SPRING

moss appears on it, serve it with a smile and in full dress. A few deft passes will make it acceptable, when served with plenty of wine-sauce. If possible, don't let them expose it in the *Sun*.

Mr. Mayer's little soap-and-water-color lacks finish — being merely washed in. The drawing is better—down stairs.

The "Art Student" while purely decorative is believed to be from life, and like "Eventide" is one of those pictures which haunt the memory like a boil. There is none of this poetic quality in the *genre* study called "Heart Exchange." This is a distinct impression—derived from close proximity to Nature. The handling is more effective than delicate. While the anatomy is firm and full of bone, there is sufficient feeling in the attitudes. Perhaps there may be a want of breadth in the modeling of the woman's figure, and certainly there is a lack of simplicity in the lover's face.

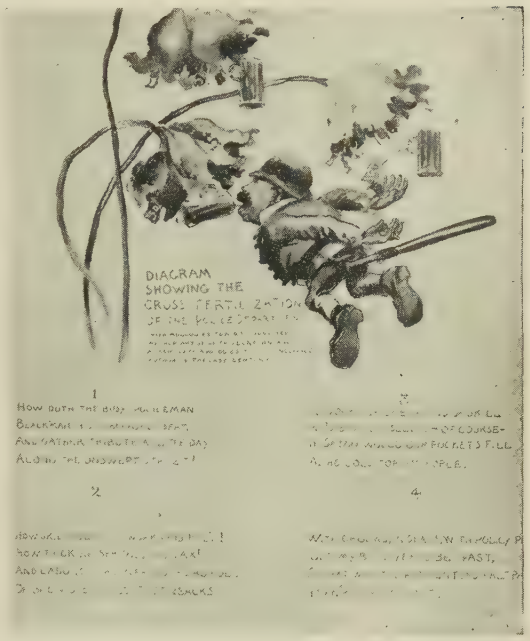
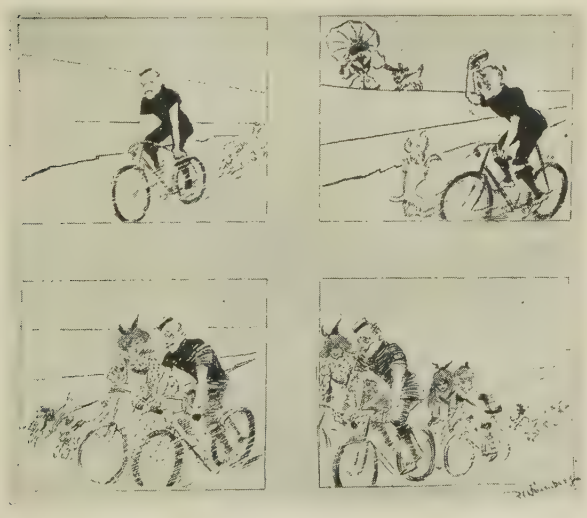


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

"A Nymph at the Spring" is made up of few elements—a flower in the flowing hair, a streamlet bickering into the valley, a maiden coyly lurking behind an umbrella, and a pair of Arctic over-shoes concealing two mere feet—what is there in this to make the heart rise unbidden in the throat, and to bring thoughts that are too deep for utterance? Ah!—"even an umbrella would be something!" as Dick Swiveller said; and here we see how truly he spoke.



A BICYCLE EPISODE

W. Forthamilton Gibson has made a specialty of flowers and insects; but this Botany Bay study of the *Policemannus Newyorkii* is by another hand; and the verses (from Byrnes's Poems) fitly comment upon this beautiful example of Protective Mimicry. Somehow, the Joan Dark and the Spirits, and the design for a Tablet in the City Hall, have a subtle relation to this same subject. But the Tablet is an allegory. The Street-Cleaning Goddess of Reform, arrayed in white duck, is sur-

veying a dead tiger which has been deposited in one of the new ash-bags. The expression of the face signifies the Tiger has been long no more, and is suggestive of G. A. R. bage. The satirist no doubt favors a Strong policy, and disapproves of the Mayor's acting on a Platform of his own. "La Cigale" explains itself — and has been explaining itself since Æsop's childhood. The "Theatre Hat" can never be the fit subject of a take-off, the secant of the curved brim being too popular with the unselfish sex.

LA CIGALE

DESIGN FOR A TABLET, NEW YORK CITY HALL

"Him twice I smote—twice groaning prone he fell.
With limbs relaxed, prostrate where he lay,
With thumb adjusted to his nose, he spread
His fat and supple fingers out, and waved
Them gently to and fro, and grinned the while.
Him with third blow I dowered, votive gift
To Hades down below, and called 'Strong,
If there are any more why just come on!'"

"The Three Guardsmen" is a New Yorker's impression of Brooklyn by night; but the churches in the background are evidently faked — the third in the row, Talmage's late Tabernacle, was burned at that time (and at other times, too): and the figure on the extreme left is too much like a policeman to be a natural adjunct to such a scene.

The "Road to Palmyra" is a good

THE THEATRE-HAT

example of brush-work; and a fine sense of perspective,—in puns.

In the revised version of Joan Dark, the burlesquer has succeeded in surpassing the original. It will be remembered by those who have happened to arrive at the Metropolitan Museum on the free days, that the original Johen is seeing things. Now, in a subtle spirituous way, the parodist has made us sure that his Joan is seeing at least twice as much as the other Joan, and this is a distinct triumph for the Rumantic school.

After this ideal study, let us approach the "Nightmare." A New Yorker said that it was a Chicago Nouvelle Millionairesse; a gentleman from Chicago told me

THE THREE GUARDSMEN (BROOKLYN, 1895)

FEATHER DUSTY ROAD TO PALMYRA

JOAN DARK AND THE SPIRITS

But no Moore of that. The "Sleeping Stupid" is no longer in the market, having been bought by the proprietor of a remedy for insomnia, to whom it was recommended as showing great repose. After life's fitful fever and ague he sleeps well.

There is too much politics in the remaining studies. The design for a fountain is evidently the work of a partisan hand, but those who are offended by its satire, may find in the next study

SLEEPING STUPID

that it was a well-known resident of what a leading newspaper calls *THE* Fifth Avenue; but as a matter of fact, the artist confided to me that the lady is a dream-child of his own, called up by reading the lines:

"Rich and rare were the gemsshewore."

A NIGHTMARE

a consoling thought. Does not this emblematic composition warn us that the Tammany Tiger may yet down the Scholar in Politics, and leave naught but a mortar-board and academic gown to be her empty memorial?

There is a curious side to this burlesque art. It has often been said that parody is the touchstone that tries true metal. But from the art-student's point of view, parody is rather the winnowing fan that

separates the grain from the chaff. In a really fine picture the qualities that make it are never those of which parody can lay hold. Burlesque separates the accidental from the essential, and permits the accidental to usurp the throne.

It might be worth while to inquire why ridicule is a more effective weapon than logic. Why should derision slay a sham that exposure alone cannot kill? Perhaps the explanation will be found in the fact that while many men are willing to be considered knaves, none will bear the imputation of being a fool. Exposing a sham still permits the hypothesis that its perpetrator is a knave; but a successful parody is a demonstration that the fool-element is present in undue proportion,—that the man is not only out of tune with the world but with himself.

DESIGN FOR A FOUNTAIN TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK BY THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

The immortal romance of "Don Quixote" is a stock illustration of the effectiveness of burlesque. There was little or no truth of sentiment in the high-flown tales to which Cervantes gave the death-blow. They were known to be false, but still lived. Cervantes showed them to be not only false but absurd.

SHE WAS A VERY NICE GIRL

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

By Alexander Black

With original illustrations by Carol M. Albright.

"Come in!"

You go in. Possibly it is the twilight-time of the day, when you are quite certain that the brushes have been laid aside, and when the studio will be in the hazy hush of the ruminative hour; when the dim corners of the room are dimmest, and the copy from Rembrandt or Hals is seen only in the faint yellow high-lights of the face; when the cast on the shelf glimmers like a ghost just below the blade of a rusty sword, and the shaded recess beyond the fire-place is as black as the entrance to a cavern.

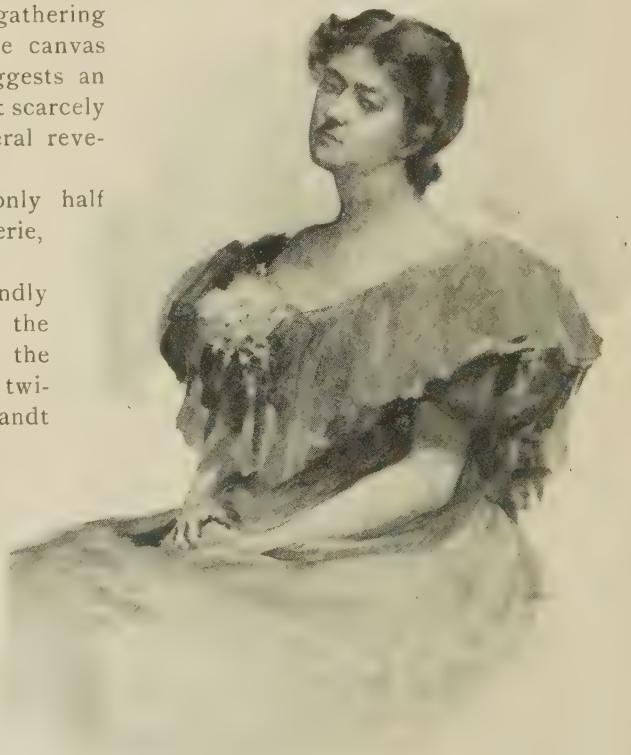
The artist is sitting before a canvas that stands where the most favorable light fell before the sun had gone. If the artist be a man, he probably is smoking a gray-yellow-brown-bluish sort of pipe. If the artist be a woman, as in the case of the author of these studies by Miss Carol Albright, she probably is illustrating that feminine superiority which can ruminate in the twilight without tobacco.

"Ah!" you say, tritely, "the portrait of a lady."

You can scarcely see her in the gathering darkness, but in such a light the canvas looms large and indistinct, and suggests an infinitude of reflections which might scarcely have been aroused by the more literal revelations of a fuller illumination.

"Yes," says the artist, still only half aroused from the interrupted reverie, "third sitting."

If you are on sufficiently friendly terms you take a chair opposite the picture and become a partner in the artist's ruminations, letting the twilight have its way, and the Rembrandt fade, and the ghostly cast take on a supernatural frown. You study the unfinished face and strive to read in the halted translation the original story that lies behind. Who that has watched the work of the patient painter, or the delineator of the current types of character, has not felt the charm of this half-finished stage? "To be continued." You are piqued by that which is yet to be said, and by those prophecies of the



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

brush which tell but half of the secret. The living face is growing here before you in a fitful development, here glowing with reality, here whimsically vague.

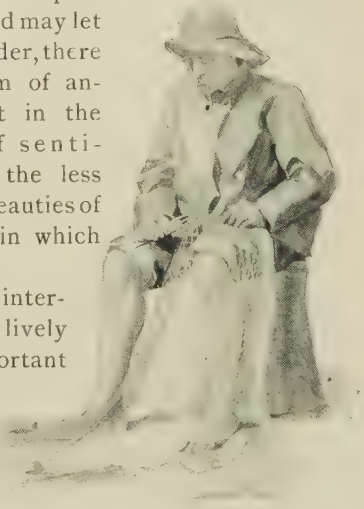
If you do not find yourself in sympathy with the face, you find it hard, perhaps, to get into sympathy with the work of the artist. Faithfulness to a disagreeable truth has not the superficial charm of faithfulness to truth that pleases. If you do like the face, so much, it may be, that you find yourself impulsively exclaiming, "What a charming woman!" it is not a difficult thing to accept the methods by which the face is brought to you.

A STUDY

A LADY IN WHITE

"Portrait of a Lady." It is an eternal theme, calling out the best there is in the artist, the best that there is in art. And when the artist is freed from the inhibitions of portraiture and may let fancy wander, there is a charm of another sort in the touches of sentiment, in the less rigorous beauties of this work in which femininity is interpreted by untrammeled fancy.

One thing becomes interestingly apparent in this interpretation of femininity—art of this sort must include a lively degree of ingenuity in the disposition of that important subject of clothes. The idealist who essays classical robes has one problem. The painter of contemporary gowns has another. Yet I fancy that the author of some new "Sartor Resartus" will find a new clothes-philosophy, which shall



MENDING HIS NET

explain not only why woman always manages to be charming in the most diverse of unclassical robes, but why art somehow finds it not so difficult, after all, to make the compromise between artistic verities and the dressmaker.

That Miss Albright is not restricted, however, to portraiture, nor to the depiction of even the most engaging of figure-subjects, is apparent from the bright and interesting sketch below of the ancient moat which makes so attractive a feature of that favorite resort of the Paris art-students,—Crecy-en-Brie. The sketch attracts you not only as a drawing, but as showing how peace and the people have appropriated, and changed from its original aspect, this relic and reminder of feudal days and distresses in France.

DAY-DREAMS

But the dusk has deepened until the face on the canvas has become as faint as a memory. The studio is quite dark. You will accept the need to say "Good-bye," and pick your way down the dim stair with an ineffaceable recollection of the artist's earnest personality, and of the eloquent face in the easel.

ON THE MOAT AT CRECY-EN-BRIE

STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS VERSUS MYSTICISM

By Edward King

With original illustrations by John Alden Weir.

One of the distinguishing features of this spring's art exhibitions in Europe, we are told, was the absence of mysticism. Gone is the Sar Peladan and all his uncanny crew; and the large tranquil transcripts of nature and humanity resume their lead. Was it the onslaught of Max Nordau which frightened these *poseurs* into the darkness where they belong? Who shall say? They were so vain that they might have thought it fine to be pointed at as types of "degeneration." They were faddists and could not have a lengthy existence. And now perhaps we may be allowed hereafter to judge for ourselves what a painting signifies, without having a dozen bizarre, celestial and infernal meanings attributed to it by the followers of the fad. Sincerity and simplicity take up their guidance once more. Happy he who profits by them.

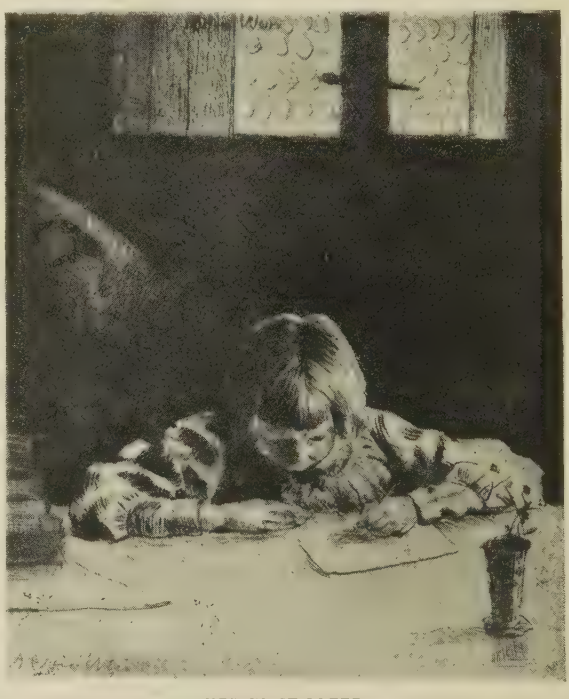
A FEATHER

Absolute faithfulness in copying nature as one sees it need not prevent the copy from having an atmosphere of its own—a distinctive style which will carry the painter's individuality safely down to posterity. The mystics, the symbolists, the allegorists, as often as not have missed the note of style, and have become commonplace. Then to conceal the real *banalité* underlying their grotesque conceptions they have invented a jargon, made of quaint mystical terms; and have imagined strange and wonderful stories to tell in it about what they really do mean.

HAY-STACKS.

But our true and faithful student of nature and men generally manages to acquire an original way of treating his subjects. Seen through the temperament of J. Alden Weir, for example, a rather prosaic New England pasture suddenly takes an interesting—I had almost said a romantic—look. The rugged outlines of the low hills are softened, the whimsically built rail-fences, which often deface poetical landscapes, are called into the service of poetry; the rocks in the foreground, mottled and ancient, seamed and cracked, irregular in their march as if they had wilfully resolved that they would not serve the purpose of the artist—are brought in without extenuation; but they serve the general purpose of harmony. These unpromising and hard features are all mellowed in the rich warm light of the artist's fancy, until they seem enchanted.

A " school in art " is always a dangerous experiment, because, if the artist who values truth tries to stick to its tenets they cripple him; they attack and endanger his individuality. It is really his own thought which he is painting when he sits down to copy a rail-fence or an aisle of forest trees. If he tries to paint the thought or the impression of another about the same things, he will make a signal failure. Certain masters in art are like those teachers of singing who demand, when you are about to begin your training under them, that you should renounce all faith in what little you may have learned elsewhere. They confuse the student's powers, and inflict permanent injury upon them.



HER FIRST LETTER

In Mr. Weir's work there is not only the charm of a puissant individuality, but his simple, almost primitive treatment, is very forcible. A look across a farm—and straightway he has a picture—none the less one of interest beause he has resolutely declined to choose the conventionally picturesque. He glorifies nature by his fidelity in serving her, and by the communication of his own mystic enthusiasm. The merest sketch from his hand has the inexpressible quality which marks the sympathetic interpreter. A field with a dense mass of trees behind it; in the foreground a few haystacks; bits of trees surrounded by starveling fences;—here is not much material, you say, for a good picture. Yet Mr. Weir makes it not only attractive, but instructive. He draws out the heart of things by reason of his careful study. Nature is often sullen and morose—sometimes entirely forbidding—for the insincere or careless student. To Corot, because he loved her well, and devoted his life so chivalrously to her, she manifested a wondrous tenderness: her smiles were radiant: her ineffable beauty was never masked by a frown She

opened to him the charming mysteries of her being, because he had eyes to see and ears to hear. For him she threw aside her veil: she dazzled him with her full loveliness.

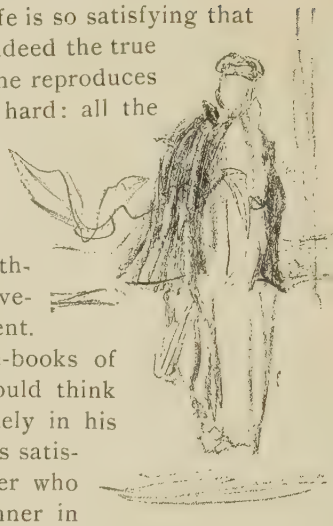
OUT FOR A WALK

Learning how to look at his subject is the work of a lifetime for an artist. His life passes in pleasurable struggle, and just as he finds his vision clear and strives to reproduce what he sees with complete clearness, fate draws his career to a close. But at various points on his way even his partial successes are sufficient to give him lasting fame. And he can afford to wait, for he finds compensations in the gradual unfolding of nature's heart.

I have just been reading Pierre Loti's "Jerusalem," and it seems to me that the author's method furnishes a case in point. Here the noted academician has the grandest subject ever presented to him; yet he keeps untainted his plain sincerity; he depicts things as he sees them —not as he would like them to be. He does not revel in mysticism; he refrains from "composing" one vast picture of the holy city and the sacred scenes; but the

A SPRING LANDSCAPE

cumulative effect of his numerous sketches from life is so satisfying that one closes the volume with the feeling that this is indeed the true Jerusalem. Nor does the earnestness with which he reproduces things as they are make an effect which is literal or hard: all the sketches are bathed in the glow of a fine imagination. Not every literary traveler can do this, even when he adopts the good method. Genius without method moves in wavering lines: method without genius is so heavy that its movements are always slow and infrequent.



What Loti does in his note-books of travel—unique in literature, I should think—is to make us participate absolutely in his impressions, and to receive them as satisfactory and inspiring. The painter who can persuade us to accept the manner in which he has seen a certain landscape, or a fugitive aspect of nature, achieves a fine triumph born of the spontaneity of his own impression. We bow before his rendering because we recognize that he has not tried to improve upon nature; because he understands that she makes her own harmonies. Lamartine was constantly "composing" word-pictures when he made his famous "Journey through the Orient;" he would not receive things in the divinely capricious and wayward beauty of real nature, he insisted on arranging and draping them to suit his fancy. Hence Loti's pictures are immeasurably superior to his.

A LOOK ACROSS THE FIELDS

JEAN VALJEAN

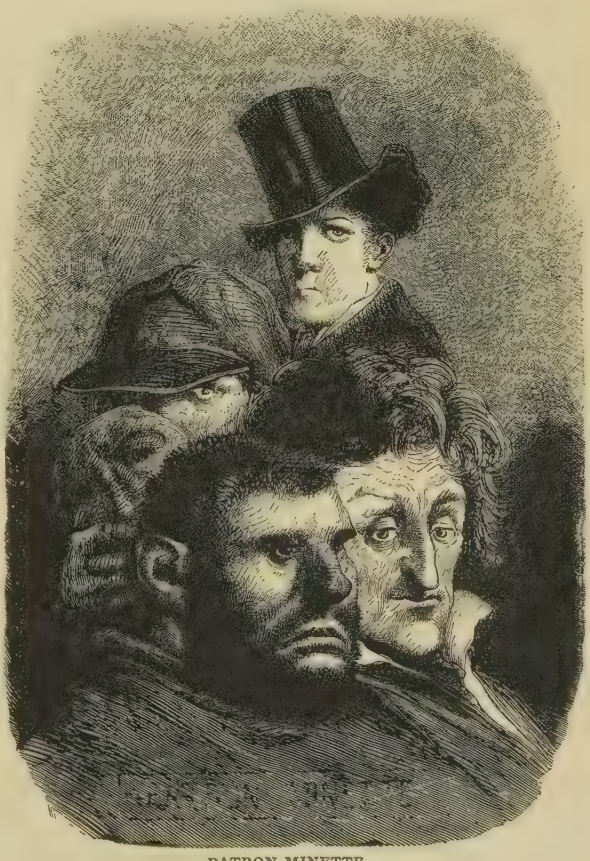
By Victor Hugo

The hero-story of "Les Misérables," condensed by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Brion, De Neuville, Scott, Vogel and Zier.

Chapter XIV

A quartet of bandits, Gueulemer, Babet, Claquesous and Montparnasse, governed, from 1830 to 1835, the lowest depths of Paris. Gueulemer was a Hercules with a bust of a Colossus and a bird's skull, and his den was the Arche-Manon sewer. Babet was thin and learned, and he had played in a vaudeville. What was Claquesous? He was night. If candles were brought in he put on a mask, and he was a ventriloquist in the bargain, vague, wandering, and terrible. Montparnasse was a lad not yet twenty, with a pretty face and the brightness of spring in his eyes; he had every vice and aspired to every crime. He was the gamin turned pickpocket, and the pickpocket become garroter. These four men had the general direction of all the villainies in the Department of the Seine. and they were known as the *Patron Minette.*

Summer passed away, winter arrived. Neither M. Leblanc nor the young lady had set foot again in the Luxembourg, while Marius had but one thought, that of seeing again this sweet and adorable face. He sought it ever, he sought it everywhere, but found nothing. Work was repulsive and solitude wearied him. He still lived at No. 50-52, but there were now no other tenants except those Jondrettes, to whom he had never spoken; certain circumstances had made him believe that the man was, among other obscurities, a writer of begging-letters. This was strengthened by his finding near the house, one evening, a letter which had been dropped, and which was addressed to *The benevolent gentleman of the Church of St. Jacques du Haut-pas.*



PATRON MINETTE

Early next morning, as he was sitting down to work in

his room, a knock was followed by the opening of the door and a voice, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir." It was a hollow, cracked, choking voice, the voice of an old man, rendered hoarse by dram-drinking and exposure to the cold.

A very young girl was standing there,—a wretched, exhausted, fleshless creature, who had only a chemise and petticoat upon her shivering and frozen nudity. Most crushing of all, this girl, in her childhood, must have been pretty. She began at once walking about the garret with the boldness of a specter, and without troubling herself in the slightest about her nudity.

"Why," she said, "you have a looking-glass!"

She hummed bits of vaudeville songs and wild choruses, but beneath this boldness there was something constrained, alarmed, and humiliated. She walked up to the table. "Ah," she exclaimed, "books! I know how to read,—and I can write, too." She dipped a pen in ink and wrote on a sheet of paper, "*Here are the cops.*" Then throwing down the pen, she added—"My sister and I were well educated. We have not always been what we are now."

THE ARMORY OF PATRON MINETTE

It was a long time before he could get rid of her, but when she went away she was happy, because she not only had a little money, but the lost letter, which she declared she must hasten to deliver.

Marius had lived for the past five years in poverty, want, and even distress, but he now saw that he had never known what real misery was. It was the phantom which had just passed before him. He looked at the wall which separated him from the Jondrettes, as if his pitying glance could pass through the partition, and warm the unhappy beings. The wall was thin and allowed the murmurs of words and voices to be distinctly heard. A man must be a dreamer like Marius not to have noticed the fact before. No paper was hung on either side, and its clumsy construction was plainly visible. All at once he noticed near the ceiling a triangular gap between three laths, and that by getting on his chest of drawers he could look through this aperture into the room of the Jondrettes. Commiseration has, and should have, its curiosity.

Cities, like forests, have their dens, in which everything that is most wicked and formidable conceals itself. The only difference is, that what hides itself thus in cities is ferocious, unclean and little, that is to say, ugly; what conceals itself in the forests is ferocious, savage and grand, that is to say, beautiful. Marius was

poor, but his room was clean. The garret into which he was now looking was large, dirty, fetid, infectious, dark and sordid. The furniture consisted only of a straw-bottomed chair, a rickety table, a few old earthenware articles, and in the corners two indescribable beds. The only light came through a window with four panes of glass and festooned with spider-webs. At the table, on which were pen, ink and paper, a man was seated, about sixty years of age, short, thin, livid, haggard, with a sharp, cruel, and listless look—a hideous scamp. This man had a long gray beard, and wore a woman's chemise, which allowed his hairy chest and naked arms to be seen. He had a pipe in his mouth and was writing. A stout woman who was very tall,—a species of red-haired giantess, indeed,—was crouched near the smoldering fire, and on one of the beds sat a tall sickly little girl, almost naked.

EPONINE'S FIRST VISIT

Marius, with an aching heart, was just going to descend from his observatory, when the door of the garret was suddenly opened, and the elder daughter appeared on the threshold.

"He is coming," she announced joyously.

"Who?" the father asked.

"The gentleman from the church of St. Jacques. He is following me in a hackney-coach and will be here soon."

The man drew himself up, and there was a species of illumination on his face.

"Wife," he cried, "you hear! Here is the philanthropist; put out the fire, and then go to bed."

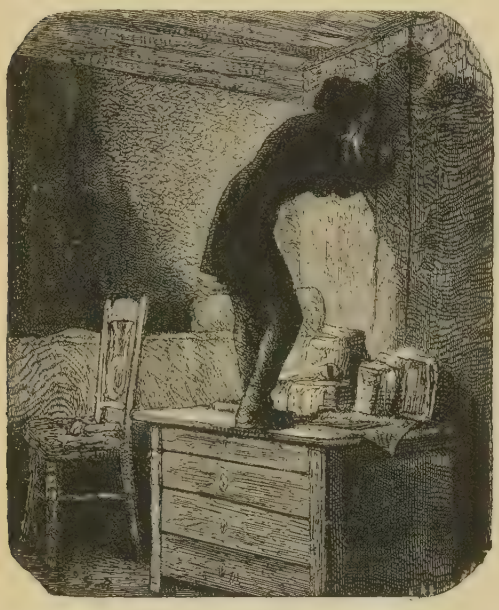
The stupefied mother did not stir, but the father seized the cracked pot on the chimney-piece, and threw water on the logs. Then he turned to the younger girl, who was near the window, and shouted "Come off the bed directly, idler; break a pane of glass." The girl was stunned, but with a sort of terrified obedience stood on tiptoe, and broke a pane with her fist, after which she crawled sobbing close to her mother's bed.

"There!" Mother Jondrette shouted, "you see what nonsensical acts you commit! she has cut herself in breaking the window."

"All the better," said the man, "I expected it." Then tearing the chemise which he wore, he made a bandage, with which he quickly wrapped up the girl's

bleeding hand. "Cry away—it is a good thing for us. It will move his heart."

At that moment a knock was heard, and Jondrette ran forward and opened the door with low bows and protestations of gratitude.



THE HOLE IN THE WALL

A man of middle age and a young lady stood in the doorway; Marius had not left his post, and what he felt at this moment, is beyond the human tongue. It was she; and any one who has loved knows the radiant meaning conveyed in the three letters that form the word *she*. The gentle creature he had lost now reappeared in this filthy den—in this horror!

M. Leblanc laid a parcel of clothes and blankets on the table with a five-franc piece, and both listened and looked about them, asking a question now and then, while Jondrette volubly related his past respectability and present destitution. But while wailing and fawning Jondrette seemed to be scrutinizing his visitors in a peculiar way. Finally, taking off a heavy overcoat M. Leblanc said:

"Keep this coat. I have now only these five francs about me, but I will take my daughter home, and I will return to-night at six o'clock and bring you the sixty francs which you say you must have to-morrow or else be turned into the street. I see that you are to be pitied."

Jondrette—who had lied about the rent due—thanked him with abject words and putting on the overcoat, accompanied him down stairs to his coach.

Marius had lost nothing of all this scene, and yet in reality he had seen nothing. He contemplated not the girl, but a radiance. When she left the house he tried to follow her, but, knowing it would ruin his hopes to be seen, he lost sight of their coach, and returned to his room in despair. There Jondrette's elder daughter discovered him and tried to comfort and help him in a sorrow which she perceived, while she had no knowledge of its cause; and though at first he churlishly rejected her assistance, a few moments later he told her he would give her "whatever she liked" if she would find for him the address of

IN JONDRETTE'S GARRET

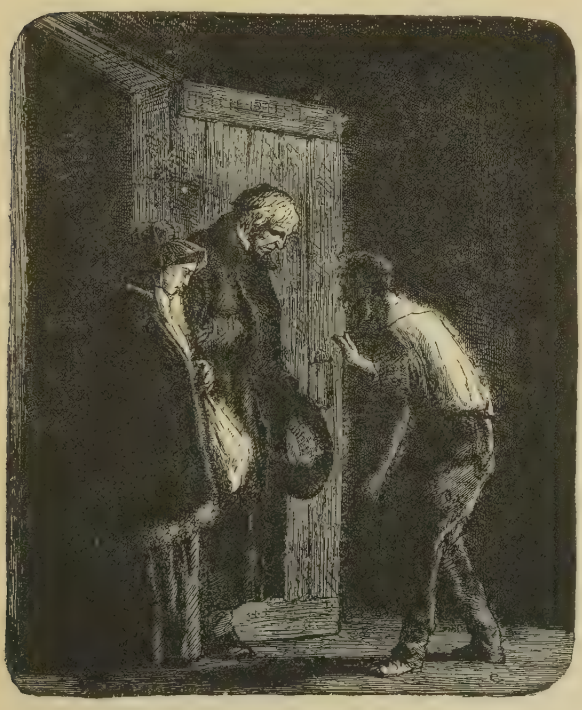
the people who had just visited her father. The girl colored and hesitated but promised that he should have it, then hurriedly left the room.

Marius was alone again. He fell into a chair, with his head and elbows on his bed, sunk in thoughts which he could not grasp. All at once he heard Jondrette's hard voice uttering words strangely interesting.

"I tell you I am sure, and that I recognized him. He is older and better dressed, that is all. Ah! you mysterious old villain, I hold you! Ah, be off, you two girls! But be sure you're back at 5 o'clock."

Marius redoubled his attention. Jondrette began walking up and down the room again. All at once he turned to his wife, and exclaimed—

"And shall I tell you something? The young lady is *that* one."



JONDRETTE WELCOMES HIS BENEFACTOR

The woman leaped off the bed, and stood for a moment unkempt, with swollen nostrils, parted lips, and clinched fists: "And shall I tell you something else? My fortune is made. Listen, the Croesus is trapped. He will come at six o'clock, the vagabond! and at that hour the neighbor has gone to dinner, and mother Bougon is in town, so there will be no one in the house. The little ones will be on the watch, you will help us, and he will execute himself."

"And suppose he does not?" the wife asked. Jondrette made a sinister gesture across his throat, and said, "We will do it for him."

Jondrette put on his head an old cap and said he was going out to see some people—good men. Suddenly he turned back. "Get a chafing-dish of charcoal ready," he said, "here is the five-franc piece. Don't spend the change, for I must buy some things."

Chapter XV

Marius, dreamer though he was, possessed, as we have said, a firm and energetic nature. Not one of the enigmas was solved; he had learned no more about the pretty girl and Monsieur "Leblanc" than that Jondrette knew them. He saw only one thing distinctly,—that a snare was preparing and that he must save them. It had just struck one, and Marius had five hours before him. There was only one thing to be done; he put on his best coat, and went out, making no noise. Once outside the house, he turned into the Rue du Petit Banquier. About the middle of the street he found himself near a very low wall, which surrounded

unoccupied ground. The snow deadened his footsteps, and he heard persons talking near him, who were apparently unaware of his presence. Looking over the wall he saw two men seated in the snow.

"I tell you that with Patron Minette the affair cannot fail," said one of them, a great hairy ruffian, to the other; then both began talking of something else.

It seemed to Marius that these men must have some connection with Jondrette's abominable scheme; it must be the *affair*. He went to the nearest police office, and obtained an interview with the inspector on duty there,—a man so tall, grim and severe that he seemed almost as formidable as Jondrette himself. Marius related all that he had seen and heard, including the fragment of conversation over the wall, and was astonished at the familiarity which the tall officer betrayed with the tenement No. 50-52 and the various people and things concerned.

The result of the colloquy was, that Marius loaned his latch-key to the policeman, received two loaded pistols and was told to go home and resume his watch. When, in his opinion, the critical moment had arrived, a pistol was to be fired as a signal to the inspector and his men.

Marius left the police office in haste, but a few moments later caught sight of Jondrette himself in the street, and stealthily dogged his footsteps. He saw him go into a shop and buy a large chisel: then traced him to the low wall and saw him climb over it at the point where the two strangers had been talking. This done, Marius hurried on and entered his room silently and unobserved. He sat down on his bed: only half an hour remained, and he could not think without a tremor of the things that were going to happen. It no longer snowed; the moon, now very bright, dissipated the mist, and its rays, mingled with the white reflection from the fallen snow, imparted a twilight appearance to the room. There was no sound in Jondrette's room, but very gently he took off his boots and thrust them under the bed. Several minutes elapsed, and then Marius heard the house-gate creak on its hinges, a heavy quick step ran up the stairs and along the passage, the hasp of the door was noisily raised—it was Jondrette returned home. Then Marius heard the man ordering the girls to their posts of watching in the street, but first sending the eldest to see whether their neighbor was in his room. Marius leaped down and

PLANNING A DARK DEED

EPONINE

crept under his bed. The girl came in, but instead of searching the room spent two minutes before the looking-glass, and then went back to report the place empty, after which both the sisters went out.

A second later Marius was again at his peep-hole. The whole den was lit up by the ruddy glare of a brazier standing in the fire-place filled with incandescent charcoal, in which the chisel purchased by Jondrette was heating. In a corner, near the door, could be seen two heaps, one apparently of old iron, the other of ropes. Various preparations proceeded busily. A rope-ladder, with hooks at one end, was disentangled from one of the heaps in the corner and placed in readiness. A sharp knife was examined and put in the table-drawer. Marius, on his side, drew a pistol and cocked it, the sharp, clicking sound causing Jondrette to start up and listen suspiciously for a moment.

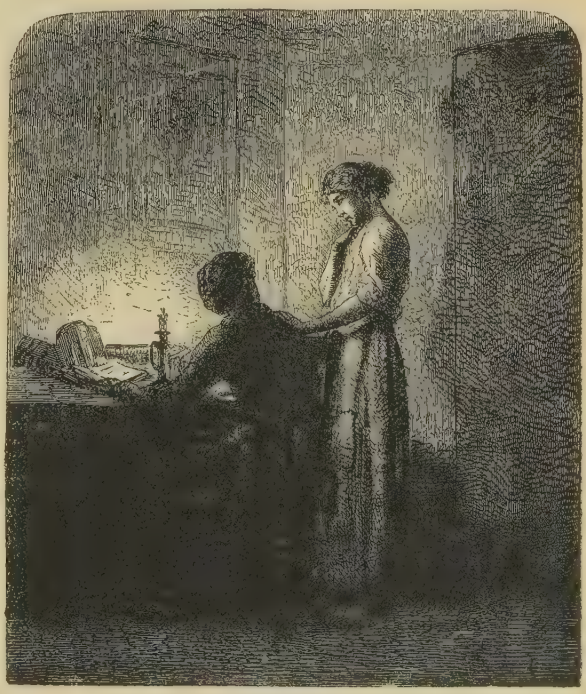
At this moment the distant and melancholy vibration of a bell shook the windows; six o'clock was striking at St. Medard's. Jondrette marked each stroke by a shake of the head, and then began walking up and down the room. "I only hope he'll come," he growled, and then returned to his chair. He was hardly seated ere the door opened. Mother Jondrette had opened it and remained in the passage making a horrible grimace.

"Step in, sir," she said.

"Enter my benefactor!" Jondrette repeated, as he hurriedly arose.

M. Leblanc appeared with that air of serenity which rendered him singularly venerable and laid four louis on the table.

"Monsieur Fabantou, here is the money for your rent, and something more to put you a little straight. After that we will see what more can be done for your improvement."



"CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU?"

M. Leblanc seated himself, and Jondrette took possession of the chair opposite to him. Marius clutched his pistol firmly and waited.

"How is the little wounded girl," the visitor asked, noticing the empty beds.

"Very bad," Jondrette replied, with a heart-broken and grateful smile. "Her elder sister has taken her to La Bourbe to have her hand dressed."

"Madame Fabantou seems to me better?" M. Leblanc continued, taking a glance at the strange garb of Mother Jondrette, who, standing between him and the door, as if already guarding the outlet, was looking at him in a menacing posture. The Maison Gorbeau was at its highest point of silence, horror and night.

"She is dying," Jondrette said, "but what would you have, sir? that female has so much courage. She is not a woman but an ox."

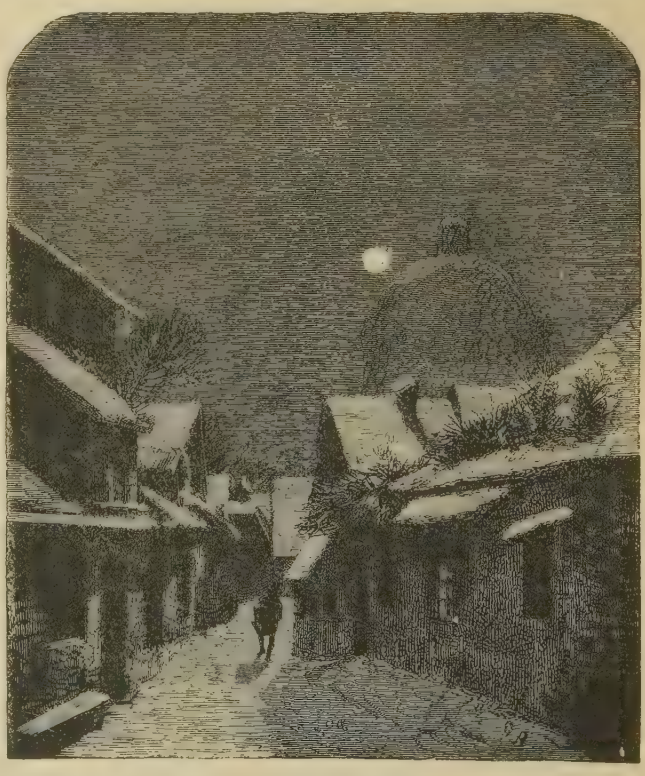
While Jondrette spoke a man with a blackened face entered very softly and seated himself silently on the nearest bed.

"Who is that man?" M. Leblanc asked.

"Oh, a neighbor," said Jondrette; "pay no attention to him."

An instant later, however, a second man glided into the room, and he also had bare arms and a mask of ink or soot.

"Take no heed," said Jondrette. "They live in the house. "I was about to say that I have one valuable picture left,—a masterpiece, my benefactor. I am as attached to it as I am to my daughters, for it recalls dear memories; but, as I told you, I am willing to dispose of it, as we are in such poverty. Have pity on me."



MARIUS RETURNING FROM THE POLICE OFFICE

Either by accident, or some vague feeling of anxiety, M. Leblanc's eye, while examining the picture, returned to the end of the room. There were now four men there, three seated on the bed and one leaning against the door-post, but all four bare-armed, bare-footed, motionless, and with blackened faces.

"They are friends, neighbors," Jondrette said. Their faces are black because they are chimney-sweeps. Do not trouble yourself about them, sir, but buy my picture. Have pity on my misery. I will not ask much for it; what value do you set upon it?"

"Well," M. Leblanc said, looking Jondrette full in the face, like a man setting himself on guard, "it is some pot-house sign and worth about three francs."

THE CONSULTATION UNDER THE WALL

Jondrette replied, gently —"Have you your pocket-book about you? I shall be satisfied now with a thousand crowns."

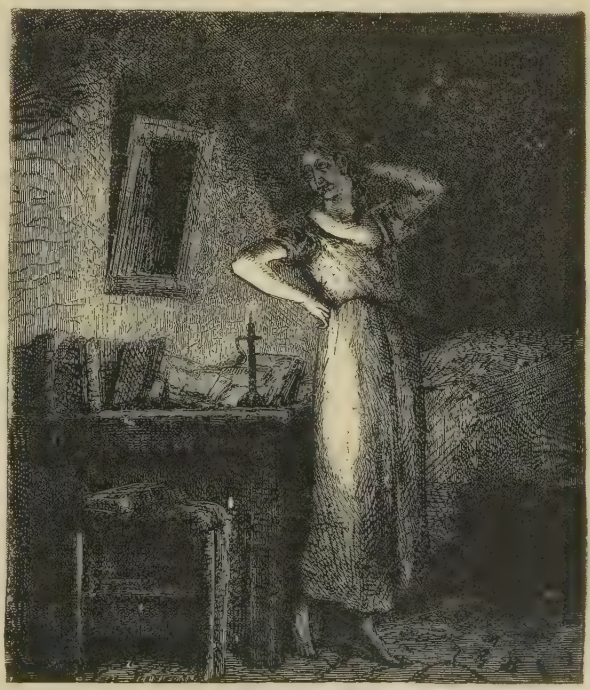
M. Leblanc rose, set his back against the wall, and took a hurried glance about the room. The four men did not stir, and did not even appear to see him. Jondrette had begun talking again with a plaintive accent, and a wandering eye. M. Leblanc seemed to be asking himself: "Is he a lunatic?" and Jondrette repeated his request with piteous details in a suppliant whine. All at once his eyes glittered with a hideous radiance, the little man drew himself up and became frightful, walked a step toward M. Leblanc and yelled out in a thundering voice :

"That is not the point, my old cove! Do you not recognize my face?"

The attic door was thrown open and three more ruffians in blue cloth blouses, wearing masks of black paper, and carrying rude weapons, stalked in, and began a hurried conversation with Jondrette.

M. Leblanc was very pale. He looked all round the room like a man who understands into what a snare he has fallen, stepped behind the table and suddenly became an athlete.

Three of the men had taken weapons from the mass of iron and posted themselves in front of the door. The old man remained on the bed, merely opening his eyes, and Mother Jondrette was sitting by his side. Marius thought the moment for interference was at hand and raised his right hand



EPONINE FORGETS TO SEARCH THE ROOM

to the ceiling, ready to fire his pistol. Jondrette turned again to M. Leblanc, placed his ferocious face close to the latter's placid one, and snarled:

"My name is not Fabantou but Thenardier, landlord of the inn at Montfermeil! Thenardier! Now do you recognize me?"

"No more than before."

Marius heard this, trembled in all his limbs, and felt a cold sword-blade thrust through his heart. Then his right hand slowly dropped and almost let the pistol fall. Remember what that name was for him! He had carried it in his heart, recorded in his father's will. What! This man was Thenardier, whom he had so long and so vainly sought! He found him now, and in what a state! His father's saviour was a bandit! This man, to whom Marius burned to devote himself, was a monster! The liberator of Colonel Pontmercy was on the point of committing a crime, whose outline Marius could not see very distinctly, but which resembled an assassination. And upon whom? Gracious Heaven, what a fatality, what a bitter mockery of fate! All the ideas which Marius had entertained for four years were, as it were, run through the body by this unexpected stroke. He trembled. All depended on him, for he held in his hands the unconscious beings who were moving before his eyes. If he fired the pistol M. Leblanc was saved and Thenardier lost; if he did not fire M. Leblanc was sacrificed and Thenardier might, perhaps, escape. Must he hunt down the one, or let the other fall? There was remorse on either side. What should he do? Which way should he choose?

JONDRETTE AND HIS WIFE MAKE THEIR PLANS

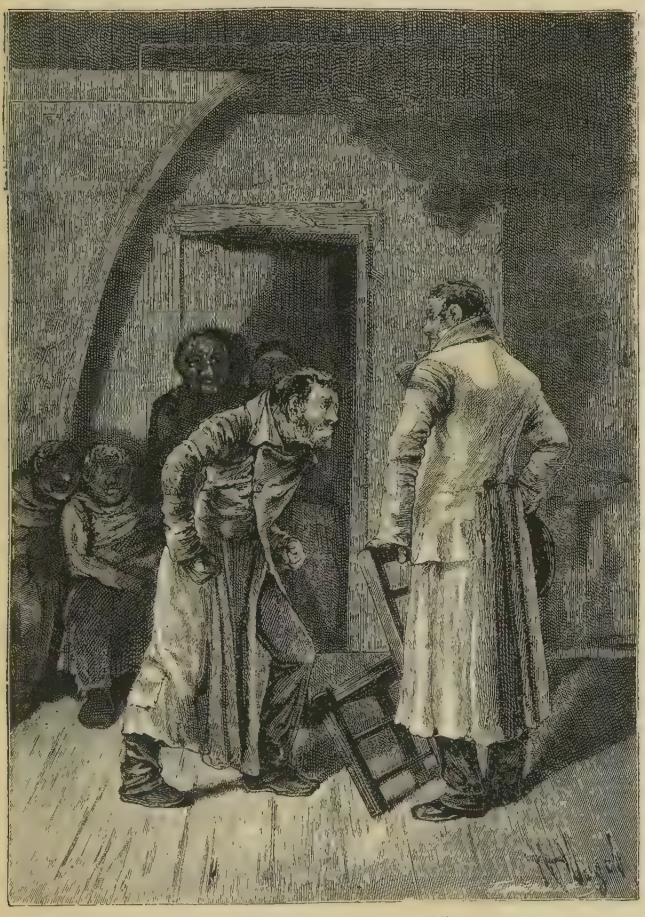
In the meanwhile Thenardier was walking up and down in a sort of frenzied triumph. "Ah!" he spat forth, "I have found you again, my excellent philanthropist! my millionaire with the threadbare coat! the giver of dolls! By Heaven! you made a fool of me formerly, and are the cause of all my misfortunes You got for fifteen hundred francs a girl who certainly belonged to rich parents, who had already brought me in a deal of money, and from whom I should have got an annuity. To-day I shall have my revenge, for I hold all the trumps; you are done, my good fellow. Oh! how I laugh when I think he fell into the trap! Well, I have got you; this morning I licked your paws and to-night I shall gnaw

your heart! And now let us come to the finish; I want money, I want a deal of money, an enormous amount of money, or I shall exterminate you, by the thunder of heaven!"

When Thenardier regained his breath he fastened his blood-shot eyes on M. Leblanc, and said to him in a low voice—

"What have you to say before we put the handcuffs on you?"

For some minutes past Monsieur Leblanc seemed to be watching and following every movement of Thenardier, who, dazzled by his own rage, was walking up and down the room, in the confidence of knowing the door guarded and of being nine against one. He turned his back toward Monsieur Leblanc, who, taking instant advantage, upset the chair with his foot, the table with his fist, and with one bound, ere Thenardier was able to turn, he was at the window. To open it and bestride the sill only took a second, and he was half out when six powerful hands dragged him back into the room. The three "chimney-sweeps had rushed upon him, and at the same time Mother Thenardier seized him by the hair. At the noise which ensued the other bandits ran in from the passage and one of the sweeps raised above M. Leblanc's head a species of life-preserver, made of two lumps of lead at the end of an iron bar. Marius could not resist this sight. "My father," he thought, "forgive me!" and his finger sought the trigger. He was on the point of firing, when Thenardier cried—



"DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME?"

"Do not hurt him. Do him no harm!" he repeated; and, though he little suspected it, stopped the discharge of the pistol.

A herculean struggle had commenced. With one blow of his fist, in the chest M. Leblanc sent the old man rolling in the middle of the room, and then with two back-handers knocked down the other two assailants, and held one under each of his knees. The two villains groaned under their pressure, as under a granite mill-stone, but the four others had seized the formidable old man by the arms and neck, and were holding him down upon

the two "sweeps." Thus, they succeeded in throwing him on the bed nearest the window, and held him down until they had bound him to the foot of the bed with a stout rope. When the last knot was tied Thenardier took a chair and sat down almost facing the prisoner. He was no longer the same man; in a few minutes his countenance had passed from frenzied violence to tranquil and cunning gentleness.

THREE OF THE "NEIGHBORS"

"Sir," said Thenardier, and made a sign to the bandits who still held M. Leblanc to fall back. "You did wrong to try to jump out of the window, for you might have broken a leg. Now, with your permission, we will talk quietly; and let us settle this amicably. I did wrong to let my temper carry me away just now. I told you that I insisted on money—a great deal of money, and that was not reasonable. Heaven! you may be rich but you have burdens, for who has not? I do not wish to ruin you. Come, I will make a sacrifice on my side, and be satisfied with 200,000 francs. Once that trifle has come out of your pocket, I will guarantee that you have nothing more to apprehend. You will say, 'But I have not two hundred thousand francs about me.' Oh, I am not exorbitant, and I do not insist on that. I only ask one thing of you: be good enough to write what I shall dictate."

Thenardier pushed the table up to M. Leblanc, and took pen, ink, and paper out of the drawer, which he left half open, and in which the long knife-blade flashed.

He laid the sheet of paper before M. Leblanc, adding, menacingly, "I warn you I shall not accept the excuse that you cannot write."

The prisoner at last spoke. "How can I write with my arms tied?"

"That is true, I beg your pardon," said Thenardier, and turning to Bigrenaille he added, "Unfasten the gentleman's right arm."

When the prisoner's hand was free, Thenardier dipped the pen in the ink and handed it to him.

"Make up your mind, sir, that you are in our absolute power, but we should really be sorry to be forced to proceed to disagreeable extremities. I know neither your name nor your address, but I warn you that you will remain tied up here until the person commissioned to deliver the letter you are going to write has returned. Now be good enough to write."

"What?" the prisoner asked.

Thenardier seated himself and began dictating: "My dear daughter."

The prisoner started, and raised his eyes to Thenardier, who went on—

"Come to me at once, for I want you particularly. The person who delivers this letter to you has instructions to bring you to me. I am waiting."

"Now, sign it. What is your name?"

The prisoner laid down the pen, and, gazing at his tormentor, asked—

"For whom is this letter?"

"For the little one, as I just told you. Sign it. What is your name?"

"Urbain Fabre," the prisoner replied, and affixed that signature.

Thenardier folded the letter and then ordered the address written upon its back. The prisoner remained pensive a moment, then wrote:

"To Mademoiselle E. Fabre, Rue St. Dominique d' Enfer, No. 17, Paris."

THE ATTACK IN THE GARRET

Thenardier seized the letter and handed it to his wife.

"You know what you have to do," he shouted. "There is a hackney-coach down below, so be off at once, and return ditto." Then he turned to the man with the pole-ax, and said, "As you have taken off your false nose you can accompany her. Get up behind the coach. You know where you left it?"

"Yes," said the man, and followed the woman.

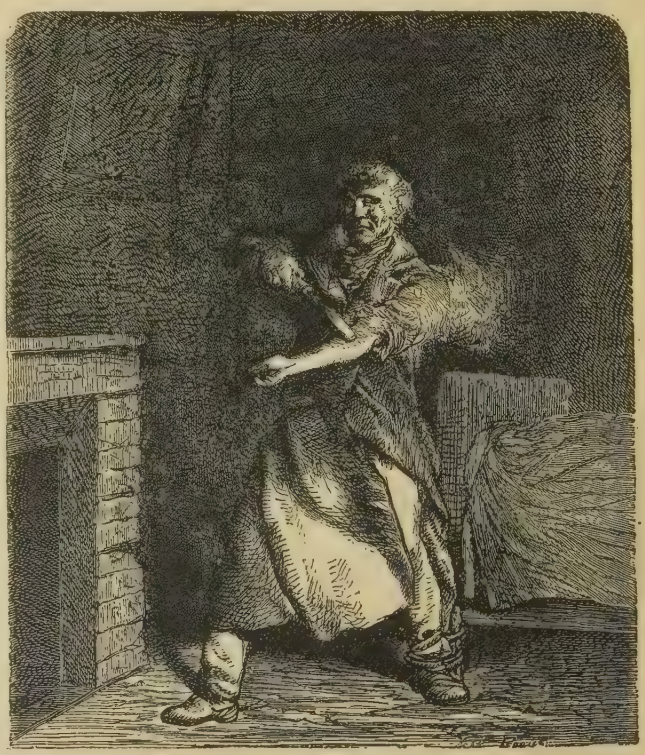
Only five bandits remained in the den with Thenardier and the prisoner. They were heaped up in a corner like brutes, and were silent. Thenardier was warming his feet, and the prisoner had fallen back into his taciturnity; a sinister calmness had succeeded the formidable noise which had filled the garret a few moments previously. The candle, on which a large mushroom had been formed, scarcely lighted up the immense room; the chafing-dish had grown black, and all these monstrous heads cast misshapen shadows upon the walls and the ceiling. Marius was waiting in a state of anxiety, which everything tended to augment. A frightful fascination held him to the spot, where he surveyed and commanded the scene, for the enigma was just as impenetrable as before.

Nearly half an hour passed. No one talked or scarcely moved. All at once Thenardier addressed his victim, and with assumed carelessness began to detail the plan, to which the prisoner listened but made no reply.

"I believe," he said, while Marius listened with a bursting heart, "that the Lark is really your daughter, and it is natural that you should keep her, but listen.

My wife will go to her with your letter, and they will both get into the hackney-coach with my comrade behind. Near a certain barrier there is a trap drawn by two excellent horses ; your young lady will be driven up to it in the hackney-coach, and get into the trap with my pal, while my wife returns here to report progress. As for your young lady, no harm will be done her; she will be taken to a place where she will be all safe, and as soon as you have handed me the trifle of two hundred thousand francs she will be restored to you. If you have me arrested, my pal will settle the Lark, that's all. So soon as my wife has returned and said to me ' She is coming ' we will release you."

Frightful images crossed the mind of. Marius. What! These monsters were carrying the girl away into darkness! His heart stopped beating. What should he do? Fire the pistol? But then the girl would not the less be out of reach, and Thenardier had said his partner would "settle" her! It was a frightful dilemma, and the tumult of the young man's thoughts contrasted with the lugubrious silence of the den. In the midst of this silence Mother Thenardier rushed into the room, red, out of breath, and shouted, "A false address! That old cove has made a fool of you—nobody at No. 17—it is a large gateway."



"LOOK HERE !"

Marius breathed again, for *She* was saved. While the exasperated woman was vociferating Thenardier sat down at the table. At last he said to the prisoner slowly, and with a peculiarly ferocious accent—

" A false address! why, what did you expect? "

"To gain time!" the captive thundered, and at the same moment he shook off his bonds, which were cut through ; the prisoner remained fastened to the bed by only one leg. (There was found on the floor afterward a sou-piece, skillfully hollowed into a box containing a fine watch-spring saw: convicts sometimes make such things.) Ere the seven men had time to look about them and rush forward, he had stretched out his hand toward the fire-place, and the brigands, driven back by surprise to the end of the room, saw him almost free, and waving round his head the red-hot chisel which he had snatched from the brazier of coals.

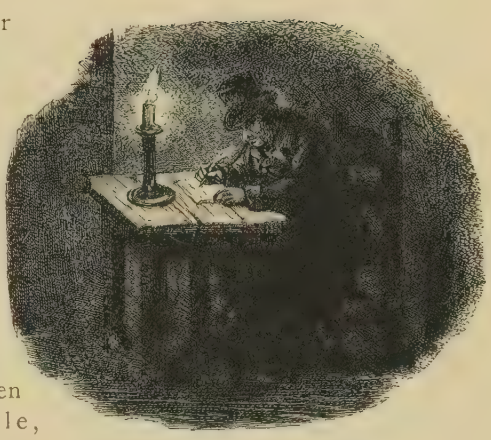
Here the prisoner raised his voice,—" You are villains, but my life is not worth so much trouble to defend. As for imagining that you could make me speak or

write anything I did not wish to write or do not intend to say—look here!"

He stretched out his right arm and placed on the naked flesh the red-hot chisel. Marius tottered in horror and the brigands themselves shuddered—but the face of the strange old man was scarcely contracted.

"Villains," he said, "be no more frightened of me than I am of you." And tearing the chisel out of the wound, he hurled it through the window.

"Seize him," said Thenardier. Then Thenardier walked slowly to the table, opened the drawer, and took out the knife. Marius clutched the handle of the pistol in a state of extraordinary perplexity. For above an hour he had heard two voices in his conscience, one telling him to respect his father's will, while the other cried to him to succor the prisoner. He had vaguely hoped up to this moment to find some mode of reconciling those two duties; the last moment of delay was passed, for Thenardier, knife in hand, was reflecting a few paces from the prisoner. Marius looked wildly around him, which is the last mechanical source of despair. All at once he started; at his feet, on the table, a bright moonbeam pointed out to him that sheet of paper on which had been written that very morning: *Here are the cops.*



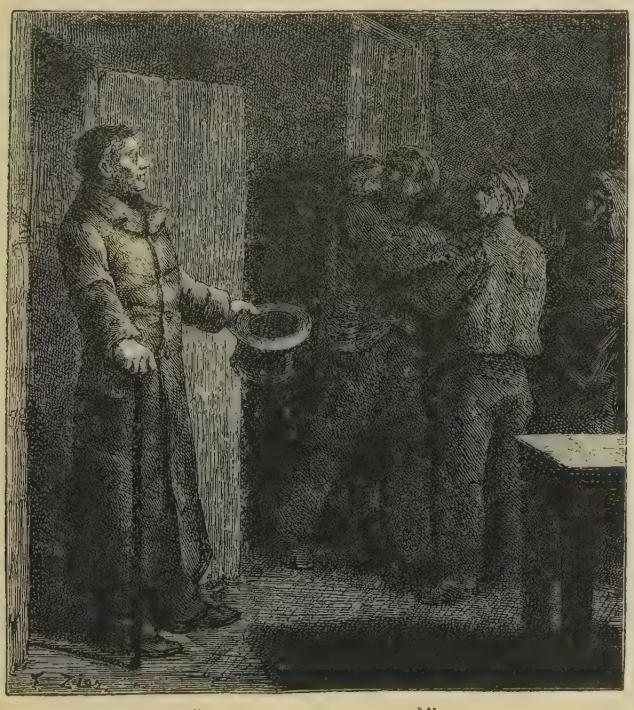
JAVERT WRITES HIS NOTES

An idea flashed across Marius's mind. He seized the paper, detached a lump of plaster, wrapped it up in the paper and threw it through the hole into the middle of the den. The woman bounded forward, picked up the missile and handed it to her husband.

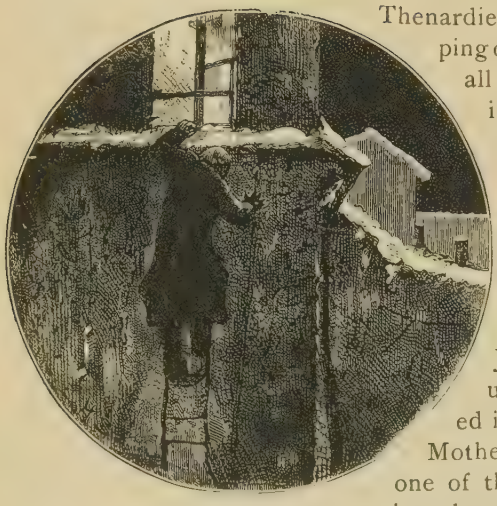
"How did it get here?" Thenardier asked, lowering his knife.

"Through the window, of course. I saw it pass."

Thenardier unfolded the paper. "Eponine's writing! The devil! The devil! Quick—the ladder—we must leave." The brigands quit the prisoner and in a twinkling the rope-ladder was hanging outside by its hooks.



"MAY I OFFER MY HAT?"



THE ROPE-LADDER

Thenardier dashed at the window, but as he was stepping out, a new voice was heard at the door, and all turned, to see Inspector Javert walking into the room with folded arms.

"Halt," he commanded. "You are seven but we are fifteen."

The startled bandits dashed at their weapons, and in less than a second the seven men were grouped in a posture of defence, while Madame Thenardier poised a huge paving-stone above her head. Javert smiled and gave a whistle, whereupon a squad of police, sword in hand, rushed in at the door, and handcuffed the men. Mother Thenardier had entrenched herself in one of the angles of the window, and was making the garret resound with roars of defiance. Her husband crouching behind her, almost disappeared, and she covered him with her body, while raising the paving-stone above her head with both hands.

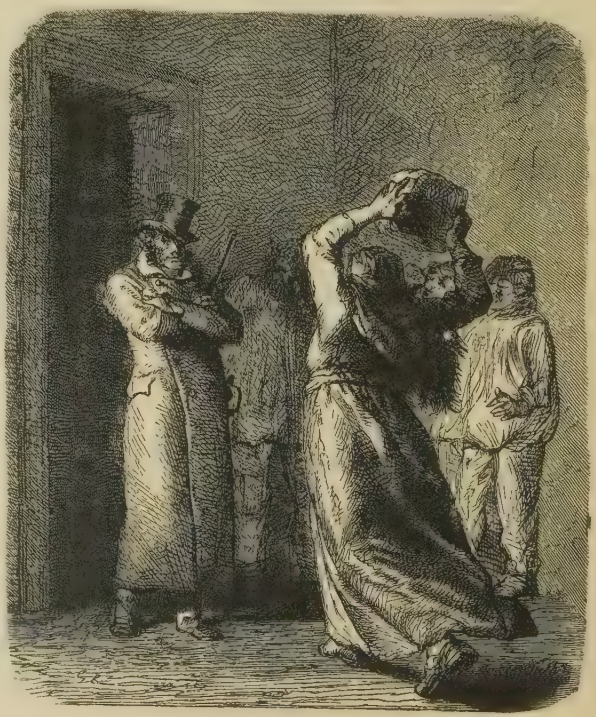
"Don't come nearer," she shrieked, "or I'll smash you. Be off!"

Javert smiled and walked into the open space she guarded. "What a grenadier," he sneered. Mother Thenardier, with flying hair and terrible looks, bent her back, and hurled the mass of rock at Javert, who stooped, and as the stone passed over his head sprang forward, placing one large hand on the wife's shoulder and the other on the husband's. This done, Javert sat down at the table, took a stamped paper from his pocket, and began writing his report. When he had written a few sentences, he raised his eyes. "Bring the gentleman here whom these fellows had tied up," he said.

The agents looked around. The prisoner of the bandits had disappeared. An agent ran to the window and looked out; he could see nobody; but the rope-ladder was still trembling. "The devil!" said Javert, between his teeth, "he must have been the best of the lot."

The Inspector had not noticed the man's face in the darkness. How would he have felt had he done so, and learned that he was Jean Valjean?

(To be continued)



MOTHER THENARDIER RESISTING JAVERT

SILVER-POINT: A NEGLECTED ART

By Hillary Bell

Illustrated from original silver-point drawings by Carl J. Becker.

A SILVER-POINTER AT WORK.

Three centuries ago John Selden said, "old friends are best." It is true that this wise remark was made about King James' shoes, which, that monarch declared, increased in ease as they advanced in age. But the proverb has lasted longer than the boots, and after three hundred years of use it is still serviceable. We would not, indeed, reject the new in favor of the old, nor claim for antiquity the merits that are apparent in our own times. Yet it is evident to everybody, except the rabid impressionist, that in spite of its brilliant achievements the present has lost something of the pleasant quality which made the past memorable.

In the haste and hurry of to-day we are too apt to forget the benefits of yesterday, and what was formerly agreeable is now obsolete. Still, it is a question with those of antiquarian tastes whether new methods that fascinate us are alto-

A DRAG-PARTY IN THE PARK

gether superior to old systems that satisfied. We would not go back, even if we could, yet it remains evident to folk who have made a careful study of the artistic efforts of an earlier generation that, if old friends are not always best, at any rate they possessed certain excellencies which we cannot now surpass.

The old-fashioned daguerreotype had a fineness, a delicacy, and a beauty, which cannot be discovered in the most remarkable achievements of the modern photographer's skill. Those persons who possess the quaint portraits executed by a sympathetic union of light, silver and copper, prize them for some exquisite quality beyond their sentimental value;

MEN OF THE OLD GUARD

and we are glad to note that the antique style of silver-point is still held in a favor which later and more ingenious methods of reproduction assail but cannot wholly vanquish. During late years silver-point drawings have come into universal attention in Europe, through the exhibitions arranged by collectors of this archaic work. Especial interest is now shown in them by the English art-lovers; and peradventure some American devotee of the venerable in art may bring together enough examples to teach us on this side of the sea the charm that once made silver-point fashionable.

Carl J. Becker, an artistic antiquarian much enamored of this old friend, has given us certain proofs of his ability in silver-point. There is a delicacy in his treatment which well illustrates the argument we offer. Observe the carefulness of his drawing in the face of "A Silver-pointer at Work," in the general detail of "Coaching in the Park," in the faces and uni-

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, A.R.A.

forms of the "Men of the Old Guard," and in the Sir Frederick Leighton picture.

Silver-point is an amalgam of which silver is the chief constituent, and it is so much harder than an ordinary drawing-pencil that paper with an especially prepared surface is made for its use. We may correct the errors of an etching-needle, but a mistake once made by the silver-point cannot be amended. It is for this reason, certainly not on account of its lack of beauty, that silver-point has been almost forgotten in the interest of new, labor-saving, bolder, methods of artistic expression.

AN AFTERNOON ON FIFTH AVENUE

SHALL OUR ROOMS BE ARTISTIC OR STYLISH?

By Clarence Cook

Illustrated from photographs of studios of prominent artists.

The artist has many advantages to balance the disadvantages of his life, always a precarious one in a world that really cares but little for the esthetic side of things. He can cover the walls to his mind with his own pictures and sketches, and those of his brother-artists; and at the same time he can supplement the deficiencies in this improvised tapestry by bits of oriental stuffs; or by rugs, still pleasant to the eye though past service on the floor; or by squares of old Spanish leather whose softened tints of greenish bronze make an effective background for the tarnished gold of a mirror-frame or the dull ivory of a cast treated with oil and wax. For, after all, it must be understood that there are two opposite ways of looking at this matter of furnishing. There is what is called, and properly, the artistic way, and there is the conventional way, that is the usual, the almost universal way. The artist who is really an artist, not merely one by profession, fits up his rooms instinctively in a way that at once feeds his artistic sense, and reflects his artistic character. He must have things about him that keep his artistic senses keyed-up and serve as a standard by which he can judge his own performance.

Looked at with the eye of reason these things are really tools of his trade; but while he acknowledges this, he has another and a very different reason for surround-

PORTRAIT AND STUDIO OF THOMAS W. WOOD

ing himself with them. They are, he would say, essential to his life as an artist. It may almost be said that if his room had nothing in it, the way that "nothing" was arranged would show that the room belonged to an artist. When in London, I visited Mr. Whistler in his house at Chelsea, and was received in a room that had nothing in it but a settle (designed by himself) of painted wood without cushions, and one chair or perhaps two. The wall, brought to a single tint, was hung with a few Japanese kakemonos—then a new thing. There were no ornaments, no pictures, no bric-à-brac; I think there was no carpet, but it is very likely there was a matting. Now anyone, competent to judge, would have known that only a man of naturally a sensitive taste, refined by constant companionship with beautiful things, could have made that room so delightful as it was at once to the eye and the mind. Apropos of this allusion to Mr. Whistler's house, I may repeat his repl

PORTRAIT OF WALTER SATTERLEE

THE STUDIO OF WALTER SATTERLEE

to the lady who asked him, when stress of weather once had obliged him to part with all his furniture: "What will you furnish your house with, now, Mr. Whistler?" "With space, Madam!" said the artist.

But I do not mean to give the notion that Mr. Whistler is such a devotee of simplicity as to be content forever with a room so sparsely furnished as the one I have described; that was only what an artist would call the first laying-in of a room. No doubt he made additions to this room, of great beauty; his collection of blue china—blue pots, as the English, with their love of saying less in commendation than the law allows, call them—was reckoned among the best in England; but my point is, that artistic taste and feeling will make themselves felt in a slenderly furnished room as clearly as in a richly furnished one.

Now there is not much use in preaching this gospel to the ordinary man, much less

PORTRAIT OF DANIEL HUNTINGTON

THE STUDIO OF DANIEL HUNTINGTON

to the ordinary woman, because the taste of the general public is for what is going, not for what is gone; they enjoy being in the swim, and we might as well try to make a woman approve a bonnet that was radically different from the bonnet other women were wearing, as to try to make her furnish her house artistically when other women are furnishing theirs fashionably.

What no woman can bear is, to have her taste called "queer." She may show good taste up to a certain point in her way of using the prevailing mode, but you cannot get her to discard that mode for another. Now the artist and the artistic person care not a rush for any mode or fashion whatever. They think, even if they do not say it, with Henry V to the Princess Katharine: "We are the makers of manners!" And that, I maintain, is the true attitude, and the one required.

PORTRAIT OF J. WELLS CHAMPNEY

PORTRAIT OF J. C. NICOLL

In Thomas W. Wood's studio, as here portrayed, the only picturesque feature is the amiable artist himself, who, in velvet coat and beretta, plays the part of Rembrandt as a make-weight to the not very interesting contents of his painting-room. Mr. Wood can at any rate say: "I am a maker of pictures, not a room-decorator, and you see me here in the midst of the products of my industry." This is a healthy, honest attitude, and many an artist of high attainments will be found to stand on the same ground.

Walter Satterlee, on the other hand, has a liking for a little more picturesqueness. He has an eye for draperies, tiger-skins and bear-skins, bits of odd carving, pieces of armor; and has known how to put to decorative use the glass balls used by fishermen as floats for their nets. The

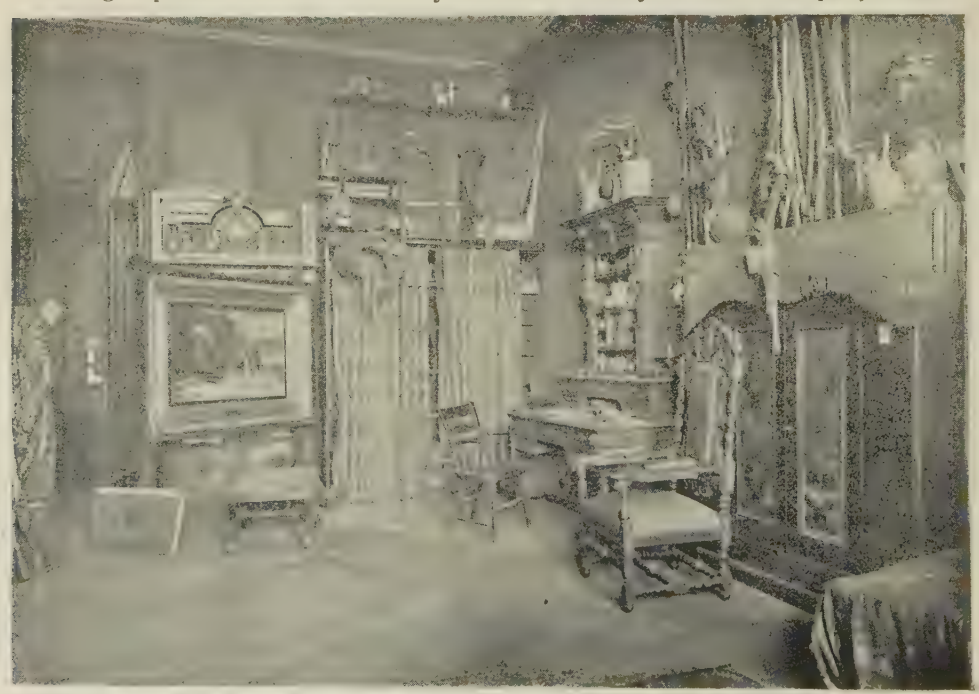
fashionable beauties who throng Mr. Satterlee's studio on "visiting days," go into pretty thrills of delight over these globes shining in prismatic light through the coarse netting. But fancy their looks of arch surprise, should the artist propose their trying the effect of such a thing in their own silken drawing-rooms.

I am very far from finding fault with this; things ought to hang together and to follow the law of suitability. And, in fact, I am writing now only for those who are artistically inclined, and who are free to follow their inclinations.

Mr. Huntington, it will be seen, relies almost entirely on his own paintings for the decoration of his studio, if, indeed, he thinks of the decorative side at all; and it is not to be denied that his pictures have a conventional richness of coloring that makes them more useful on the decorative side than most of the portraiture of the day.

PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH THOMPSON

The glimpses of the studios of J. C. Nicoll and J. Wells Champney furnish



THE STUDIO OF WORDSWORTH THOMPSON

few bases for comment on their decorative possibilities. Mr. Champney's clever copies of one or two old French pastels set off his own modern canvases, and his French artist's blouse reveals enough of the dress required of us all as reassures us against a too imminent tumble into Bohemianism.

Wordsworth Thompson is as matter of fact and sensible in his studio-fittings as he is in his pictures; and with his lambrequins and his thermometer seems to defy the advances of anything that may come with a nonchalant picturesqueness, asking for admission on the ground that an artist's studio owed it shelter. Nor does Mr. Shurtleff's room help us much more, though I think there is something to be learned from the way in which, as seen, we can get from rugs the effect of a floor well covered, without the formality of covering it all over. This is another case where a part is better than the whole.

PORTRAIT OF R. M. SHURTLEFF

THE STUDIO OF R. M. SHURTLEFF

A PAINTER OF PICTURESQUE INTERIORS

By Peter McArthur

With original illustrations by Clémence Van den Broeck.

AN EQUESTRIAN

In order to realize how far behind Americans are in the matter of interior decorations, it is only necessary to look at the work of our artists. But few of them have found interiors in their own land that are worthy of being used in artistic compositions, and the stray examples they give are odd and unusual rather than beautiful on account of architectural design and tasteful finish. The first impulse in this country was to make buildings satisfy all the demands of utility, later the matter of outward display was considered, and during the past few years some attention has been devoted to the artistic treatment of the inner walls and ceilings. In older countries all these stages were passed through many centuries ago, with the result that they abound in buildings, from palaces down to peasants' cottages, that appeal to the artist from every point of view.

THE GARDENER

One is forcibly reminded of this on seeing the paintings of Clémence Van den Broeck, the Flemish artist, at present resident in Canada, whose work has won many honors both in this country and in Europe. Her pictures owe much of their charm to the finished interiors, replete with architectural beauties and ornaments of antiquarian interest, in which her figures are posed. The dim, shadowy chapels, with their wonderful windows; the palace-walls with their priceless tapestries, and panels hung with the trophies of war; the garniture of the feudal banqueting-boards, the massive, deeply carved furniture, are all to be seen on her canvases; and, though they may at times distract the attention of the observer from the figures in her compositions, they are treated with such artistic feeling that the eye invariably dwells upon them with pleasure.

Though Miss Van den Broeck's productions so often invite us to scenes of bygone pomp and magnificence, with their rich coloring and bewildering profusion of details, her work in lowlier spheres is of equal if not greater interest.

A FLEMISH KITCHEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Her "Flemish Kitchen of the 16th Century" was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, and attracted much favorable attention. The exceptional fidelity to detail that characterizes it makes it of interest to the student as well as to the connoisseur. The old fire-place, the curiously glazed windows, the heavy furniture, and the cumbersome utensils, all lend themselves naturally to artistic treatment,

THE ORATORY AT WESTERLOO

and one cannot help speculating on what would be the feelings of a devotee of ceramic ware who should by accident stumble on such a kitchen as this, so richly stocked with quaintly wrought pottery. In this country the artist would seek in vain for such material, just as he would for the tapestried rooms that are the result of the culture of ages. And even though he might find interiors of beautiful design in the homes of some millionaires, most of them would smell of varnish. Of course it is folly to complain of a lack that can only be supplied by the lapse of

time and the good taste bred of esthetic leisure; and perhaps it would be better to cultivate a spirit of temperate thankfulness for what has already been accomplished.

The tendency in this country, at present, undoubtedly, is to make homes something more than boxes, sometimes ornamental, but usually of democratic severity; and everything should be done to encourage it. But the great reason why costly houses often seem to us garish, is found in the fact that there is little unity of design in their decorations. The wealthy owner gives the mason, the glazier, the furnisher, the plumber, the decorator, the gas-fitter, the electrician, and everyone else who

IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

to the owner, who pays his bills and invites his friends to come and gaze on his magnificence. This cannot go on forever, and already some buildings have been erected that have been carefully overlooked in every detail by competent architects, who ordered the arrangement of everything, even to the bric-à-brac. The result cannot help attracting the attention of at least the second generation of plutocrats, and perhaps the artists of the future may not need to go abroad for settings worthy of their compositions. Perhaps, also, by that time, some of the more gorgeous residences may have been allowed to fall into ruins, and in that way to acquire a beauty that in their present

A DUTCH CAVALIER

applies to him, *carte blanche* to do his utmost with the palace he is building, and each forthwith does all in his power to make his work outshine everything else. The result is usually appalling, though showy and probably satisfying

OLD FAIENCE

form they hardly suggest to the cultivated eye and mind.

In 1885 Miss Van den Broeck spent several months at Bôna, in Algeria, where, through the kindness of Said Ben Ramdan, an Arab chief, she was permitted to make a painting of the interior of the local mosque, with a number of figures posed in the various attitudes of worship. This work was afterwards purchased by the Belgian government and given an honorable position in the national art-gallery. During this trip she made a number of interesting sketches of the natives, who had to be bribed and coaxed into posing for her, as having portraits taken is against the teachings of the Koran. One of the most striking of these productions is a picture of Said Ben Ramdan as a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Since moving to Canada in 1891, on acount of her health, she has found several subjects worthy of her brush. Of course they are vastly different from the work in which her chief successes were won, though treated with the same vigor and careful technique. She has just completed a series of three pictures, each showing the interior of a Canadian kitchen, with a girl busy at household tasks. The coloring of these canvases is in a rather sombre key, somewhat relieved by baskets of ripe fruit treated with convincing realism.

Miss Van den Broeck was born in Belgium and from her infancy lived in an artistic atmosphere Her father, Pierre Van den Broeck, was a sculptor of note, who occupied the position of Inspector and Commissioner General of the Fine Arts, under the Belgian government. From her infancy her studies were directed towards art, for which she showed a precocious aptitude. She received her first instruction from Adolph Dilleue, the Flemish master, and had the honor of being his only pupil. Until the death of her father, when she was about twenty years of age, she was his constant companion, going with him to the studios and cafés, and spending all her spare time among his artist-friends. In this way she became thoroughly imbued with the artistic

spirit, and made the most of her opportunities. She studied with unremitting earnestness, and after her father's death moved to Paris, where she applied herself to her vocation with the enthusiasm that cannot fail to win success. During the twelve years she spent in the French capital her paintings were exhibited at the Salon, and were hung at the universal exhibitions at Brussels, Antwerp, Lyons, Paris, London and Philadelphia, where they attracted considerable attention and received many awards. At London her works won two medals presented by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. When she visited Paris in '94 she was elected a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences by the French government, and decorated with the Order of the Palms.

A CONNOISSEUR OF POTTERY

Besides doing such pleasing work with interiors she has done landscapes of merit, and her portraiture has been invariably successful. Her most recent canvas pictures a girl seated at an old-fashioned spinning-wheel such as may still be found in some Canadian farmhouses. This painting, however, deals with the time when spinning was an occupation not beneath the dignity of fine ladies. A wealth of color is supplied by a window banked with flowers, from which the light falls softly through the lace curtains and foliage over the young lady, who has paused in her work and is indulging in "idle thoughts." Of course the decorative background is necessarily absent, but the flowers and curtains are so arranged that an unpromising interior is made artistically attractive.

THE ALTAR-SCREEN

As Miss Van den Broeck takes a deep interest in the life by which she is surrounded, it is very probable that her sojourn in Canada will be productive of many valuable specimens of her art. She has already made some sketches of snow-shoeing and tobogganing scenes, finding in the old and sometimes outlandish costumes of those sports abundant material for pleasing compositions. The life and customs of a new land, however, are usually vigorous and stirring rather than graceful, and more likely to appeal to a delineator of dramatic events than to one whose work has chiefly been laid in scenes of quiet refinement.

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN—I. THE BISHOP'S LETTER

This is a Teutonic legend of the Middle Ages. Count Hackelberend is forbidden by the bishop to hunt on Sundays or holy days, but insists upon doing so, in spite of the entreaties of his nephew Albrecht and his daughter Wulfhild.

COUNTRY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Illustrated from original photographs by Conrad Baer.

At the end of February the observer begins to see the faint forerunners of spring. The willow shows signs of renewing its freshness, and the long stretch of cold, with brilliant or steely skies, is interrupted by days full of an indescribable softness. It is almost pathetic to note with what joy the spirit of man takes cognizance of these first hints of the color, the bloom and the warmth slowly creeping up to the southern horizon-line. For we are children of the sun, and, much as we love our hearthstones, we are never quite at home unless we have the freedom of the out-of-door world. Winter finds its great charm in the ingathering of the memories of the summer that is gone and in the anticipation of the summer that is at hand. Half the cheer of the blazing log lies in the air of the woods which it brings into the narrow room.

To be out of doors is the normal condition of the natural man. At some period of our ancestral life, so dim in our thought but so potential in our temper, disposition and physique, we have all lived, so to speak, in the open air; and although city-born and city-bred, we turn to the country with an instinctive feeling that we belong there. There are a few cockneys to whom the sound of Bow Bells is

ON THE FARM IN CANADA

sweeter than the note of the bluebird, the resonant clarion of chanticleer or the far-off bleating of sheep; but to the immense majority of men these noises are like sounds that were familiar in childhood. I have sometimes thought that the deepest charm of the country lies in the fact that it was the home and play-ground of the childhood of the race, and, however long some of us have been departed from it, it stirs within us rare memories and associations which are imperishable. The lowing of cattle coming home at nightfall; the bleating of sheep on the hillside pastures; the crowing of the cock, are older than any human speech which now exists. They were ancient sounds before our oldest histories were written. I know of nothing sweeter to the man who comes out of the heat and noise and dust of the city in midsummer than to be awakened on the first morning by that irregular tinkle of bells which accompanies the early processions of the cows. One may never have come nearer a farm than his great-grandfather, but that sound makes him feel as if he were at home after some long and arduous absence.

THE OLD WELL-CURB

And one has but to put into his pocket a few of those clever newspapers which satirize society people in spirited and well-drawn lines, and carry them into the country, to discover that the picturesque flees the city and loves the country; so far, that is, as people are concerned. There is certainly something wrong with

IMMIGRANT WOMEN HOEING POTATOES

WAITING FOR MILKING-TIME

our modern dress; it is impossible to discover anything suggestive or poetic in it, or to make any thing artistic out of it. Well-dressed individual men and women are often attractive to the eye; but when this is true it is because the charm of the person survives the monotonous uniformity of good clothes. Nothing can make the evening dress in which man extinguishes his personality either significant or artistic; but the man in overalls and shirt-sleeves is often a strikingly picturesque figure. Country life as a whole is steeped in the picturesque, in spite of the machines which so largely take the place of the old-time hand labor. One must go to the fields to find the poetry of human occupation; the man in the street is often interesting but he rarely stirs the imagination; the man in the fields constantly sets the imagination loose. What elemental strength and meaning are expressed in those peasant-figures of Millet? They belong to the world in which they toil: they disclose their identity with it; they express something of its meaning in their vigorous or bent forms.

The entire life of the field is poetic in the true sense; from the hour when the last snow begins to melt to the hour when the last sheaf of grain goes creaking through the bars. The sower, moving across the open furrows, has a kind of antique picturesqueness; he seems to have stepped out of that ancient frieze with which the earliest habits encircled the oldest days. He expresses freedom, virility, personality in every movement; the eye follows him with a deepening impression that here is something native and original: a man in first-hand relations with his world. The reaper who follows him

AFTER WORK

when sun and cloud have done their share, is not less striking and effective; and when the sheaves lie in rows or piles on the freshly cut stubble, the slow-moving, noisily creaking wagon, constantly pausing to take on its ripe load, seems a fit accessory in the staging of this pastoral drama. The fact that this poetry of motion is bound to toil so arduous and exacting that it often becomes a kind of relentless drudgery, is full of significance to those who believe that beauty is not esoteric, but the affluence of universal life in its normal relations and occupations.

A WINTER EVENING ON THE FARM

The sights and sounds of the farm are not only full of interest, but that interest is deepened by their constant recurrence. The horses at the trough; the sheep beside the stream as placid as themselves, or on the green uplands; the cows stolidly biding the coming of afternoon under the trees, or standing knee-deep in the cool brooks; the clucking of hens and their bustling leisure; the going out of the workers, with implements, seed, machines, wagons, and their return at sunset; the stir of the morning, the hush of the evening; what a world of homely, wholesome life is revealed in these old-time doings and happenings of the seasons and the life on the farm.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

But the farm is often only a unit of measurement, a term of individual possession; there is something greater; there is the country. Beyond the fields there is the landscape, and above them there is the sky; and every farm fits into these wider relations and is part of the larger whole. The woods, cool and silent; the spring hidden from the sun by overhanging trees and from strange feet

by moss-grown rocks; the brook where it runs noiselessly in a shadow so deep at noon that one bathes his eyes in it after the glare of the world; the old mill, deserted by man but loyally served by the stream that flows through the decaying sluice and over the wheel that turns no more; the quiet hilltop, above which the whole country sleeps on summer afternoons;—these are all simply extensions of the farm. The boys know them on holidays; the older people are drawn to

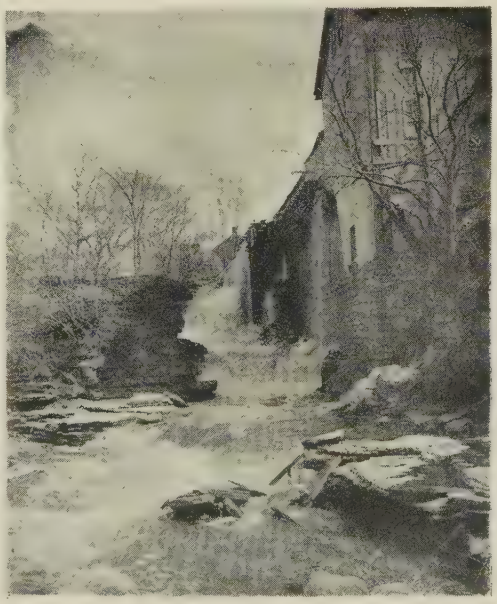
CHURNING IN THE BARN

for they are, one and all, places of silence and solitude.

The fever of this our life, and the tumult of it, vanish on the invisible boundaries of these ancient sanctuaries of nature. It is not difficult to understand the charm of these places for tired and worn souls; for it is to such places that exhausted men and women invariably turn. No one with a rich intellectual and spiritual nature, can keep in perfect health without a good deal of

A SUNNY PLAY-GROUND

them in those infrequent hours when the pressure of work is lightened; the man who is getting city sights and sounds out of head and heart knows and loves them. The very thought of them brings refreshment and repose;



THE OLD MILL

solitude and silence. We come to know ourselves and the world in the deeper ways only when we are apart from the rush of things. It is only when traffic ceases and the dust is laid that the landscape becomes clear and complete to the pedestrian. The quiet of the woods, the cool note of the mountain streams, the silence of the summits, represent, not the luxuries and pleasures of a rich life, but its necessities. To the townsman these outlying provinces of the farm are even more important than are the well-tilled acres.

AFTER A WET SNOW STORM

Some day some man or woman will write a luminous book on the education of country life; the training of the eye, the ear, the hand, the unconscious enrichment of the senses and of the mind which are effected by its sights and sounds. There has never been in the long history of education, a better school for the open-minded, imaginative boy or girl than the farm. Every day sets its tasks, every task teaches its lessons; and nature stands looking over the student's shoulder and quietly whispering some of her deepest secrets to her fortunate child.

MAPLE-SUGAR TIME

For surely it is a great piece of good fortune to grow up in a wise, generous home in the country; to be young with all manner of four-footed beasts and fowls of the air, and grow up with them; to stumble over the roots of trees when one is beginning to walk; to hear the brooks chatter before one knows how to chatter himself; to awake in the stir of the morning, when the whole world seems to be going to work, and to fall asleep when the world comes trooping home, dusty and tired.

To see and hear these outdoor sights and sounds is to be born into vital relations with man's natural background and to come unconsciously into possession of

THE BLACK SHEEP

quaintance of nature in childhood than in those later years which bring "the philosophic mind," but which leave the senses untrained for that instinctive observation which enables the boy to see without knowing that he sees.

John Burroughs has given us a charming description of the joys of boyhood on a farm, and has perhaps unconsciously betrayed the secret of his own extraordinary familiarity with the out-of-doors world. No knowledge is quite so much a part of ourselves as that which we gain without conscious effort; which we breathe in with the morning air of life.

The Hindoos have an idiomatic word or phrase for a walk before breakfast, which may be translated, "eating the morning air."

NOON IN THE SHEEP-LOT

The boy on the farm sees nature before breakfast, when senses and mind and heart are on the alert, when experience has not brought sophistication with it, and when sensation still keeps its pristine freshness.

The healthy boy is one great appetite for sights and sounds, and nothing escapes him. He knows every path some of the greatest truths which life has to teach. It is also to be born on intimate terms with bluebirds and cherries!

"If you want to know where the biggest cherries are to be found," said Goethe, "consult the boys and the blackbirds." There is a natural affinity between the two, and the boy who does not grow up in natural relationship with birds and trees suffers a loss of privilege which can never be entirely made up. For it is a great deal easier to make the ac-

THE MILL-POND

through the woods, every pool in the brook, every cavern in the hills, every sequestered hollow where the noise of the world is softened into the silence of rustling leaves and murmuring streams. One of the most erudite of American scholars, whose large learning has not smothered the instincts of his youth, declares that he is never entirely happy until he stands barefooted in the old fields.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS

Nature's true lovers perceive this, and demand that the companion whom he takes into the wilderness with him shall be of the right sort; one who, as Burroughs says, will not "stand between you and that which you seek."

PICKING DAISIES

"I want for companion," he continues, "a dog or a boy, or a person who has the virtues of dogs and boys —transparency, good-nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees, and growths, and the inarticulate forces of nature. With him you are alone and yet you have company; you are free; you feel no disturbing element; the influences of nature stream through and around him; he is a good conductor of the subtle fluid.

"The quality or qualification I refer to belongs to most persons who spend their lives in the open air—to soldiers, hunters, fishers, laborers, and to artists and poets of the right sort."

There is something incommunicable in such a fellowship with nature, which dates back to the time when the boy found in her his chosen playmate, and which still keeps up the old game of hide and seek even when his methods have become scientific and the result of his search is a contribution to knowledge.

MAKING FRIENDS

Drawn by Woldemar Friedericks

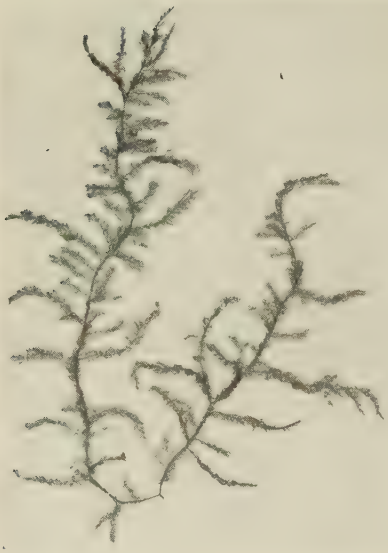
THE WILD HUNTSMAN—II. THE SACRILEGIOUS HUNT

They arrange a deer-hunt on Corpus Christi day. Wulfhild urges Albrecht to show what his falcons can do; but the deer have fled before the sound of the church-bells. The Count curses the monks and rests for the night in a camp.

THE ARTISTIC VALUE OF SEAWEEDS

By Helena Leeming Jelliffe

Illustrated by direct reproductions of preserved specimens.

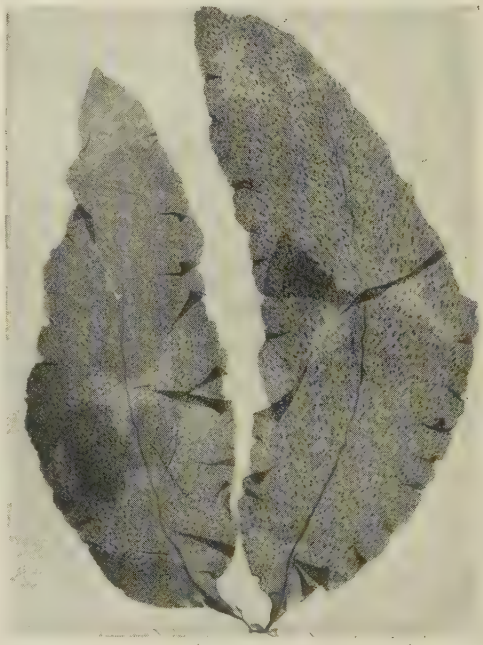


CHENILLE-WEED (DASYA ELEGANS)

It is enough in the first joy of summer relaxation on the coast to watch the waves, silvering the beach and marking their curved boundaries with edges of foam, then receding and mysteriously slipping away in the sand; but if one is blessed with many mornings to stroll by the sea, there is a new delight to be found in looking through the shining water at the floating treasures it is bringing to the land. Every storm bears up the fragile seaweeds that grow in deep water, and floats them to the shore, spreading out their filmy beauty in every conceivable form of grace, furnishing the artist with many a suggestion toward decoration, and then leaving them in a little mass of color for the sharp eye of some "minute philosopher" to recognize as a treasure to be unfolded again.

Among the most beautiful seaweeds of the North American waters, are the chenille-weed (Dasya elegans), and the ribbon-weed (Grinellia Americana). As the former floats in shallow water every hair-like frond is unfurled, and every shade of its rich crimson-lake color is revealed; but the moment it is cast up it becomes a dark clotted spot without shape or shade.

The ribbon-plant is beautiful even when the wrack of waves, but to see it in perfection one should go in a little boat, —preferably a salty old dory which one need not hesitate to poke in and out among the barnacled and encrusted piles of wharves, where, below the lowest tide-mark, the ribbons grow. Peering over the edge of the dory one can detect through the dark green waters great bunches of them,—rosy red in color, with their fluted edges softly undulating in the slow deep currents. A sharp stick will separate the bunch from the pile, if it grows too deep to be reached with the bared arm, and it will come floating up to the surface in all the loveliness of its natural grace.



RIBBON-WEED (GRINELLIA AMERICANA)

PHYLLOPHORA BRODIÆI

But not all of the deep-water seaweeds can be so easily reached. The red-leafed weed Phyllophora Brodiaei, grows in five or ten fathoms of water, and it is only when dredging-machines scrape the sea-bottom of its treasures that it can be obtained from its native place; but the storms strew fragments on our northern beaches, for those who are not invited to dredging-parties.

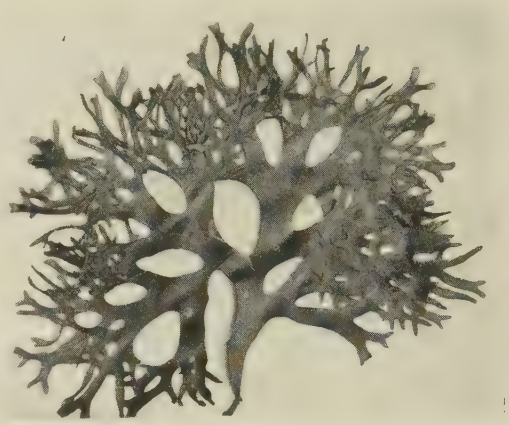
There is one charming seaweed which grows all along the coast. It needs neither dredging-machine nor dory, but only a pair of stout shoes and the ability to walk on slippery stones; for near the low-tide mark, if one follows the ebbing waves, there may be seen purple ribbons floating in the water, which sink to a slippery dull-brown covering for the rocks, when the tide bares them. This is the porphyry-weed (Porphyra laciniata). Its name comes from its delicate brown-purple color, which is sometimes mottled crimson, sometimes pale violet, like the precious porphyry-marble. This "laver" is used by the Chinese for soups; and our Mongolian laundrymen, quite ignorant of the fact that it grows in ample quantities all along our coasts, import it from China, as an article of native diet.

The Chinese are by no means the only nation that has learned that some sea-weeds are good for food. The Irish moss or carrageen, as those of the true brogue call it, is often used to make blanc mange. It is the very common Chondrus crispus, that grows like little bushy shrubs on rocks at low water. If it is always covered with water, it is reddish or purple, and sometimes green, having a beautiful gradation of colors; but when exposed to the sunlight, or cast upon the beach, it bleaches to a pale yellow. Although the druggists and grocers sell it much as they would gelatine, there is no need to seek the privilege of paying for this little luxury, for after the fresh pieces on the shore have been washed free from sand and dried, and boiled in milk, they make a delicious jelly-like dish.

PORPHYRY-WEED (PORPHYRA LACINIATA)

In old days the cry "Dulse and

tangle! was frequently heard in the streets of Edinburgh, and the dulse is eaten in this country to-day by the Irish population; but like the Chinese they import it from afar, unmindful or ignorant of the fact that it is found in large quantities along the rocky coasts of New England, where it goes under the scientific name of Rhodymenia palmata.

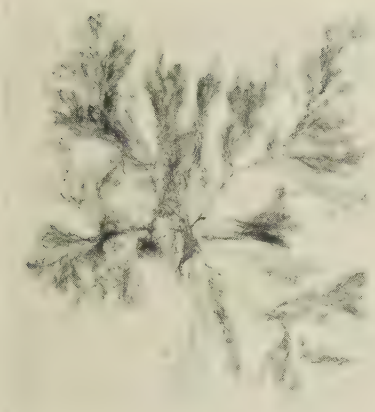


IRISH MOSS (CHONDRUS CRISPUS)

The mucilaginous substance in the seaweeds, which makes some of them really appetizing as well as nutritious, is the quality which also makes them so convenient as objects for the botanical or artistic collector, since they can be mounted on paper by means of their own natural gum. Even the finest and most delicate of all of the seaweeds, the Callithamnions, that float like a shell-pink mist in the water, have enough natural mucilage to make them stick to a sheet of paper as though they were painted on it.

All that is necessary is to wash the seaweed well to free it from sand and fragments of other seaweeds, and then to float it in a basin of fresh water. This brings out the adhesive element. After making the seaweed take its most artistic shape in the water, a sheet of white paper can be slipped boldly underneath it, and it can be coaxed by means of long-handled pins or a camel's-hair brush, to lie on the white surface in almost the same position. A piece of smooth cotton over the specimen, and blotting-paper on both sides, with a moderate weight, is all that is needed to make a good mount. From such specimens, in the writer's collection, all the

GRINELLIA AMERICANA



CALLITHAMNION AMERICANUM

This beautiful brown seaweed is cast ashore in fragments that are several feet long. The Sargasso sea takes its name from great masses of it floating in tangled mats in mid-Atlantic, generally eastward of the middle part of the Gulf Stream. It is kept afloat by the leafy appendages which spread from its stem, and by

DULSE (RHODYMENIA PALMATA)

many little grape-like bladders filled with air. The Macrocystis, a giant among seaweeds, does not grow in northern waters, but in the southern accompanying illustrations were directly reproduced.

Some of the large seawee is are harder to manage, because they are so heavy that, after being pressed like any plant, they must be fastened down to the paper. The rock-weed, with its pin-pricked swollen ends and snapping bladders, that covers the rocks of the coast everywhere, needs such treatment; also the Sargassum, floating without a root in the deep sea.

CALLITHAMNION BAILEYI

seas it sometimes forms a bed three or four hundred feet long.

To mount such a seaweed as Polysiphonia requires patience and dexterity, for the perfect grace of the floating specimen must be caught unawares or it will collapse into a stringy mass; but by patiently working each detail in place with a brush the fine branches can be painted into position, and the pressed specimen will be as delicate as an etching, which, indeed, it will resemble.

BRYOPSIS PLUMOSA

Those who get the greatest enjoyment from seaweed collecting, do not take only what is cast at their feet in fragments, but follow the ebbing tide down to the very gates of the "weedy sea," and gather the perfect plants as they grow attached to bits of shell on muddy flats, or cling by their disc-like roots to the rocks, or thrive in the pools left by the tide. Speaking generally, the bright green weeds, such as the long narrow green Ulvas, and the feathery tufts of Bryopsis plumosa, grow on stones or shells on the beach between tide-marks. The olive-brown weeds seem to prefer the low-tide region, while many of the red seaweeds grow in deep water. An exception to this rule is found in the red Rhabdonia tenera, a thick strong seaweed, that might be called "wand-weed" both from the meaning of its Greek name and from the appearance of its long slender branches. A tramp

SARGASSO-WEED (SARGASSUM VULGARE)

MACROCYSTIS PYRIFERA

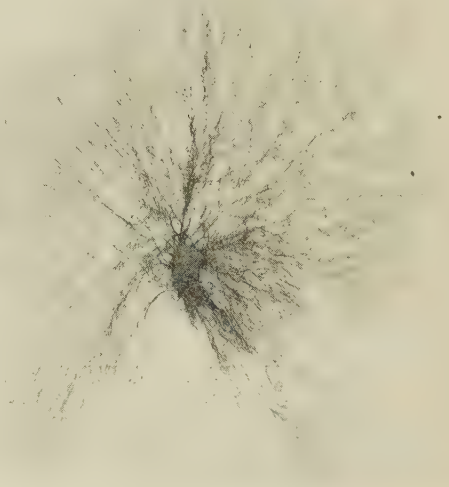
over the tide-forsaken beds of shallow bays or around wharves anywhere on the eastern coast, south of Cape Cod, will be rewarded by finding this red seaweed growing perhaps two feet long and densely branched, and springing from one sucker-like disc attached to a stone. At the very edge of the beach, where the tide turns, will probably be found the slender curving branches of Chondriopsis tenuissima, another richly red species, five or six inches long.

But by far the most beautiful places in which to collect seaweeds are along the rugged portions of the New England coast. There, if the enthusiastic lover of the

SIPHON-WEED (POLYSIPHONIA URCEOLATA)

beautiful can pick his way over barnacles and masses of rock-weed, to the places where the receding tide has left cool deep basins full of water in the hollows of the rocks, will be found all forms of sea-life. The green prickly sea-urchins lie in

tangles of red Ceramium and pink Callithamnion, and the limpets, sticking to the walls of the rocks, are overshadowed by the crimson fringes of Dasya. Possibly there will be the rare and beautiful species Lomentaria rosæ, growing on the black shell of a mussel, with its pod-like branches. Star-fish lie among the pink and purple fronds of the Irish moss, and little darting things scuttle away from the sunny depths of these brilliant forests to the darker shadows under the rocks. Who can withstand the temptation to put some of the fine filmy things in little vials of salt water, and carry them carefully home to be examined under the microscope, named and mounted as a perpetual reminder of the summer and the sea-gardens?



CALLITHAMNION AMERICANUM

CHENILLE-WEED (DASYA ELEGANS)

But the seaweeds do not only line the rocky pools and vie with the barnacles in adorning the piles of wharves; the fine and delicate kinds often grow on stouter seaweeds, and are securely anchored in the pathway of the tide by their stronger neighbors. Euthora cristata, which is one of the loveliest of the rose-red seaweeds cast upon our eastern beaches, grows in the deep sea under eight or ten fathoms of water, but it is attached to the roots of the stout devil's-apron, which sometimes reaches a gigantic length,—several hundred feet. As long as this delicate plant clings to the apron-strings of its protecting genius, it is safe, but if once it loses its hold it floats up and becomes the prey of the waves.

Where the running tide makes for itself a shining path amid the vivid green lights and mysteri-

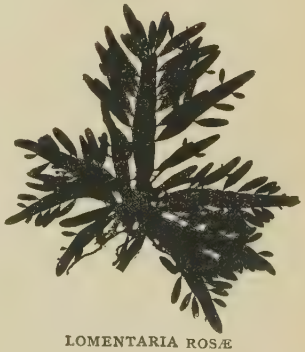
ous shadows of the salt-marshes that fringe our sandy shores, there grows in the channels and in the rippling shallows, a long narrow water-plant that is not a seaweed but is known as "eel-grass." It is brown and flat like a rubber-band that is much the worse for wear. A scarred and shabby ribbon it seems to be when pulled up from the bed, where it grows in great tangles slimy to the touch and endless in length. It does not appear at first sight a treasure to be prized, but if a few inches of it be floated out in still water, there will be unfurled here and there along its edges delicate fronds of fine seaweeds that could not grow in the rushing path of the tide, were they not fastened to the eel-grass.

RHABDONIA TENERA

One of them is a small blackish-red alga, in frisky independent little tufts, like small bushes. This is one of the siphon-weeds (Polysiphonia Harveyi).

CHONDRIOPSIS TENUISSIMA

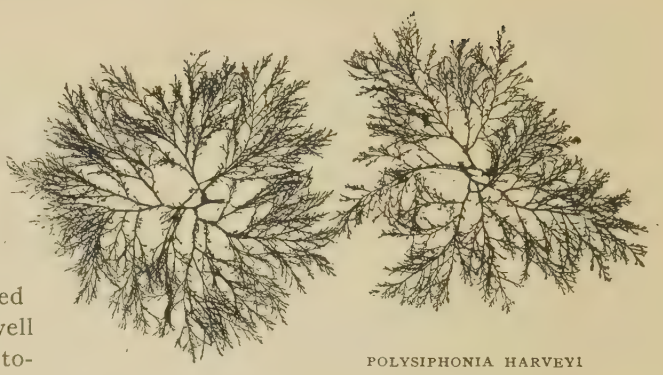
Sometimes the "basket-weed" (Spyridia filamentosa) leaves the wharves and deep-water mud, and comes to swing its baskets of spores on the bands of the eel-grass. It is a beautiful species when growing, but it loses something of its grace when pressed. There may often be found on the eel-grass, several species of fine red Ceramium, having a pair of microscopic claws at the end of every branchlet, and marvellous bands of red alternating with transparent bars. When this fragile thing is ready to fruit it hangs out innumerable little urns filled with crimson-spores; hence its Greek name. Fastened to the strong bands of the eel-grass these little rosy plants float with the tide, dropping their rubies to sow a greater profusion on rocks and piles and other grass-beds until, loosened by storms, they are cast ashore, and make the beach resplendent with their mats of crimson, among the emeralds and porphyries of other treasures of the sea.



LOMENTARIA ROSÆ

The humble folk of the earth living near the shore

have always made some use of the seaweeds, from the economic need of using the first thing that comes to hand, instead of seeking a better but more expensive material. The long cord-like stems of the Devil's apron, for instance, have served many a savage fisherman as well as the finely twisted lines of to-day have served the modern anglers. At least they have enabled the fisherman to land his dinner, which cannot always be said of the most faultlessly constructed reel and line.

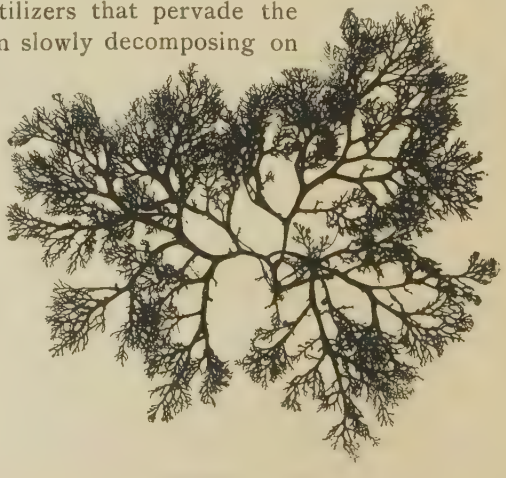


POLYSIPHONIA HARVEYI

BASKET-WEED (SPRYIDIA FILAMENTOSA)

An apology for a fire may be made from the heaps of seaweeds that lie browned and blackened by the sun above high-tide mark; but he must be a very poor creature in this well-provided earth who needs to depend either for food or fuel upon the curious growths of the sea. Nevertheless, many of our New England farms, on which our Puritan ancestors laid the foundation of thrift, were fertilized with seaweeds which were carted from the shore and strewn over the land, before the days of the patent fertilizers that pervade the atmosphere with their scientific odors. In slowly decomposing on the soil the seaweed gave to the earth elements that entered into the peas and beans and wheat, that in their turn helped to make the brawn and muscles of our ancestors.

To-day, except that they yield certain chemical products such as iodine and similar substances, the seaweeds are studied and admired rather than utilized. The artist who sketches on the shore has his studio festooned with long wreaths of Sargassum, or his fish-net drapery looped with sprays of rock-weed with their bursting bladders. Dry and stiff as they be-

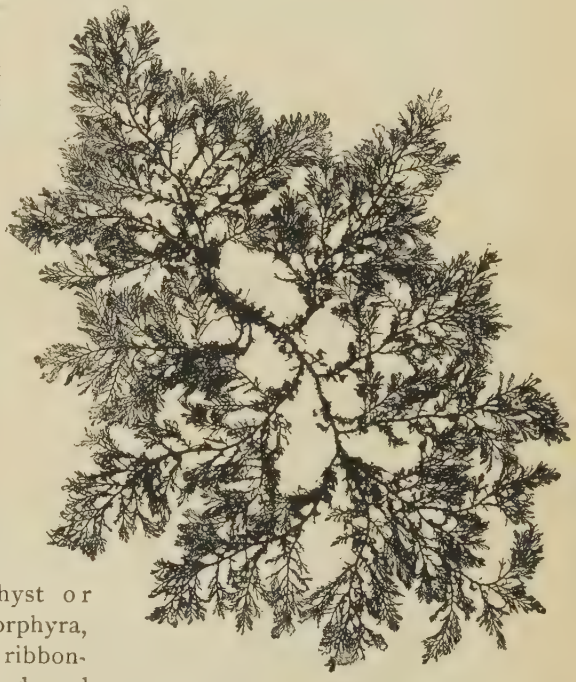


EUTHORA CRISTATA

CERAMIUM STRICTUM

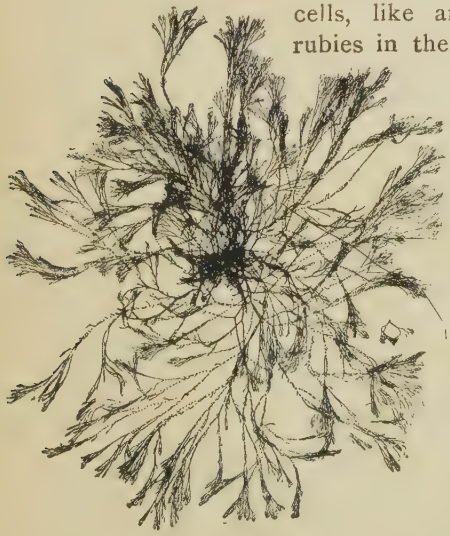
come when taken from their natural element, there is something of the artistic always present in these salt-encrusted weeds, that mantle the rocks.

The artist who has perhaps the greatest pleasure is the one who paints on china: not the designer of formidable fish-sets, where the symmetrical fish swim flat on their sides against a crude array of variegated sea-foliage and clam-shells; but the one who studies a sea-weed floating in its natural curves in a shallow saucer, and transfers its subtle grace of form, and its beauty of coloring, with a fine brush, to the pure white china or the glass to be decorated. Those who can not paint at the shore where they can obtain the fresh studies, often get as good effects by mounting the sea-weeds on paper cut in such shapes as to represent the saucer or plates or platter to be painted; and as nearly all kinds keep their color perfectly, they can be copied as if from a design.



POLYSIPHONIA NIGRESCENS

But the true seaweed-lover is he who cares for them enough to know them as individual friends, not merely as bright masses of color. He learns the haunts of each species, and by the aid of the microscope discovers the marvelous beauty of the individual cells, like amethyst or rubies in the Porphyra, or ribbon-weed; and of the finely jointed branches; and the curious shapes of the spores hung in baskets or imbedded in the surface of the weeds. He ponders over the questions why the huge Sargassum has no root; why the bright green seaweeds always grow in shallow water where they get the sunlight, and the red ones are nearly always below the mark of the lowest tide; how certain warm-water species happened to get into little warm coves that were dammed up, north of their natural limits; and, above all, which seaweed was the ancestor that in the course of slow evolution, gave rise to the first land-plants.



CERAMIUM STRICTUM

THE HERO HIMSELF

By Mary T. Earle

With original illustrations by D. D. Smith.

GATHERING DRIFTWOOD

Some people gather in driftwood, but there was a boy once who preferred to follow it. It carried him to many strange places. He usually followed it in a boat, but he did not always raise the sail of the boat, and he never took up the oars. It seemed easiest to spread the sail like an awning, lie down beneath it, and let the slow wash of the tide on the beach sway him out to the distant countries which the driftwood had known. He took very pleasant journeys.

"It is my business to travel in this way just now," he told his friends when they wished him to do other things. "I shall visit all the countries until I find the man I am looking for. After I have found him I shall do things of which you have never dreamed." And he would arrange his awning so that it shaded him more perfectly and let more of the breeze blow over him, and then he would settle back to his journey.

His friends often thought that he was asleep under the awning, but he was never asleep. He was looking through his lowered eyes far out across the countries where it was his business to travel.

Sometimes the little market-maids in the country lanes stopped with their burdens and looked at him as if they would speak, but he never spoke to them unless it was to ask them what the men were like who had passed that way, for being still a boy his business was only with men. But the man he sought seemed never to have walked through the country lanes.

A LITTLE MARKET-MAID

He visited even the cities, and while he was gone he met a great many people, but not one of them was the man whom it was his business to meet. One day he saw a young apprentice come out from a wayside house.

"Hello," the apprentice shouted jovially, "where are you going so fast?"

"I'm looking for a man," said the boy.

"What man?" insisted the friendly apprentice.

The boy flushed a little, and looked far out under the awning of his boat. "I am looking," he said, "for the great Hero Myself. I am to meet him in some of these countries."

"Are you?" cried the young apprentice, and reached under the awning with so cordial a hand that he pulled the boy out into the dusty road and they stood face to face. "I am the Hero Myself."

"Are—you?" the boy faltered slowly.

The boat swayed on at anchor, but the far countries changed to ungracious near countries, and the boy seldom went back to the boat. When he did go, all

"WHILE HE WAS GONE HE MET A GREAT MANY PEOPLE"

in his 'prentice garb, his hands were so used to toiling that they could not rest, so he had to take up the oars, and, in bending over them, he saw very little beyond. But the deep eddies which his oars made went swimming away from him, and he rowed faster and faster, laughing because he could never get the last of them to catch up with the first. He learned the bars and the channels and the landmarks, too, though in following the driftwood he had never learned them, and sometimes,

"'HELLO', THE YOUNG APPRENTICE SHOUTED JOVIALLY"

when he was very weary from the oars, and leaned back straining upon them, his eyes wandered far out to the edges of the sea, and he knew that somewhere the far countries still waited for him, and he rowed on with the hero in the boat.

"UNGRACIOUS NEAR COUNTRIES"

THE POTTERY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS—III

By W. J. Hoffman, M. D.

Illustrated from specimens in the National Museum.

FIG. 49. DEVELOPMENT OF FORM—SIMPLE TO COMPLEX

From what has been remarked in the preceding articles, the reader has no doubt observed that at the period of the Columbian discovery of America our aboriginal tribes were not all upon the same plane of culture-status. The ceramic products of certain tribes were of a highly artistic and elaborate type, while those of others were rude and simple, being apparently made to supply only the most needful requirements. This applies to the several Indian tribes when first met with, and also to the pottery found in various repositories, where it had no doubt been placed by its prehistoric makers for safekeeping in some time of attack, or as a store reserved for barter from which the owner was driven by war, or for some other purpose which cannot now be understood.

FIG. 50. ORIGIN OF STRAIGHT HANDLES

Art had, no doubt, been surely and steadily developing for a long time, in various localities, and in some instances the more advanced peoples had, perhaps, almost reached a state of semi-civilization; but the influx of Europeans, with conflicting elements, rudely checked the native tendencies in the development of form and decoration, thus causing an arrest of native art to a certain degree, and a graduai adoption of foreign elements. W. H. Holmes, in his well-studied essay in the report of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1882-'83, classifies form, as embodied in clay vessels of American aboriginal workmanship, as follows: first, *useful shapes*, which may or may not be ornamental; and, second, *esthetic shapes*, which are ornamental and may be useful. There are also *grotesque* and *fanciful shapes*, which may or may not be either useful or ornamental.

FIG. 51. ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF CURVED HANDLES

The earliest forms of vessels in clay depended, perhaps, upon the shapes of the rude substitutes for them serving the purpose of receptacles at the time of the introduction of the fictile art. Shells and gourds were undoubtedly the most primitive utensils employed, a statement which is generally affirmed by Indians when questioned as to their early history and cult, for in the ritualistic ceremonials and in language, only, can we hope to verify their statements respecting matters of tradition.

FIG. 52. A CONCH-SHELL, AND ITS CLAY COPY

To classify according to form the ceramic products of the aborigines, is an undertaking likely to afford only unsatisfactory results, yet a classification by shape is probably the only means at

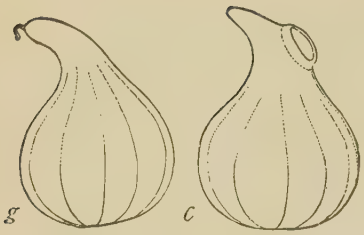


FIG 53. A GOURD (*g*) AND ITS CLAY COPY (*c*)

hand by which the study of development may be facilitated. Selecting, therefore, the examples that may be presented and arranged in classes of types, each of which may be defined by certain general characters, as bowls, vases, ladles, bottles, and others, the gradual development of form may, in many instances, be traced in some groups from the primitive prototypes to the highly conventionalized work of art. In such primary arrangements of types the adventitious features, such as fanciful variants, and modifications of rims, handles, and other embellishments, must be disregarded by the scientific investigator.

In the classification of form another difficulty is encountered in the absence of a recognized nomenclature, the Greek names applied to classic types being inappropriate to American pottery of simpler and less developed outlines. Mr. Holmes attempted to make an arrangement as to form in what appeared to him to be the natural order of evolution—a progress from the simple to the more complex.

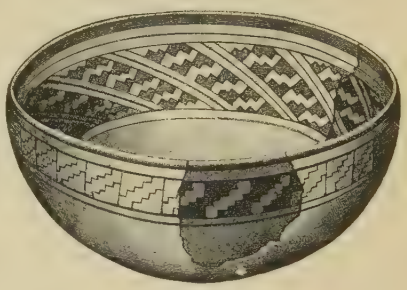


FIG. 54. A BOWL: RIO SAN JUAN

In the first series he placed the basin-like vessels, such as cups, bowls, and dishes; in the second, vases with a wide mouth, which might be designated *pots*; in the third, vases with full bodies and narrow mouths, ordinarily termed *jars*, but, perhaps, more properly bottles; and, fourth, vessels with high narrow necks, universally denominated *bottles*.

FIG. 55. A BOWL: ST. GEORGE, UTAH

To these series may be added several others: first, compound vessels, or such as are formed by the union of two or more forms in one, like double bottles, etc.; and second, grotesque or eccentric forms, these often consisting of the representation of mythic beings; and third, such as represent the adaptation of human and other animate forms. In the present arrangement, however, the last three series will be taken up in connection with the four preceding types, as may be found convenient, and as illustrations present themselves.

In the pottery of the Pueblo Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, an almost endless variety of forms exists, resulting from the union of two or more types of vessels, as above referred to, or else from the imitation of foreign ware. Special reference will be

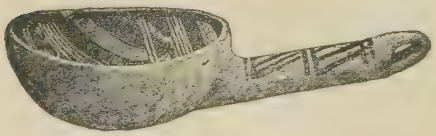


FIG. 56. A DIPPER: TUSAYAN

FIG. 57. A HANDLED CUP: TUSAYAN

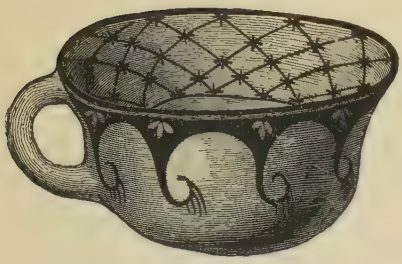


FIG. 58. A HANDLED CUP: ZUNI

made to such variants at the proper time. To intelligently represent the various shapes comprising the first four series, the accompanying scale of forms is given, in figure 49.

Taking, for example, the bowls and corresponding trays, both of which appear to be closely related, we have evidently the most rudimentary type of clay vessels, the original forms having, possibly, been suggested to the savage mind by his having previously employed for similar purposes such large shells — sometimes affixed to wooden handles — as are to be picked up on any shore, and easily broken into convenient shape. In figure 52 is reproduced the shell, with the native imitation in clay. Large shells more or less of this shape were actually made use of as receptacles, dippers and in various ways, long after the introduction of pottery-making, as doubtless they had been long before.

FIG. 59. A MOKI COOKING-VESSEL, WITH EARS

The gourd, no doubt, also served as a type for various forms of vessels, the chief being the dipper and the bottle. The former was suggested, perhaps, by cutting the body longitudinally at one side of the axis, as shown in the left-hand outline of figure 51. In some parts of Africa and of the South Sea Islands, the large ornamented gourds called calabashes take the place of most dishes, and form an important article of trade. Various wild gourds grew naturally throughout all the warmer parts of America, and the vines are extensively cultivated to this day in Mexico and Central America for the express purpose of using the dried and excavated fruit as dishes, bottles, dippers, etc.

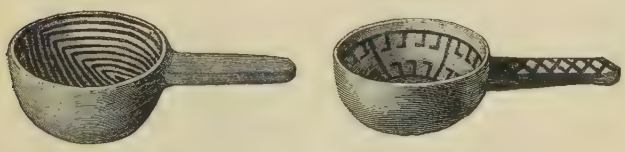


FIG. 60. PREHISTORIC HANDLED CUPS: COLORADO

An illustration of the origin of the development of handles is given in figure 50, the gourd with curved stem being the prototype, while among some of the western Indians the horn-spoon seems to have been copied by the first experimenters in clay.

A gourd cut transversely through the body would represent the simplest form of a cup, which, enlarged to hold a greater quantity of liquid or food, would at once come within the series of bowls. Some interesting examples are given herewith, some of which have handles of various kinds. A handsome polished bowl, from San Juan, in southwestern Colorado, is shown in figure 54. Another example, from a tumulus at St. George, in southern Utah, is reproduced in figure 55.

FIG. 61. A HANDLED BLACK-WARE OLLA: SANTA CLARA

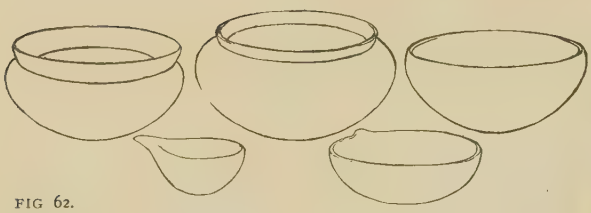


FIG 62.
FORMS OF BOWLS AND CUPS OF UNPAINTED WARE: CHIRIQUI

A small, hemispherical bowl from the ancient province of Tusayan, Arizona, presents a more constricted rim or mouth than the preceding; and Mr. Holmes gives illustrations of a series of similar bowls which represent a gradual return to the original dipper-form, such as the Colorado specimens reproduced in figure 60. Another ladle from Wolpi, one of the Moki towns of northern Arizona,—in the ancient province of Tusayan—has a rather grotesque appearance, and the description of this specimen might be deferred to a future series devoted to similar examples, but its place is deemed more appropriate in this connection, as it is by no means uncommon to find even articles of daily, and, it might be said, of almost common use, presenting evidences of artistic adornment. At the sides of the bowl are the outlines of animals, apparently bears, in the attitude of climbing toward the rim. The interior of such vessels, as well as the exterior, often have painted upon the smooth surface reptilian forms, as well as those of quadrupeds. These, however, are of mythical import and pertain to the cult-ceremonials of the tribes.

FIG. 64. A HANDLED MUG: RIO SAN JUAN

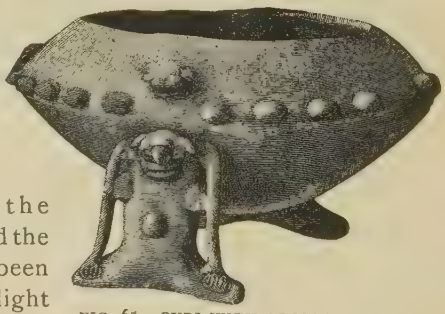


FIG. 65. CUPS WITH GROTESQUE LEGS: CHIRIQUI

A handled form, intermediate between the plain cup and the dipper, has been brought to light from the ancient ruins of Montezuma cañon, Colorado, two examples of which appear in the illustration numbered 60; the bowls of these cup-like vessels are less than three inches in diameter.

FIG. 63. A HANDLED MUG: SOUTHERN UTAH

There seems to be but a short step from the cup shown in figure 58, and illustrating a Zuñi form, to the form of the mug, a specimen of which from a southern Utah tumulus is reproduced in figure 63. A more primitive type than this, from the San Juan country,

Colorado (fig. 64), has an outline approaching the contour usually found in the pitchers of the modern Pueblo Indians. The designs upon the vessel indicate bird tracks.

FIG. 67. A FISH-SHAPED BOWL: CHIRIQUI

The utensils shown in figures 58, 63 and 64, suggest some additional remarks. They present examples of handled cups or mugs; and it is believed that the single handle upon this type of ware, and upon similar, though larger, vessels, is of purely aboriginal and pre-Columbian invention, and not copied from any European model. Whether the single handle was originally intended as a useful or as an ornamental addition to the plain vase or cup; or whether its adoption was the result of the fracture of one side of a two-handled vase; or an adaptation after the archaic wicker-work water-jar, cannot with certainty be determined. Vessels of this type occur in various localities amongst ruins which are without doubt of a prehistoric period, so we may safely affirm that the type was in use elsewhere prior to the advent of the Spaniards, although it seems to have been introduced by them among the inhabitants of the modern pueblos.

FIG. 66. A BIRD-FIGURE: SAN JUAN, N. M.

F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology, found handled cups and pitchers at various ruins in New Mexico, particularly at Heshota V'thla, ten miles east of Zuñi, which is reported to be a prehistoric Zuñi village. Among his collections from these ancient pueblos are two specimens, one of which is a mug of coiled ware, obtained in the province of Tusayan. It has a loop-made handle of three coils of clay placed side by side, and resembles in its mode of attachment, the handle of a modern water-jar of wicker-work.

FIG. 68. A FROG-SHAPED BOWL: ARKANSAS

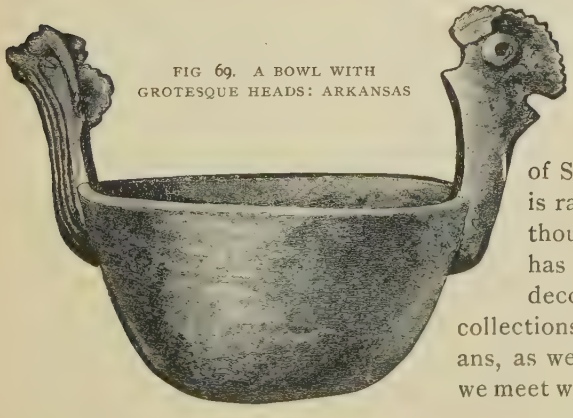


FIG 69. A BOWL WITH GROTESQUE HEADS: ARKANSAS

A better example of the pitcher-type, like that shown in figure 64 was obtained from a mound at the Mormon settlement of St. George, in southern Utah. It is rather cumbersome in appearance, though the workmanship is good; and has a highly polished red surface, with decorations in black. Amongst the collections from the Pima and Papago Indians, as well as from several of the pueblos, we meet with excellent imitations of modern

pitchers, some with a round bottom and some with a flat one, as well as having a protruding lip. An attractive specimen of a flat-bottomed pitcher of ancient ware, from the Cañon de Chelly (on the Colorado border of New Mexico and noted for its cliff-ruins), is not naturally different from many modern Zuñi productions and substantially similar to the water-pitcher of a modern dinner-table. Both examples have the bottom-coil or foot-band, that attached to the modern civilized article being only a trifle more conspicuous than in these long-buried ones. As the modern Pueblos adopt many of the practices of their more civilized neighbors, they find the pitcher and smaller handled vessels very convenient, and copy them to such an extent that even the decorations of common imported ware are now frequently imitated and rudely reproduced upon their own manufactures.

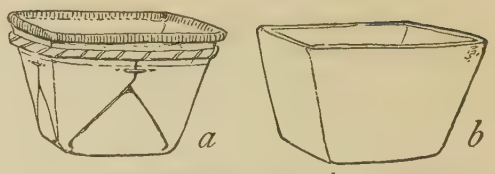


FIG. 70. A FORM OF CLAY VESSELS (*b*), DERIVED FROM BIRCH-BARK VESSELS (*a*)

FIG. 71. A RECTANGULAR BOWL: ARKANSAS

Returning again to the cup-form, we find among the ancient ceramic remains of Chiriqui, in Central America, various shapes with elaborate handles, legs, and other ornamentation. Some of these cups and bowls are so nearly like the commonly accepted form of vases, that differentiation between the two series is practically impossible. The only difference between them appears to be in size. The primary forms of simple and unornamented vessels are illustrated in figure 62. A beautiful cup, with legs imitating animal-forms, is the upper one in figure 65. This specimen is from Chiriqui, as is also the lower one (figure 65), which has a more constricted mouth, and is supported by two grotesque figures resembling the human form. The oblong vessel drawn in figure 67, is modeled after a fish; the wide mouth is armed with teeth, while fins upon the back are rather conspicuous.

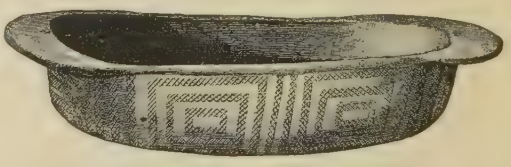


FIG. 72. A TROUGH-SHAPED VESSEL: ARKANSAS

The origin of the practice of modeling life-forms in clay is uncertain, but the signification of shape and attitude may be looked for in the mythology, cult-rituals and superstitions of the makers. No doubt, the grotesque and fanciful shapes may often have been the result of fancy. Among some mound-remains from the Mississippi valley, various bowls have been obtained presenting imitations of reptiles, birds, and grotesque heads. A frog-shaped bowl from this lot is shown in figure 68, while an animal-shaped bowl, from Arkansas, is reproduced in figure 73; and additional interesting examples might have been culled from the stores of American antiquities in Washington, Cambridge and other anthropological museums, as figures 66 and 69.

FIG. 73. AN ANIMAL-BOWL: ARKANSAS

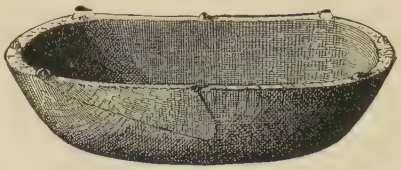


FIG. 74. WOODEN MEAT-BOWL: ALASKA

Square and oblong bowls seldom occur, the former being perhaps made in imitation of bark vessels as shown in figure 70, *a* being the original model, while *b* represents the product in clay. An example, in further illustration, is shown in figure 71, which is rather rectangular in form. The oblong and trough-shaped vessels are without doubt in imitation of the more primitive types of wood and steatite, similar to those produced by the natives of the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska, and in the Hudson Bay country. An oblong wooden bowl from Point Barrow, Alaska, is represented in figure 74, and a trough-shaped specimen of similar form, in clay, in figure 72, the latter exhumed from a mound in Arkansas.

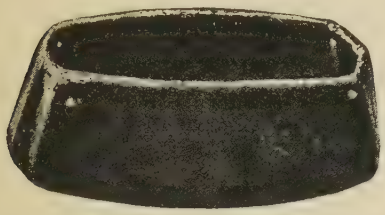


FIG. 75. A SOAPSTONE KETTLE: NORTH-EASTERN ESKIMO

A soapstone trough, used for cooking purposes, and again as a lamp, is shown in figure 76. The original came from Alaska, and is not very different, in general form, from similarly made vessels from other portions of the Pacific coast. These vessels of steatite, made by the Alaskan Innuit, are larger at the top than at the bottom, while those of the Innuit living eastward of Hudson bay are exactly the reverse, as appears in figure 75, in imitation of the birch-bark basket in general use among the Indians throughout the country of the Great Lakes, Hudson bay and the Mackenzie River valley.

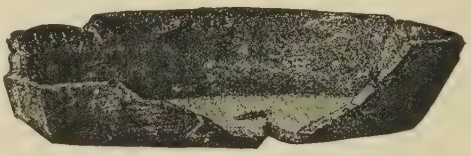


FIG. 76. AN OLD STONE POT: ALASKA

Soapstone has been a favorite material for making cooking-utensils in all parts of the world, since it was easily carved, durable, and stood fire well. It was commonly known and employed in prehistoric and early civilized times in Europe, and still survives for a few such purposes. Boiling-pots and roasting trays were made of it by the Indians of our southern and eastern states, as is shown by many relics found in New England, Pennsylvania and southward. It was in southern California, however, that this material reached its maximum of use, and yielded the greatest variety and perfection of utensils. This was particularly true of the island of Santa Catalina; where pots and pans of stone were carved out of the steatite ledges, carefully shaped and ornamented, and then taken to the mainland to be bartered for furs and various articles desired by the islanders.

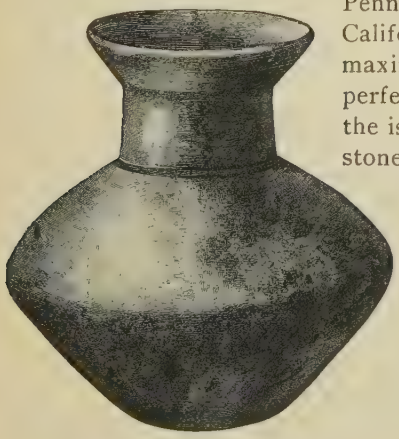


FIG. 77. A BOTTLE-SHAPED VASE

These Californian utensils were usually ornamental with incised lines, and had ears or handles; and so completely did they and the fine baskets, supply the want that pottery was almost unknown in that region.

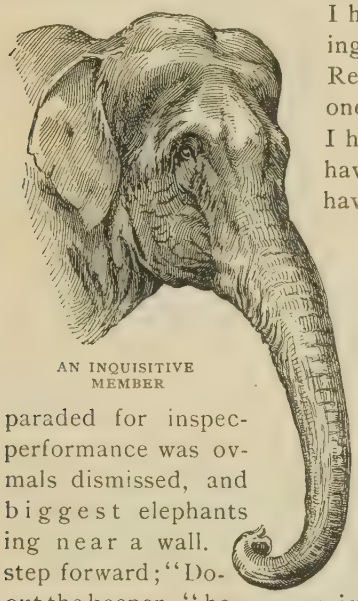
(To be continued)

NOTES AT THE ZOO

By Barnet Phillips

With original illustrations from life by Edwin G. Lutz.

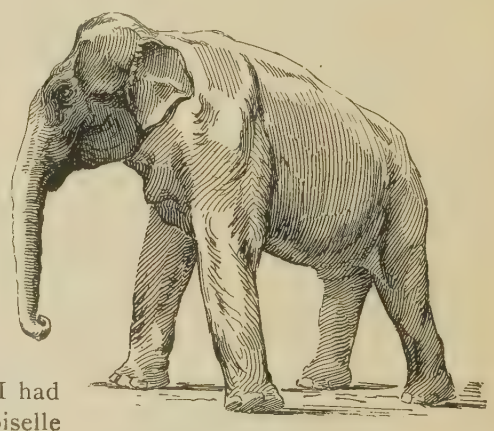
I have a great deal of respect for Charles Reade. Though many years have elapsed since I read his "Jack of all Trades," I have always remembered the peculiar traits of an elephant in that romance. Her name was Mademoiselle Djek.



AN INQUISITIVE MEMBER

I had a boy's confidence in elephants before becoming acquainted with Mademoiselle Djek, but Charles Reade quite shook my faith in the huge beast. Now, one way or another, having a taste for natural history, I have seen a great many elephants in captivity. If I have not always given them a wide berth, at least I have kept my wits about me whenever I have found myself in their immediate presence.

Some years ago, having gone with Frederick S. Church, the artist, to study the animals belonging to Barnum & Bailey's show in their winter-quarters at Bridgeport, we had the whole herd of elephants paraded for inspection. The performance was over, the animals dismissed, and one of the biggest elephants was standing near a wall. I made a step forward; "Don't!" cried out the keeper, "he might just crush you between his side and the wall." I stopped, of course, but assured the thoughtful and somewhat alarmed keeper that I had not the faintest idea of such a thing as getting between a wall and any elephant, for I had remembered the cruel playfulness of Mademoiselle Djek. Besides that, in this particular case, I had been watching the elephant's eye. Whether he might have felt a malicious pleasure in transforming me, a fairly stout person, into a wafer, I do not know, but he had undoubtedly been following me with his cool human-like little eye. Now somebody has said that the elephantine eye looks like a lacquered button on a bit of india rubber—but I never saw it sparkle even in anger—and I have seen (from a safe distance) some very ugly elephants.



AN INDIAN ELEPHANT

A PAIR OF WILD BOARS

It is rather an uncanny eye, for it gives no indication of what the brute may be up to. Take him altogether, the elephant is an uncertain animal, and his temper sours with age.

I have been told by English army officers,

A MUSKRAT

who have shot tigers from the backs of elephants, that it always was a risky business; and they repeated what Colonel MacMaster wrote about his own tusker, the one that bore many scars from tiger-claws, that the big beast was likely at any time "to bolt from a hare or small deer, or quake with fear when a partridge or peafowl rose under his trunk." Even so candid a man as Sir Samuel Baker was of the opinion that the sagacity of the elephant was over-rated.

A GOSHAWK

In his capital work on "Wild Beasts" J. Hampden Porter, describing the elephant in captivity, notes certain psychological changes that have taken place in him as a result of confinement, change of food and human association. His appetite becomes capricious, a trifling hurt kills him, and he has not the endurance of his wild brother. Mr. Porter believes that from long captivity the Asiatic species has become much inferior to the African. It is a fact, however, that in ancient times it was the African, not the Indian, elephants that were domesticated and trained for war and the parade; and there seems no reason why this species should not again be utilized, except the difficulty of procuring them. The upshot of all this, in the way of a moral admonition to my readers, is precisely this: Never go too close to an elephant unless his keeper is near him, and even then be on your guard. His tremendous strength has been properly vaunted, but his bad qualities have been too long glossed over.

A BEAVER IN THE ACT OF EATING

In a zoological collection the babiroussa, a Malayan member of the pig family is always a strong attraction. The countryman, bearing in mind his own Berkshires or Suffolks in the comfortable pens at home, speculates on the peculiarities of this strange pig, and comes to the conclusion that the "critter" is just a little too well provided with tusks to be amiable. In fully grown specimens the males carry tusks which are sometimes ten inches long.

The time cannot be far distant when wild beavers will disappear; and in zoological gardens, as at present constituted, they are at their worst. They cannot range about, select their own trees, cut them through with their sharp teeth, peel the bark off, or construct their dams in the running waters. The ideal zoological garden would afford them facilities for thus living their natural lives.

A BEAVER CUTTING A FALLEN STICK

As to the birds in a living collection, it is the flamingo which is the prize. Some years ago I tried to define what were the particular

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN KINGFISHER

poses of the flamingo. Edwin G. Lutz, who has studied them, sketch-book in hand, at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, and whose notes have been reproduced herewith, has caught several of the salient ones, but many pages would not suffice to portray the queer posturings of this strange bird. He can curve his pliant neck at will, or crook his leg in any way he pleases. He may stand on one leg, or squat down on both of them, or hang out one leg as if it did not belong to him. The sketch of the flamingo with his head down is true to nature. A bird in quest of food at the bottom of a shallow stream will use his head and upper mandible upside down as a kind of scoop or dredge. I know of no more glorious sight than to see a flock of flamingoes skimming away above,—streaks of faint crimson flashing against the blue of a Florida sky. I am inclined to believe that the flamingo in captivity loses his superb coloring and fades into a washed-out pinkishness.

BARN-OWLS

I never saw the Dacelo gigas, the great Australian kingfisher, save in an aviary, and he did not make himself audible to me, though I have read so much in Australian romances about the laughing-jackass and his jackassical ways that I feel somewhat familiar with him. What a powerful head and beak this bird must have, and what capabilities there must be given him of an instrumental kind!

The dacelo is an omnivorous creature and it makes no matter of difference to him as to what falls in his way,—fish, insect, small animal or bird. He just eats them all and then he screams in his peculiar hilarious way.

The barn-owl is another interesting bird,—one that has furnished a topic for many a British essay and poem, for this is the owl which haunts ruins and church-towers, and most often frightens the superstitious by its nocturnal screaming.

ATTITUDES OF FLAMINGOES

THE WILD HUNTSMAN—III. WODAN AND HIS SPECTRAL TRAIN

The Count, separated from his companions, after dark, is startled. Is it the howling night-wind, or Wodan, hunting with the Valkyries and others? He dismounts and hides from his sight the spectral crew, whose glance is fatal.

MY PET SUBJECT

By Arthur Hoeber

Third paper, with illustrations by various artists.

When any one individual puts forward the leading-lady of Mr. Daly's company of players as *his* pet subject, he lays himself open to criticism. A public, embracing pretty much all of these United States and a considerable share of the British Isles, has already pre-empted that claim. That Hillary Bell has been fortunate enough to have had the opportunity to stand behind his easel and look steadfastly at Miss Ada Rehan by the hour, is his great good luck. Many painters would doubtless have taken the contract off his hands had they been permitted.

That this portrait of the gifted actress and amiable lady should have been presented by her manager to the Shakespeare Memorial Building, at Stratford-on-Avon, and hang near where the master-writer was born, is complimentary to Mr. Bell and a delicate acknowledgment of the talents of a woman whose *Katherine*, in "The Taming of the Shrew," the character portrayed, is worthy to rank with the best interpretations of the great playwright's wonderful creation. The artist, happy in a personal friendship for the subject, has, as will be seen, seized upon the pose, the expression and the strong personality of his model and produced an effective result.

From a painting by Hillary Bell

ADA REHAN AS "KATHERINE"

Blossom-time does not receive from the painters half the consideration it deserves. To be sure the season is short. It arrives simultaneously with the exhibitions, and at the close of the active season, when men are more or less exhausted and are in that transition state between city and country. It is with us when days are long and dreamy, when a gentle languor comes over mankind, making work difficult, and anything like concentration and application are well-nigh impracticable. With the best of intentions the artist procrastinates; he puts off until to-morrow or next week, and lo! there comes a day when suddenly he wakes up to the realization that the spring, with its bud and blossom, is of a past season, and summer with its rank richness has come. The project is off for another year. Otto Stark has been en-

terprising and has not let his opportunities go by. When with the beauties of flowering trees is associated that loveliest of all nature's handiwork, fresh, sweet childhood, the combination approaches the ideal. The decorative quality of blossom-time, the charming harmonies of form and color, of graceful lines and exquisite shapes, do not ordinarily receive the attention they deserve, and it is refreshing to note how effectively, in the grouping and portraiture of these three children, they have been utilized by Mr. Stark.

From a painting by Otto Stark

IN THE SUNSHINE

The pleasant feature of the artist's life is, of course, the long summer vacation, with its opportunity for travel in quaint, unfrequented, out of-the-way corners. Winter melts away and Summer brings a chance for study of the unconventional, with agreeable change of scene, and always with possibilities of nature and the delights of the open air. These compensate for much in a material way that is denied the painter. The wanderings in foreign lands, the delightful experience in quiet French villages, sojourns at salty, tarry, old fishing-ports, dreamy afternoons by lazily flowing rivers such as Mr. Fitler shows us, and cool evenings in painting twilights or idly watching the brilliancy and magic of sunset-effects, all these are component parts of the artist's life denied to his less fortunate, if more wealthy, commercial brothers.

Drawn by G. A. Traver

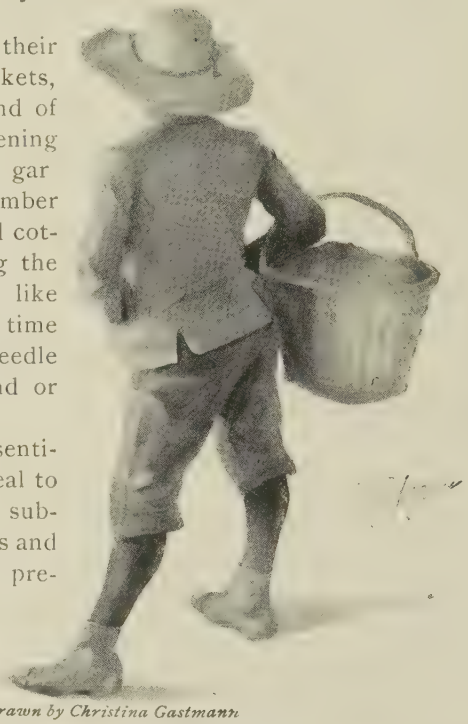
NO CHOICE

Capacity, too, for the enjoyment of all these things, is developed in the artist to a much greater extent than in the average layman. The eye is quicker to seize the many beauties of nature, and to take in the mass of detail, for it is the detail that, after all, goes to make the whole.

Fisher-life has many sides, many varieties of interest. The return of the boats laden with the catch; the busy sailors sorting the fish; the chaff-

ing, chatting, good-natured fishwives and their children, clustering about, armed with baskets, to take away the finny tribe; a background of deep blue sea, with soft summer sky, glistening wet sands, the breeze, blowing hair and garments; who that has painted does not remember the picture? Or, we look into a thatch-roofed cottage and see the busy women-folk preparing the simple meal, or mending a net. Perhaps, like their more prosperous sisters, they may find time even to sit over sewing, dreaming with needle idle, and thinking of some absent husband or sweetheart far away on the perilous waters.

Mrs. M. R. Dixon has given the touch of sentiment to her figure, and it cannot fail to appeal to us with much strength. More tragic is the subject by J. L. France, presenting angry waters and serious men and women. The former are preparing to battle with the elements on their mission of mercy, to save the crew of a disabled boat. Anxious eyes will watch them start off through the surf, and many a heart will beat faster as the sturdy



Drawn by Christina Gastmann

A MAN OF AFFAIRS

Drawn by Zella Milhau

MY PONY "TIP-TOP"

"WEARY HANDS AND EYES ARE FREE,
TO STEAL A MOMENT'S REST AT TIMES"

craft is propelled out into the wind-swept sea, and willingly will lend assistance when they return. Heroes there be without the incentive and glory of the battle-field; men who give no heed to self as they risk life and limb to save their fellow-men, for those who go down to the sea in ships must possess a sturdy, courageous heart, and be able to face death unflinchingly.

Old age has its attractions for the painter and has furnished the theme for many a canvas. Here the artist finds characteristic lines that lessen the difficulties in a measure, for with advancing years, traits are accentuated, features come out with greater strength and there is more individuality to be seized upon. Adelia Beard emphasizes this in the nice old lady of her "Quiet Hour."

G. A. Traver's man before the shop-window reveals the story in his very shoulders; while in the man by E. A. Burbank, tipping his favorite wine from the cobwebbed bottle, we have a faithful study, carefully worked out in details.

From a painting by Edward L. Morse

A YOUTHFUL MUSICIAN

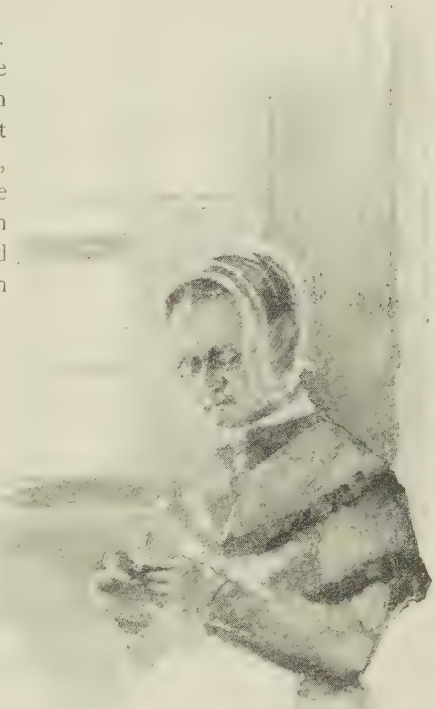
Harry Roseland's picture "Baymen," is almost photographic in its exactness,

Drawn by J. L. France

THE LIFE-BOAT

and in the cleverly caught pose of its figures. No foreign toilers these, but beachmen of the old-fashioned Long Island variety, who, when their day's work is over, can sit with pipe lit and wreaths of strong tobacco curling upwards, and spin yarns as long as a listener can be persuaded to stay. Curious tars are these men from Long Island, half sailor, half farmer, and equally handy with helm or hoe, at home upon the wave or in the wheatfield, in the forecastle or with the horses. No sketching-ground is better than the south shore of Long Island.

Farther back over the sand-dunes, and well into the mainland, there is material for pastoral landscapes, with fresh-water lakes such as George E. Burr delights in. Hay-fields, fresh with sweet odors, attract Agnes D. Abbatt. Here painting is a joy, and here are tones and colors that are the admiration and the despair of the artist. Quiet brooks with grassy banks, tall trees and woodland, fascinate Charles Ault, as they have many others before him; and a small boy is evidently a pet subject with Christina Gastmann. As she has pictured him here, he has probably



Drawn by Adelia Beard

A QUIET HOUR

Drawn by W. C. Fitler

THE OLD BRIDGE

From a pain'ing by E. A. Burbank

HIS FAVORITE WINE

left a game of base-ball long enough to run to the store for his mother—a sort of home-run, for which, no doubt, he cares very little.

Zella Milhau shares her pet subject, her pony, with many others, and a very pleasant subject it is. If Frederick Williams's little girl, Cinderella-like, has to sit in an obscure corner, with humble pot and pan, Edward L. Morse's young woman is patrician, and may give herself up to the more esthetic occupation of music. Much is to be had from the combination of attractive woman with musical instrument, though it may at once be admitted that neither modern costume nor modern instruments offer the same delightful charm of line or form that the more graceful gowns of the ancient Greeks, for example, afforded, and their decorative, if less harmonious, pipes and lyres. We may criticize Sir Frederick Leighton or Alma Tadema, and pick flaws here and there, but how great and decorative a charm has all their work. What har-

Drawn by Frederick Williams

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

Drawn by Harry Roseland

THE BAYMEN

monious arrangements of draperies; what grace of flowing robe; what dignity of well-poised head, with display of splendid neck and bust, or of a shapely limb, magnificent in contour. Our rigorous climate, our ways of life and our later civilization preclude, of course, such garb, and yet the pity of it!

From a painting by Charles H. Ault

A PLACID STREAM

Some one has said no nation may rear a race of painters of the nude in a country where the form is continually covered, and this is, in a measure, true. The artist who lives by the sea, who is as well acquainted with a ship as with his alphabet, and to whom every phase of the ocean is a familiar sight, must surely be able to paint the wondrous beauty, the majesty and the profundity of the waves, far more intelligently and with greater realism than he to whom the sea is a less frequent spectacle. So we may imagine the early Greeks reveling, so to speak, in the beauties of the human form, surrounded by magnificent types, displayed at the games, in the gymnasiums, on the streets, and having them ever before their eyes. To them, the superb development of the young men and the unconfined charms of the women were a daily sight. Their eyes became accustomed to the symmetry and the grace of perfect development; instinctively their ideals became elevated, and in paint, or clay, or marble they gave expression to beauty and perfection of form, elegance of movement and exquisite proportions.

From a painting by Agnes D. Abbatt

MY NEIGHBOR'S HAY-FIELD

Drawn by G. E. Burr

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

Those were indeed grand and memorable days for both the painter and the sculptor.

From a drawing by Woldemar Friedrich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. IV.—WALDTRAUT'S MISFORTUNE

Waldtraut, the beautiful daughter of a charcoal-burner, is found in the forest by Rudolf, a forester, "accidentally" wounded by Count Hackelberend, in order to get her into his castle, Treseburg, to which she is carried.

FROM COLOGNE TO COSTA RICA

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

With original illustrations by Charlotte Whitmore.

If Mrs. Charlotte Whitmore had tried to see how far apart she could make the subjects of the pictures upon this and the following page, she could hardly have chosen better. From Cologne, with its highly flavored antiquity, to the tropical peace of Costa Rica there is more than mere miles—there are thousands of years.

STE. MARIE EN CAPITAL, COLOGNE

In the first picture of Cologne we have a glimpse of one of the suburbs. Considering the quaintness of much of the older part of Cologne, it is rather surprising that it is not better known among American artists. Most tourists leave Cologne with about the same impression they took with them —that its chief legends concern those eleven thousand virgins who came to grief with their leader, St. Ursula, and that its cathedral is magnificent. Of late years, however, there have been some improvements, and there are parts of the city, on the outskirts, such as the old garden sketched by Mrs. Whitmore, which are picturesque and yet not too highly perfumed.

One good reason why Cologne deserves well of artists and art-lovers is to be found in the many sacrifices which the city has made to complete its noble cathedral. Although the building was well advanced and the choir consecrated in 1322, it remained but a fragment of the whole for nearly 500 years and was even allowed to tumble to pieces in spots. About the beginning of this century the artists and architects of Cologne made an appeal to the remainder of Germany upon behalf of their great monument. They have worked indefatigably and with success. Nearly five million dollars have been raised by this small city and spent in finishing the cathedral as nearly as possible after the original designs. Every artist owes something to such a town.

AN OLD GERMAN GARDEN

Punta Arenas may one day be famous as a winter-resort, now that Americans are invading the West Indies, after tiring of Bermuda and the Bahamas. But as yet Costa Rica is pretty much all as suggested in Mrs. Whitmore's pictures—a primitive tropical wilderness in which no one has yet found time to do anything in particular. The Costa Ricans are good types of people born tired.

A STREET IN PUNTA ARENAS, COSTA RICA

The fiery sun makes it too hot to work more than a few hours a day, but it ripens fruit enough to make labor superfluous; and, as in most communities where the men find it work enough to breathe, it is the women who do the hard labor; and Mrs. Whitmore might exhibit these pictures in proof of man's universal desire to oppress the fair sex—even in Punta Arenas.

A COSTA RICA VILLAGE

A SKETCH-BOOK JOURNEY

By Annie Isabel Willis

With original illustrations by Wm. A. McCullough.

There is a beautifully written and marvellously suggestive essay in Hamilton W. Mabie's volume "Under the Trees." He calls it "The Forest of Arden." The forest, as described there, is a place where people and things are seen exactly as they are. No shams, no vain ambitions to surpass one another, no untrue pretensions exist there. When these elements enter a person's life he is at once without the boundaries of the Forest and can never return with them as companions.

An artist's portfolio of sketches reminds one, somehow, of the Forest of Arden. Simple, real, and primitive things are thought more worthy of being set down there than the fancy, the ornamented, the stuccoed. There one sees the moss-grown, weather-beaten barn of the farmer, not the fancy, cupolaed stable of the rich city man; there the rough rail-fence and the vine-covered stone wall have place, while the trim paling, and ornate iron boundary-mark are conspicuous by their absence; there is often found the life-like delineation of some

"Dear common flower that grows beside the way,"

seldom the showy orchid or the splendid begonia.

This leaning to the simple and real in all branches of art is our most hopeful characteristic. In life we tend to the conventional; in art we will have none of it. We build houses whose architecture is a marvel for gods and men to behold, so hopelessly mixed up and so totally unsuited to its environment is it. We dress carefully so as to conceal the fact that there is a human figure underneath, making of ourselves what Carlyle dryly calls "clothes-screens." We fit up our apartments with all sorts of decorative devices to "make home hideous," but with no manner of use for them. We call upon people we hate, and listen to our friend's musical and elocutionary efforts with well-bred, hypocritical applause.

"I LOVE MY DOLLY"

But, strange sign of saving grace in such natures!— we care for pictures only in so far as they tell a truth,—a rude, homely truth, maybe, but still, a truth. There must be no concession to politeness,—no compassionate make-believe or glossing over, in what an artist puts before us on his canvas, if he is to maintain our interest.

PICTURE.

We want, too, the simple, the primitive. We care more for a painting showing a wild bit of rock-bound coast or the rough trunks and uneven slope of an old orchard, than for the most elaborate scene of landscape-gardening. We can grow to love

a picture of a peasant, while we care not a straw for the studied pose of a modern lady of fashion, except for the brilliant work done in the picture. With the same sense of the fitness of things, we find a peasant's rough cottage delightful in a picture, while the dainty drawing-room of the modern mansion is only good enough to serve as a place for hanging this picture.

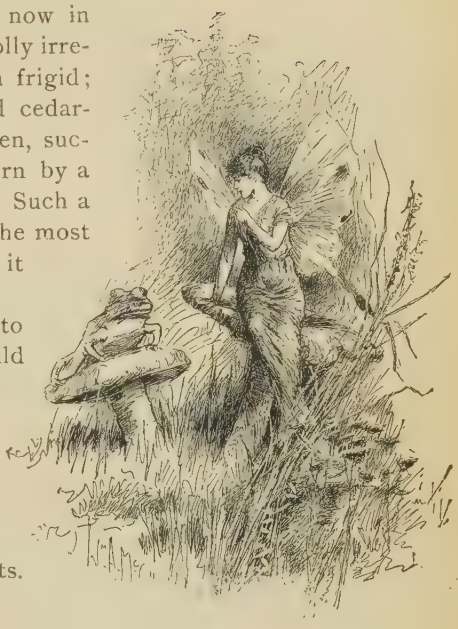
FISHING

The scrutiny of an artist's sketches brings one very near to the heart of real things. Those studies of the poses of some animal, or of the anatomy of the claw of a bird of prey, were not put down for mere picture-making, or to while away an hour. They were done, pencil in hand, close to the very animal itself, and so they are true. When the artist wants to make a picture of a cat, he will have pinned up all about him sketches of every sort of attitude, asleep or awake, that his cat-model assumed as he watched her. If he wants to paint a flower, here are his pencil-sketches of every part,—the anatomy of the plant, so to speak. Here are color-sketches to give the various tints of the natural flower and leaf, and here are pressed specimens gummed on the same page.

A tour through an artist's sketch-book may mean a journey the round world over, but it can be taken in an afternoon. That is one of its charms. And it

A RAINY DAY

leads one by such a delightfully desultory route, now in one part of the world, now in another. It is wholly irresponsible,—this strange mingling of tropical with frigid; of cosy indoor scenes following hard upon wild cedar-swamps; of the cool recesses of a wild-wood glen, succeeded by glimpses of camp-life, and this in turn by a peaceful cattle-scene in a New England village. Such a journey is not wearisome; in fact, no travel in the most luxurious conveyance can be so easy. And how it enriches and inspires an art-loving soul!



GOSSIPS

If Mr. McCullough were forcibly restricted to two fields of painting alone, undoubtedly he would choose children for one, and animal life from a sportsman's point-of-view, as the other: a classification which nearly resolves itself into one, since the naiveté of child-life is only a lovely manifestation of nature not yet artificialized and outgrown. The successful depicter of child-life is sure to touch people's hearts. Everybody loves children, those

"Living jewels dropped unstained from heav'n,"

and everyone loves to see a life-like picture of a child.

In the preface of her book "Child-Life in Art," Estelle M. Hurll says: "The poetry of childhood is full of attractiveness to the artist, and many and varied are

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

AN EASY FIT

the forms in which he interprets it. . . . It matters not whether the subject be a prince or a street-waif, the true artist sees in him something lovable and winning, and transfers it to his canvas for our lasting pleasure."

"I Love my Dolly" tells a whole story of latent motherhood. It is not a fine French doll she hugs so tenderly and proudly, but a baby, rather the worse for wear,—just like every living child, for all the world! In the matter of dolls, the oldest is the dearest. A child cares not for looks. It has not learned enough of the shams of life for that. "Bedtime" is another mother-picture. The little model from which this sketch was made never forgets to put her babies to bed. "Mamma, I couldn't be happy if the dollies were not tucked up warm, as I am," was her tender-hearted remark when remonstrated with for the delay before she herself could be put to bed.

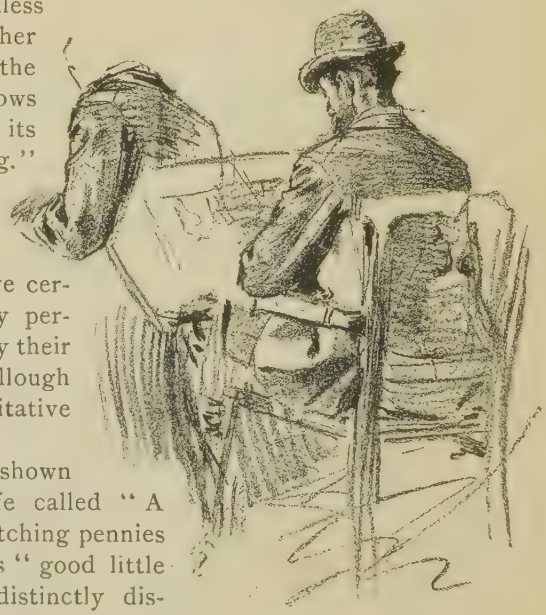
READY FOR MISCHIEF

FATHER'S SWEETHEART

Children and household pets seem to belong together. Little ones with rabbits, birds, and dogs, follow in quick succession as one passes on through this child-land of the sketch-book.

"Fishing" is very life-like,—doubtless a little runaway five-year-old, for no mother would consent to her pet going so near the water alone; and "Breakfast-Time" shows a pencil-study of a quaint child-figure in its limp morning frock and hair in a "pug." The bowl should have something extremely good put into it in response to that sweet, uplifted look. The children in "Weighing the Baby" have certainly seen the time-honored ceremony performed with a real live infant, presumably their own little brother or sister. Mr. McCullough evidently appreciates perfectly the imitative bent of the child-mind.

It is really this imitative bent that is shown in the less pleasant scene from city-life called "A Rainy Day," where some gamins are pitching pennies in an area-way. They are by no means "good little boys." The odor of the cigarette is distinctly discernible; the shrill, coarse voices reach our ears in rud-



A SKETCH

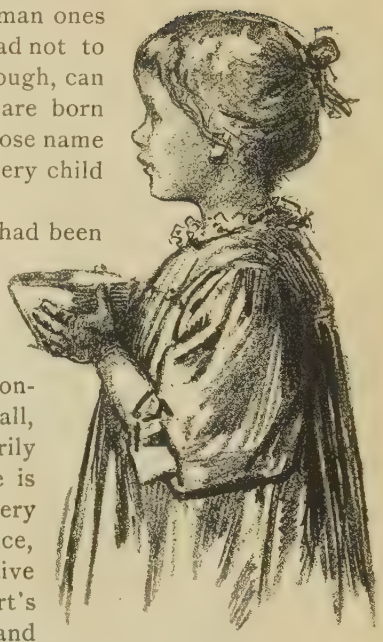
est epithet and phrase; they may come to blows any moment. But the picture tells a true story of the lower city-streets, where children will still be children and will seek such amusements as are open to them.

These are so unlike the little ones we know that it is a relief to get back to the host of child-studies coming next among the sketches. They are all interesting, a

GOLDENROD

head here, flowers there, a pose, doll in arms, in a chair,—pages of sketches expressive of many moods and occupations. With these one bids farewell to real child-land in the sketches, but "Gossips" carries us by an easy transition into that hoped-for realm of all simple-hearted youngsters,—Fairyland. Surely Titania and Oberon cannot be far away. This gossip may be about the Queen's latest dew-spangled court-robe, or the quarrel that morning among the bird-choirs

in an old apple-tree, for bird-choirs resemble human ones somewhat. The fairy-figure is charging Mr. Toad not to tell, but he will. All gossips do. Only a child though, can know just to whom he will repeat it. Children are born knowing all about such things, for as some one, whose name refuses to be summoned just now, has said, "Every child is a genius, though most children outgrow it."



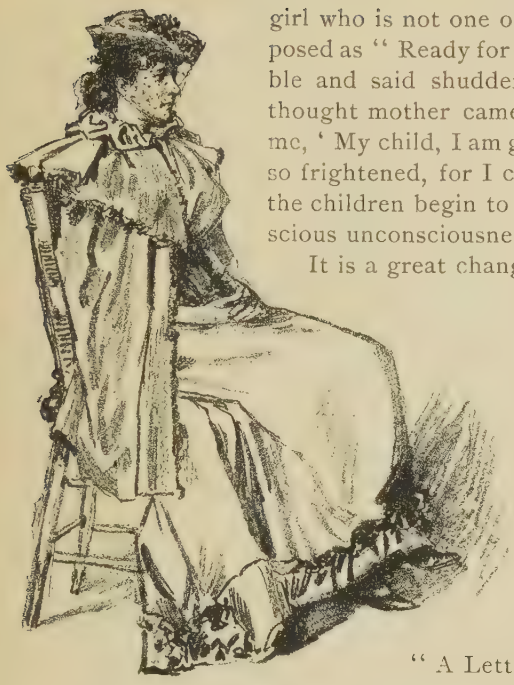
BREAKFAST TIME

Perhaps it would be even truer if the word *actor* had been used instead of *genius* in that saying, for, with all their artlessness, children are the greatest actors in the world. They learn it in the first two years of life, the years in which a child is the centre of family though not of outside interest, and its demonstrations of intelligence are noted and admired by all, censured by none. At two years old an ordinarily bright child is perfectly conscious that when he is amusing himself he is amusing other people. Every little act is a blending of innocence, interest, perfect faith, and imitative art. It is "art for art's sake," of course, and is very delightful; but he knows the sweetness of applause. Mr. McCullough understands this perfectly, and he draws his little people just as they are giving little sidelong glances for approval, or innocent, straightforward eye-challenges for recognition, or, better still, with the demure seriousness of face which declares itself conscious of observation, but unwilling to acknowledge it,—and all this without marring the innocent childishness of the pictures any more than it is marred in life.

BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS

Some children lose this faculty of natural impersonation and mimicry almost before their baby accent leaves them, but exactly what it is that banishes it would be hard to say. It seems to go with the coming of the personal sense, or of timidity. When a person's own individuality has been thoroughly impressed on him, it is only by study that he can learn again to forget that "This is I." The spontaneous dramatizing disappears and the children become little grown-up people at once. Or else the change is due to reproof and the gradual learning of consequences. A little

A MOMENT'S REST



girl who is not one of those pictured here, but who might have posed as "Ready for Mischief," woke up one morning all a-tremble and said shudderingly, "Oh I have had an awful dream, I thought mother came to me with a great pair of shears and told me, 'My child, I am going to prune you of every fault,' and I was so frightened, for I could not think what would be left." When the children begin to have dreams like this, their day of even conscious unconsciousness is done.

It is a great change to come back to ordinary grown-up folk, their hats, the folds of their dresses, the action of their limbs. The two ladies sitting calmly in hats and cloaks are fully sophisticated. The glamor of child-life and fairy-land is gone. We are here far away from the most real things in the world—the innocence and naturalness of the child; and we leave them with the feeling that the sojourn among the little ones has done us more good than all the other wonderful and beautiful things seen on our tour through an artist's sketch-book.

"A Letter from College" has a touch of quiet humor. The agitated papa, his daughter's or son's letter in hand, looks not so placid as does his spouse. There is a request for money in that epistle! This must be the parent who once remarked emphatically: "It's a good name for it, the *higher* education of women! What with boating suits and tennis outfits, and now golf-fixings and the Lord knows what, it's getting *higher* every year."

"An Anxious Moment" takes one with a rush from this home-scene to the lonely lakes of the Northwest. The muskellunge, one of the hardest of fish to catch, has managed by a leap in to the air, to slacken the line. The hook may drop out, or, by a dexterous swing of the tail in the fish's violent contortions, it may be shaken out, and thus the prey be lost.

There is a world of sunlight and life and light in the picture; it freshens you and takes you out of doors. Pictures of this kind are good for tired people, resting them as it would rest them to have a window opened into beauty through a blank wall.

Mr. McCullough is fortunate in his ability to portray life with absolute fidelity,

but without showing the slightest tendency to see it on its prosaic side, for realism which we need so much, is good in as far as it means truth, but not for one step after it tries to shut out beauty.

The last page of the sketch-book leaves a pleasant impression of the whole journey, for when we look at "Goldenrod," we see a young figure, sweet enough to be placed thus among autumn's most glorious flowers.

No matter what the season, we are at once transplanted, by the magic of the artist's pen, to the early fall. A crisp fresh wind fans our faces; the spicy fragrance of fast-withering grass and foliage greets our nostrils.

"Along the road-side, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the goldenrod."

WEIGHING THE BABY

We stray, waist-deep, in fields of the plumy yellow glory, where innumerable bees are humming their business to the brown and yellow butterflies, while birds call to each other across the sere fields that they must soon be going; and mentally we cast our vote for the golden-rod as the national flower. Surely there is none more thoroughly and characteristically American, or worthy of the honor.

A LETTER FROM COLLEGE

FIG. 1. A STRENGTHENED, TATAR-LIKE, COMPOUND BOW OF THE ALASKAN ESKIMOS

INDIAN BOWS AND QUIVERS

By Ernest Ingersoll

Illustrated from examples in the National Museum.

The bow was as wide-spread as a weapon of the chase and war, in primitive days, as the distribution of men. It was the most universal, because the most effective, tool by which man could obtain his food, defend himself against enemies and gain power. Its invention must have marked a step forward in primitive society only to be compared with that when gunpowder was introduced.

FIG. 2. CHIPPEWAY SELF BOW, ARROW AND QUIVER

Where was the momentous step taken? No one knows; but we may surmise that it must have been in some region where a strong elastic wood grew—perhaps the yew itself, since that is a native of those central highlands of Asia, whence the rest of the globe is supposed to have been colonized.

Its development would, of course, vary with divergent circumstances. In some parts of the world, as the South Sea Islands, it has never become a prominent implement; and in Africa, at any rate within recent times, the javelin, long knife and club, have mainly superseded the bow, which seems to retain its foremost place only among the degraded desert-dwelling Bushmen and Hottentots of the southern plains, where game is small.

It is probable, indeed, that a thorough study of the subject would show that the bow never held the important place in the artillery of such primitive and savage people as inhabited a forested land that it had among dwellers in an open country. What we know of the history of the bow, both in the Old World and in the New, confirms this reasonable proposition.

Nowhere in the world have the bow and arrow reached a higher degree of development than in the western hemisphere, where skill in making them, and accuracy in their use, would have made many of our Indians as distinguished in archery-annals as were Robin Hood and his merry knights of the cloth-yard shaft, had there been a chronicler for the deeds of the aboriginal American bowmen. To bring down a heron on the wing, with a single arrow, was regarded as a feat of the first rank by even the best of the old English archers, but many a western redskin did

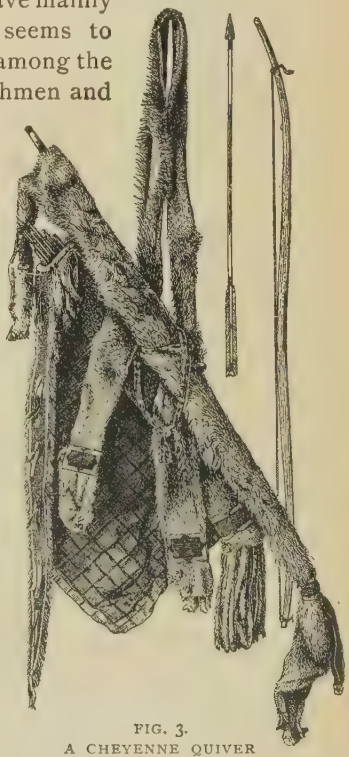


FIG. 3. A CHEYENNE QUIVER

that with far smaller birds, as a matter of course; and it is related of the Darien boys that by shooting upward they could cause the falling arrow to pin even a sparrow feeding on the ground. The Apaches, it has been said, would stick an arrow into the ground and then discharge another toward the sky with such nicety of calculation that it would split the first when it fell. The customary method of killing turtles on the Amazon is by an arrow sent in a lofty curve so as to descend squarely upon and pierce the shell, from which, otherwise, the missile would glance harmlessly. We do not know much about the bows and arrows of the South and Central Americans, but from the plains of northern Mexico northward, we find successively an increasing degree of excellence and complication in this weapon beyond anything known elsewhere in the world. An examination of the accompanying illustrations, from specimens preserved in the National Museum, will make this apparent.

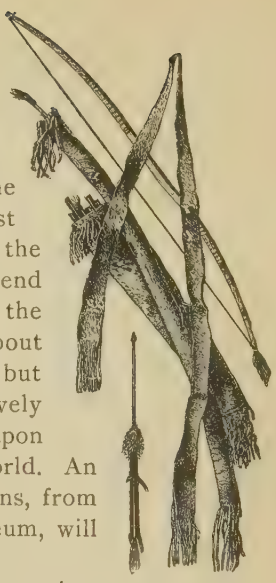


FIG. 5. SIOUX

FIG. 4. DAKOTA

The eastern-coast Indians used the bow, but seem never to have got beyond the simplest single-stick form, and a moderate degree of skill in its use. They abandoned it as a serious weapon the moment they could obtain fire-arms from the Europeans; and it was the prompt adoption of this new weapon which gave the Iroquois tribes their great supremacy in the beginning of the last century. The Iroquois bows were much larger than those of the western Indians. The prairie-tribes went farther; and the Chippeways of the Great Lakes region were strong bowmen, and have kept the weapon, as appears from the recent example with its quiver, shown in figure 2. These Indians had such excellent woods as hickory, oak, ash, hornbeam, sycamore, dogwood and many other hard species, and all their bows were "selfs," that is, made of a single straight piece of wood, but they were likely to be carelessly shaped and little if at all ornamented, though their fur quivers were often elaborately adorned, as is shown in figures 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 10. "In every Indian wigwam," remarks Prof. Otis T. Mason, "were kept bow-staves on hand in different stages of readiness for work. Indeed, it has often been averred that an Indian was always on the lookout for a good piece of wood or other raw material. This, thought he, will make me a good snow-shoe-frame or bow or arrow, and I will cut it down. These treasures were put into careful training at once, bent, straightened, steamed, scraped, shaped, whenever a leisure moment arrived. . . . The wood for bows, the scions for arrows, the stones for

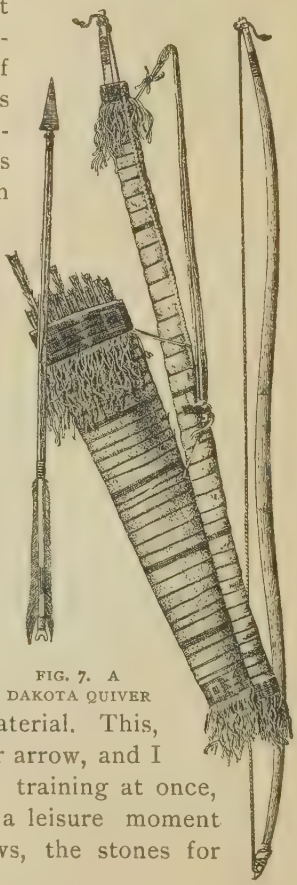


FIG. 7. A DAKOTA QUIVER

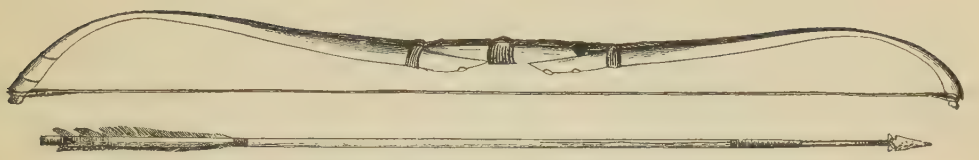


FIG. 8. A M'CLOUD RIVER (CALIFORNIA) COMPOUND BOW

the heads, and even the plumage for feathering, were articles of commerce."

All of the bows east of the Rocky Mountains (except among the Sioux) were made simply of a single piece, since suitable wood was obtainable by search or barter. The same was true of the Indians of northern California and Oregon, where yew was abundant, and their chief peculiarity lay in their thin broad shape, and the fact that, in accordance with the artistic taste of that region, the bow was polished, sometimes carved, but more often curiously painted (see figs. 11 and 12), and always thoroughly cared for. The same elaborateness was extended to the quivers, as appears in figures 13 and 14.

FIG. 9. APACHE

There were large areas of our west, however, where bow-wood was rare or altogether absent. The methods by which the deficiency was supplied are paralleled nowhere else in the world, and form one of the best illustrations of savage ingenuity. Bows were compounded of three or more pieces of wood, often very poor in quality, or were made of horn, whalebone and other materials.

Fine examples of this composite type are found among the Sioux, or were, for they are rare enough now. They have been pronounced the most graceful among existing savages anywhere, recalling the outlines of the conventional Cupid's bow, whose symmetrical double curves were modeled by classic artists after the bows they saw brought back to Greece and Rome as trophies captured from the hostile nomads of Asia and the Scythian steppes. These wild tribesmen prepared for their weapons the horns of cattle and gazelles, retaining, to some extent, their natural curvature; and, as do the Sioux (fig. 12), join them together in the middle by a third piece. It is natural that this centerpiece should be termed the *grip*; but, knowing their origin, no less natural is it that the ends of a bow should be termed its *horns*. The joints are always concealed by sinew or rawhide bandages, so that the bow appears to be only a single stick.

FIG. 10. A NEZ-PERCÉ QUIVER

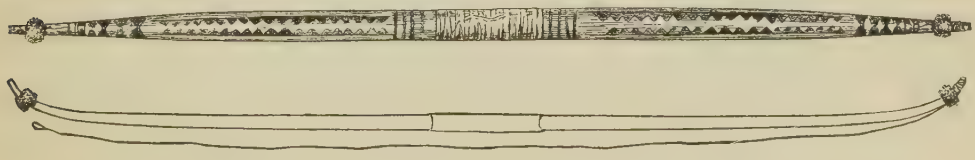


FIG. 11. A FLAT, PAINTED, YEW-BOW OF THE HUPAS: CALIFORNIA

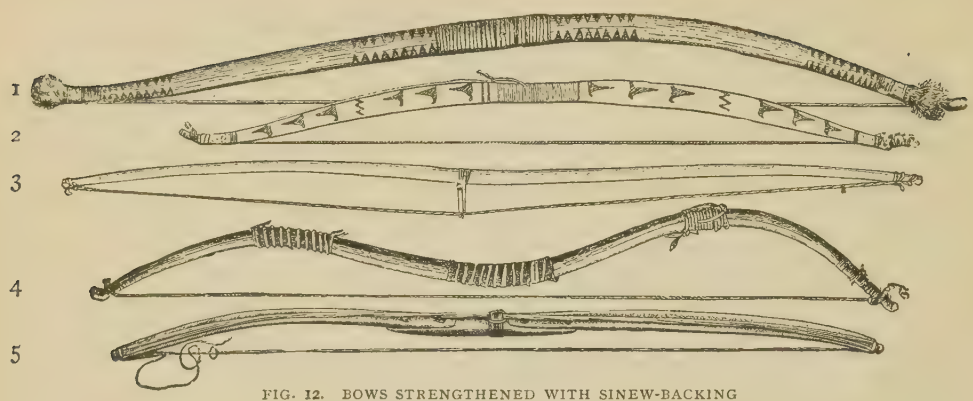


FIG. 12. BOWS STRENGTHENED WITH SINEW-BACKING

1. Yew; northern California; 2. Yew; McCloud River Valley, California (compare fig. 11); 3. Willow: Kutchin Indians of Alaska; 4. Compound bow made of cows' horns: Gros Ventres Indians, Montana.

In the Great Basin, or dry, depressed area between the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada, only small soft woods grow, unfit for good bow-making. Hence the bows of all that region, from northern Mexico to the head-waters of the Mackenzie, are short, thick and narrow; and in order to give them the requisite strength they are ordinarily reinforced by flat bands of shredded sinew, glued along the back or seized about the stock at short intervals. This adds not only strength but elasticity; and when, as in many cases, the bows were made of more than one piece, such strengthening was essential. In some places nothing better than small shrubs of willow and birch were available; yet the bowyers knew how, with care and surprising patience, though with few tools, to make serviceable weapons out of these unpromising materials.

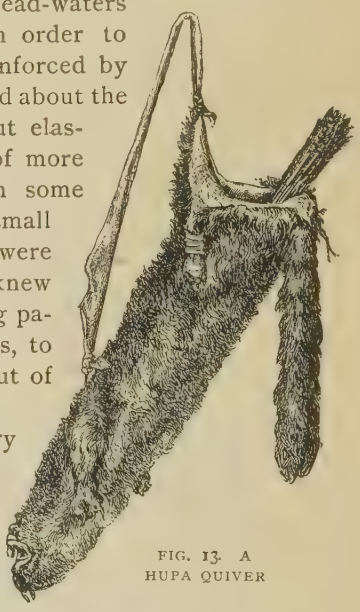


FIG. 13. A HUPA QUIVER

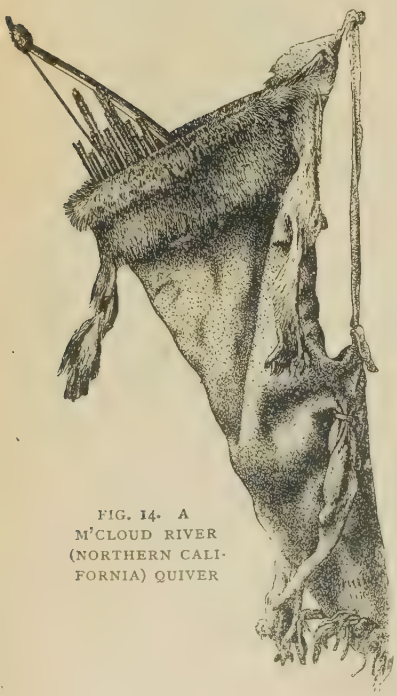


FIG. 14. A M'CLOUD RIVER (NORTHERN CALIFORNIA) QUIVER

The most extraordinary strengthening of bows after this plan is that of the Eskimos, the details differing with each tribe. Figures 1 and 15 show some of these; and figure 18 exhibits the intricate way in which cords of twisted sinew, instead of glued bands, were often made to serve the purpose. These were secured about the "horns" and then braided or laced down the outer side, with long strands bound into cables and confined by frequent half-hitches, until they bore almost the whole strain of the work required of the instrument. The necessity for such assistance as this is plain when we remember that in the treeless arctic coasts and tundras many a hunter can procure

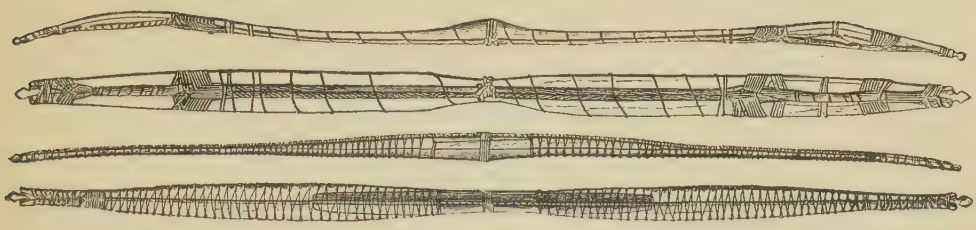


FIG. 15. TWO ESKIMO SINEW-CORDED BOWS: BACK AND EDGE VIEWS

nothing better for bow-material than strips of bone or cariboo-antler.

The quivers of the northern American Indians are so accurately depicted in the engravings that little description of them is called for. Among most Indians they were made of the finest attainable furs, were as individual, and as highly embellished with trophies of prowess and needle-work tokens of affection, as were the shields of the knights of chivalry. The practical purpose they served was less as a means of carrying the bow and arrows, than as an arrangement for keeping them *dry*—an essential requisite to efficiency, since the wood must not be allowed to warp, nor the string, of sinew or of braided fibre, to become limp, nor the backing to soften and stretch. Nearly every fine quiver, possessed, also, a pocket devoted to the owner's fire-making materials, which he could not afford either to lose or get wet.

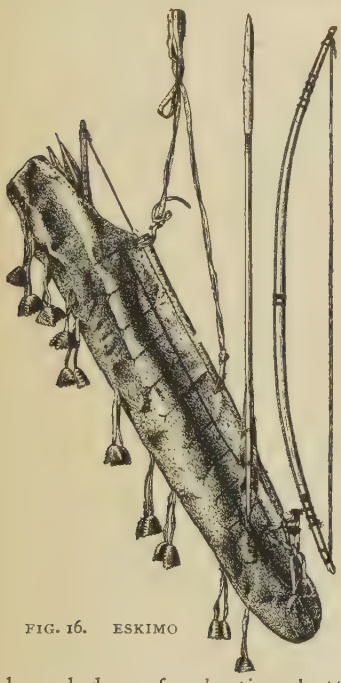


FIG. 16. ESKIMO

These implements belonged to every man, as a matter of course. Every Indian boy knew how to make a bow and had trained himself in its service from childhood. But as some were naturally more enthusiastic and skillful marksmen than others, so certain men had the knack or knowledge of selecting better materials, and the patience and skill needed for making a superior article. Such artist-artisans of the savage community were always sought for advice, and a bow shaped by them was highly prized whenever it could be obtained. Hence when they became old, and no longer fit or eager for the chase or the fray, they became bowyers, sitting in dignified and well-earned ease before the door of their lodges, proud to make good weapons for the band whose fortunes were henceforth to be defended by younger arms.

FIG. 17. EASTERN ESKIMO

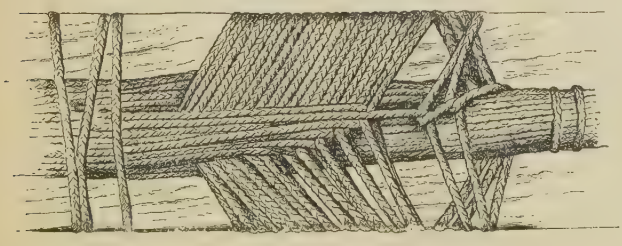


FIG 18 AN ALASKAN SINEW-CORDING

SOME CARTOONS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

By Wm. Henry Forman

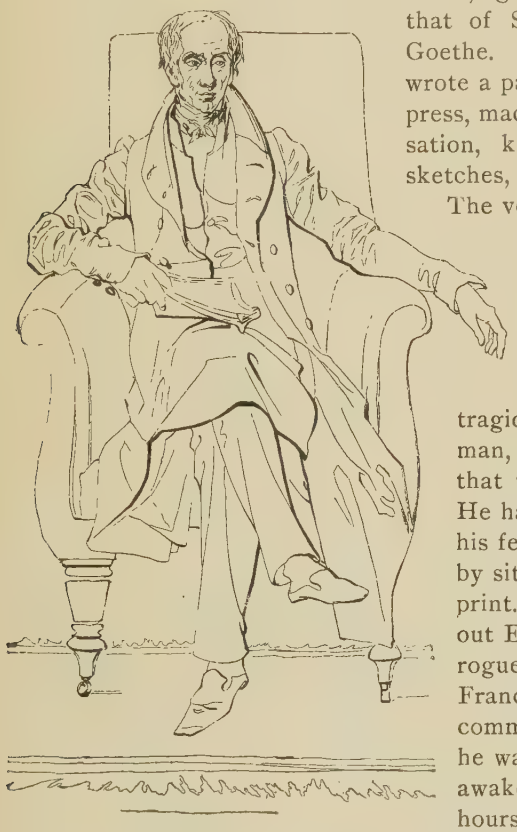
Illustrated from drawings by Daniel Maclise.

In the last year of the reign of George the Fourth, there lived in London town, one Hugh Fraser, a Bohemian of the day and a barrister by profession. As he seldom held a brief, he employed his abundant leisure in writing things he could rarely get published. He was on terms of intimacy with Doctor William Maginn, an exceedingly clever poet, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. The two men had much in common, though in one respect they differed greatly, for Fraser was generally sober, while Maginn was habitually drunk.

To the ingenious mind of Fraser it occurred that it would be a good thing to start a Tory review, to which the principal contributor should be Maginn. To find a publisher of the projected review was not easy. Another Fraser, however, James by name, a canny Scot from Inverness, had long been a prosperous publisher in London. He was not related to Hugh, except in being of the same clan, which, among Scotchmen, counts for a good deal. James Fraser was persuaded by Maginn and his confederate to start the review, and in February, 1830, the first number appeared, with the title of *Fraser's Magazine*, it being named for its projector and not for its publisher.

With the first three or four issues, principally from the pen of Maginn, the magazine had not made much headway, and it was determined to arouse public attention by an illustration in each number, in the shape of a series of portraits, under the title of "The Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters." For drawing these portraits the owners of the periodical had the rare good luck to secure the services of Daniel Maclise, then somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years old, but who, before he died, produced some of the greatest historical paintings of the English school. Yet, even when he began the series of portraits for *Fraser*—a series which numbered eighty-one, and continued until 1838

—he was a masterly draughtsman, scarcely rivalled by any British artist before or since. His line was somewhat cold and strict, but full of spirit and expression, as elastic and as firm as steel. The portraits, which were signed "Alfred Croquis" beside their wonderful technical skill, had great variety of idea. Some verge on good-humored caricature, others are simply elegant and familiar likenesses. Some, again, are almost cruel in their truth, like that of Samuel Rogers, which frightened Goethe. For each of these portraits Maginn wrote a page of comment. His humorous letter-press, made incisive by the necessity of condensation, kept pace with Maclise's inimitable sketches, which were beautifully cut on copper.



The volumes containing these pictures may be turned at random, and there is not one from which, with its accompanying text, cannot be derived amusement and instruction. Take the portrait of Talleyrand, published in 1833. The satire of the picture is tragic in its intensity. The eminent Frenchman, then in his seventy-ninth year, was at that time French ambassador to England. He had, as is well known, a defect in one of his feet which he was accustomed to conceal by sitting in the manner represented in the print. His character was notorious throughout Europe. Everyone knew that he was a rogue, but a rogue whom no government in France could do without. He had great command over his countenance, and what he was he managed to conceal when he was awake. It is only, however, in waking hours that such concealment can be made. The artist, by depicting the unprincipled and selfish rascal asleep, seems almost to have revealed in the strong lines the frauds and villainies and perjuries of three-score years.

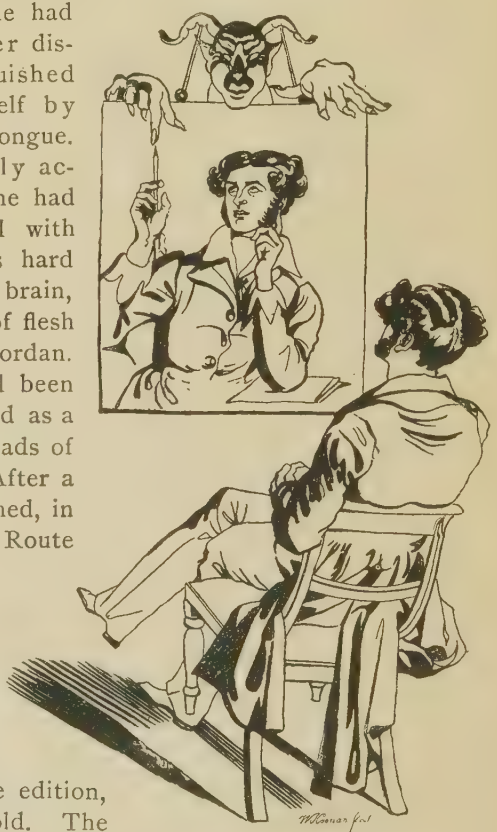
In a totally different vein is the noble and dignified head of Wordsworth, then about sixty-two. No man of his generation had been so much praised and abused. With the abuse politics had much to do. Wordsworth was a sturdy Tory and the Whig critics fell foul of him with keen zest. As Wordsworth sits here in his easy chair, we see in his countenance the calm serenity with which he bore the abuse heaped upon him. He had faith in himself, a faith which time has justified.

Maclise could have found no better subject for his satire than Robert Montgomery, whose name has been kept alive by being pickled in the vinegar of Macaulay. Montgomery began his literary life by writing what he was pleased to term poems, of which the critics made all sorts of fun. The artist humors Montgomery's pretensions by representing him swinging on a chair in the see-saw

Munster

fashion of his verse, and with uncravated throat in the style of Lord Byron. As he was a religious bard, his hands are clasped in adoration of the picture he is worshiping, which is a representation of himself, while his upturned eye and uplifted pen denote that he is in quest of the inspiration of the Muse. Over the picture hovers a lubber-fiend, of whom the face is said to have been a faithful likeness of Clarkson, a well-known critic of the day.

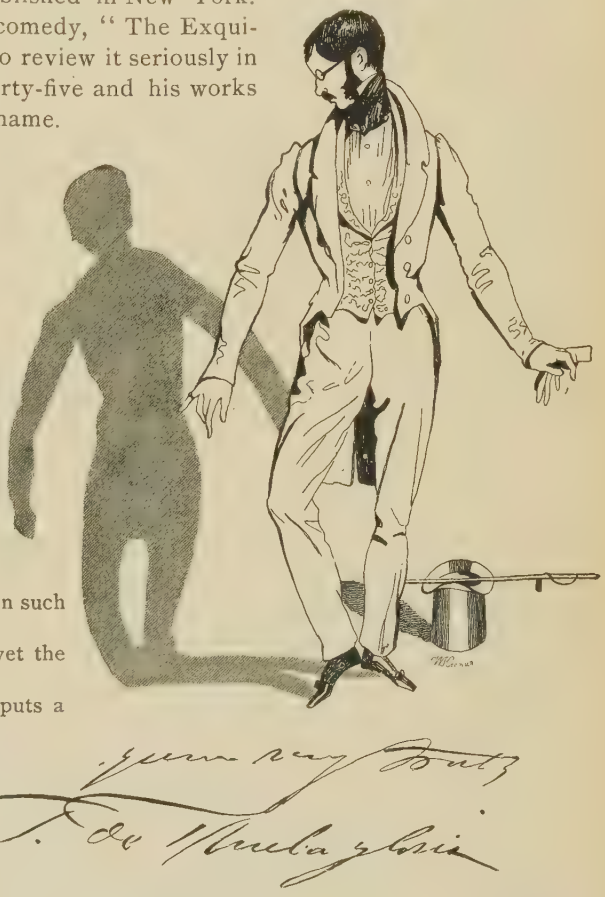
George the Fourth died in 1830 and was succeeded by his brother William. The Tory *Fraser* wanted to offer homage in some way to the new sovereign, but was a little puzzled what to do. William could not very well be placed in the "Gallery," for he had never distinguished himself by pen or tongue. The only accomplishment he had ever cultivated with his tongue was hard swearing. He had no children of his brain, but he had ten (illegitimate) children of flesh and blood, sons and daughters of Mrs. Jordan. The eldest of these, born in 1794, had been created Earl of Munster, had been bred as a soldier, and been promoted over the heads of older and far more deserving men. After a journey through India he had published, in 1819, a quarto entitled "Journal of a Route across India and through Egypt to England in 1817-18." Although the book showed much observation, it could hardly be put under the head of literature. It was, however, undeniably a book, although the publishers had been unable to sell it, and the author afterwards bought up the whole edition, save the few copies which had been sold. The volume furnished *Fraser* with the desired excuse for courting favor with the king, and the Earl appeared as an Illustrious Literary Character. There can be little doubt that Maclise made a good likeness of him, depicting him as a respect-



Montgomery

able man of middle age, with military air and a general-officer's accoutrements.

With none of the subjects of the artist has time dealt so hardly as with Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio. That he was man of much notoriety in 1832 is certain, or his portrait would not have appeared in the "Gallery," although fun is made of him by depicting him as dancing and occupied in turning his spectacled eyes from his partner and all other persons whatever, upon the far more lovely shadow of himself. He is ridiculed by Fraser unjustly. The fact is that he was an industrious and by no means despicable writer, who at the age of thirty had produced a comedy, several passable novels in three volumes each and a few serious works, one of which was republished in New York. Leigh Hunt thought Trueba's comedy, "The Exquisites," of sufficient importance to review it seriously in *The Tattler*. Trueba died at thirty-five and his works have sunk into oblivion like his name.



At the sight of the portrait of Hogg, Maginn breaks forth into epic verse:

"Clear ye your pipes, O muses, and sing of the Shepherd of Ettrick—
Hogg, from the mountain of Ben ger, invading the city of London!
Opposite see he stands, wrapt round in pastoral mantle,
Covering his shoulders broad. His hand is graced with the bonnet
Such as the shepherds wear in the lowland country of Scotland.
Comelily curled is his nose; his eye has a pleasantish twinkle.
Open his honest mouth, whence flowed such rivers of verses,
(Whither, we need not say, flowed in such gallons of toddy).
So does he look in the morn, ere yet the goblet or tumbler
Pours forth its copious stores, and puts a cock in his eyelid.

Years have also dealt hardly with the name and fame of Hogg. Poetry in the Scotch dialect has long been out of fashion. No one ever reads now his tedious long poems. A few of his ballads are still printed and sung, but it is doubtful if those who read and hear them know the name of the author.

One of Maclise's subjects, however, has no reason to complain of the effects of time. For many a long year to come will survive the name of Benjamin Disraeli. In the picture of him here, the artist seems desirous of idealizing the dandyism of the day. There appears to have been a motive in Disraeli's exquisite dress, and a desire to keep the world talking about him. Several years after this portrait was drawn, an English lady declared she had met him at a party dressed in green velvet trousers and a black satin shirt. His death in 1881 ended a career which is

one of the most extraordinary in English history. Though but twenty-eight, in 1833, when this sketch was made, he was already a well-known man. At twenty-two he burst upon the town with his extravagant, audacious and sparkling "Vivian Grey," and the novels from his pen which followed it strengthened the impression made by that book. With all this he was constantly seen in the most elegant London society.

To Lord Melbourne, in 1835, Disraeli confided that he wished to be Prime Minister. Yet it was not until 1837 that he was able to make an entry into public life, as one of the two members for the borough of Maidstone, in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria. His colleague was Wyndham Lewis, whose widow Disraeli married two years thereafter. No one supposed in 1833, that the youth, who looked so innocent and even effeminate, would develop a power of vituperation which has been rarely equalled and never surpassed—a power which nearly worried to death Sir Robert Peel and found its

match in Dan O'Connell only, who shut for a time the mouth of the vituperator, by calling him "The lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." Everyone knows that Disraeli's maiden speech in Parliament was jeered at and ridiculed without mercy, until he was forced to sit down, with half the words he had planned to say unuttered. Still, then, as in the gloomiest moments of his subsequent career, he lost neither heart nor hope. He lived to sit in the House of Commons for nearly forty years, to become its leader, and to have his lightest word listened to with profound attention.

From a painting by Frederick Dielman

IN THE CONSERVATORY : A SKETCH

The Monthly Illustrator

Vol. V August, 1895 No. 16

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth"

A PAINTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL

By Alfred Trumble

With original illustrations by Frederick Dielman, N. A.

A MOONLIGHT SKETCH

Some forty years ago, there lived in the city of Baltimore a lad who peddled oysters and fish from a cart. He was the son of people who were miserably poor, had no education whatever, save in reading and writing, and passed a laborious life for self-support. Yet this unlettered youth, hard-handed, hard-worked from daylight until far into the dark hours, absolutely without instruction of any kind, contrived to teach himself drawing. He sketched the picturesque old buildings of his native city, and the figures, vehicles, and cattle in its streets and market-places; and, as he could afford no more appropriate material, practiced his pencil on the rough paper in which he wrapped his fish for delivering to purchasers. His cart was his studio, and his productions passed from his hands with his wares. He did not know himself, he once told me, whether they were bad or good, for he

HOME

A SUNNY CORNER

knew no standard for comparison, but the work amused him, and it was the only pleasure his poverty could afford. An eccentric and wealthy old gentleman, who occasionally purchased fish from him, once received his bundle wrapped in a sheet of sketches. This man happened to have been a traveler in his time, knew the great art of the world, and owned pictures himself. He became interested in the artistic fishmonger, made him a present of an outfit of brushes and colors, and loaned him paintings to copy. In a very short time the latent talent of the lad asserted itself. It had required but a little encouragement to stimulate it into vigorous growth. His patron stood his friend, aided him to abandon the cart and establish himself as an artist, and to-day he stands among the foremost of this country.

Examples could be cited to the extent of a volume. We have artists who became such out of the condition of mechanics and laborers of the rudest order; who were once sailors before the mast, workers in mines and what not else. An American painter of great talent and ability, now dead, was originally a policeman, and taught himself art when off duty. Another, still living, and yet more eminent, was a cabinet-maker, who used occasionally to gild picture-frames, and so grew to know pictures until he found out how to paint them. That which is born in a man, in short, must come out.

In the case of Frederick Dielman we have an illustration in point. He is of German birth, born in Hanover in 1848, but properly belongs to our native artists, for he was brought to this country by his parents while a little child. He received no early education in art, but had some instruction of a purely mechanical kind as a mapmaker. This enabled him to secure service as a topographer in the United States Engineer Department, an employment which had two good results for him. In the first place, it aroused his instinct for the picturesque, and in the second provided him, after six years of steady

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL

A DRAWING FOR A WATER COLOR

service, with the means to complete the artistic education for which he had learned to yearn. His youth had been spent in Baltimore, and his years as an engineer chiefly in Virginia. Now he went to Europe, where he entered as a student at the Munich Academy. He fell into good hands, for he had for his professor Wilhelm Diez, one of the greatest of the group of thoroughly modern and progressive German artists which is headed by the illustrious names of Ludwig Knaus and Adolph Menzel. Returning to this country about 1876, he established his studio in New York, and in 1877 exhibited at the National Academy of Design a little picture "A Patrician Lady—Sixteenth Century," which was one of the pictures of the year. Coming at a time when the new art was asserting itself against the old, he bore a conspicuous part in the movement which resulted in the formation of the Society of American Artists, of which he was one of the founders, but he has never been an extremist, and his relations with the Academy remained ever friendly. He was made a National Academician in 1883, and recently was actively advocated for the presidency of that institution.

There is nothing in the works of Mr. Dielman to suggest the school in which he studied or the master under whom he worked. They are not treated with the loose and audacious technique of Diez, or endowed with his aggressiveness of effect or showiness of color. The nature of the painter is reflected in their gentleness and gracefulness of conception, their suavity of treatment, and their modified but always strong and harmonious color-

A PURITAN BOY. A SKETCH

A JOLLY SWING

schemes. They are what is called, in a general way, finished, without being polished by a painful and apparent effort, and rich and fine in tone without a labored striving for intensity. One finds in all of them a certain gravity, but it is the gravity of a sympathetic and pensive man, entirely distinct from the melancholy of a sentimentalist, or the brooding morbidness of the sensationalist. This quality is apparent in his oils and water-colors, and in his etchings, of which latter art he is a master, and equally so in his strong and serious designs, which have enriched the pages of many of our periodical and other publications. Some of these illustrations, indeed, almost rank with his paintings, and possess every element of the highest range of his art excepting color. There the ablest pencil must take second place to the brush.

Dielman's range of art is not extensive; or, better said, he takes no pretentious flights at imposing subjects, such as demand attention by the ambitiousness of their character. His themes are always gentle and his love of beauty foremost in all. He is a painter of nature, but of a nature which does not appeal

AMONG THE CABBAGES

to him in aspects of ugliness; and while he belongs among the votaries of art for art's sake ignores the fallacious and treacherous theory which is the curse of that cult, that anything in nature is worth painting and must be accepted by the public, no matter how vile or even revolting it may be. Some three centuries ago, a great painter of the Netherlands painted the interior of a slaughter-house. It is a masterpiece and a horror. In our own day Fortuny made a study of a similar kind, with a reeking steaming, and bloody bullock-carcass, and the other accessories of the abattoir. Since then quite a number of able men have given us slaughter-house pictures and insist that we must swallow them because Teniers set the fashion and Fortuny took it up. But we have outgrown the gross and materialistic age of the great Fleming, and Fortuny's picture was only a legitimate study of which his genius made a great work. That Mr. Dielman could,

A COUNTRY ROAD

technically speaking, paint you a slaughter-house quite as well as others, I am aware; but I am also aware that he could not bring himself to the task.

It is as a painter of women and of children that Mr. Dielman will find his best record. He has given us some of the most graceful, gracious and lovely female types in our art. His women are all like flowers, but flowers of the modest order, as the daisy contrasts with the flaunting sunflower, and the violet with the bold and challenging beauty of the rose. He paints the soul of woman as well as the outward form and substance. So, too, are his children all true children, playful, serious, odd little creatures as it may be, or babies with all the charm of genuine

A SERIOUS WORKER

THE NEWSBOY

AN EAST HAMPTON SKETCH

babyhood. When a man can do this, without permitting his art to degenerate into namby-pambyism, his title to the enduring rank of a true artist is assured, and we accept without hesitation the model his work affords to us.

His ability to do so rests upon two essential points; his observation of Nature and his sympathy with his subject. Without the latter quality, no matter how close might be his observation, and how strong and spirited his representation of movement and character, his pretty women and his prattling babes would be no better than the hundreds of such lay-dolls and puppets that make our exhibitions wearisome.

Of Mr. Dielman's power as a painter of landscape the pages from his sketch-book amply testify. While as a rule usually using landscape merely as an accessory to the figure, he devotes to it the same close and loving study as he gives to the human elements in his composition.

A CORNER OF A MASSACHUSETTS FARM

Drawn by Otto Ruetenik

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

MY PET SUBJECT

By Arthur Hoeber

Fourth paper, with illustrations by various artists.

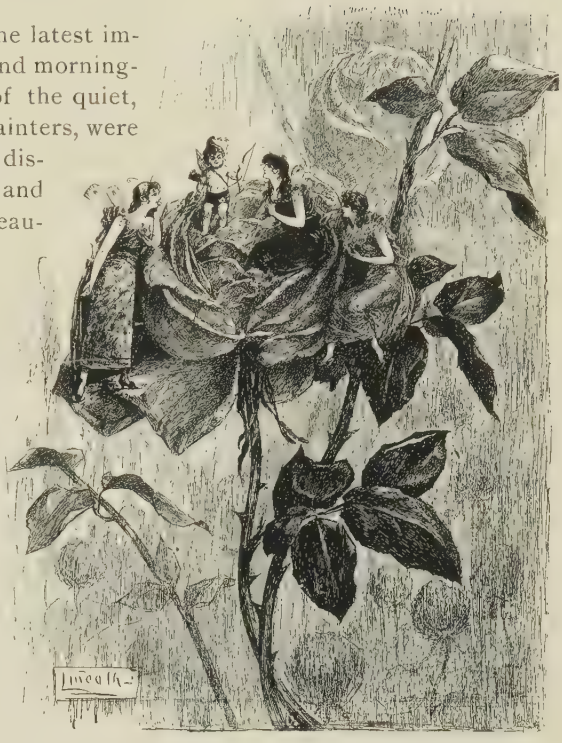
A gregarious bird is the artist, flocking rarely by himself, but, on the contrary, seeking his kind, and, if not always living in the utmost harmony with, at least enjoying the sociability and the companionship of his species. So we have the painters' colonies, those delightful gatherings among the mountains, at the seashore, or inland by stream or canal, where the men congregate and while away the time, working or loafing, according to necessity or inclination, and giving pleasant interchange of views, friendly criticism or, tell it not in Gath! indulging in mild scandal.

Many places, to-day filled with the fashionable "set," where tennis, golf, and

Drawn by C. H. Benjamin

"RUDDER GRANGE"

driving-parties, young women in the latest importations from Paris, tea-parties and morning-Germans, have taken the place of the quiet, bohemian, easy-going life of the painters, were discovered by the artists. With discerning eye these men of palette and brush are quick to perceive the beautiful and the available in nature. Bar Harbor in Maine, East Hampton and all the other Hamptons on Long Island, many resorts in the Adirondacks and the Catskills, and dozens of summering-places now crowded, owe their popularity to the taste and judgment of the painters. Unfortunately, as others crowd the artist, prices advance, living becomes expensive, and the men of paint are obliged perforce, to seek fresh fields and pastures new.



Drawn by A. W. B. Lincoln

A FAIRY STORY

To our eastern eyes, the possibilities of the western lakes seem unlimited. Otto Ruetenik gives us an alluring glimpse of one nearer home, perhaps, but yet quite out of the conventional. Here, indeed, must be delightful material, yet to be fully exploited. The growth of the West by bounds and leaps, has brought out in the past few years latent artistic talent, and developed

From a painting by Electa Armour

AT THE INLET

a prosperous class of patrons to encourage the workers, so that where western cities were formerly wont to look to the eastern artists to supply pictures for their exhibitions, their walls are now hung largely with work by their own men, with motives found at their doors, of prairie, lake or cañon, executed with artistic feeling and clever technique.

In a little New Jersey suburban town, not far from the Passaic river, Frank Stockton evolved his immortal "Rudder Grange." There, in a cosy little house once the home of the lamented marine-painter, Harry Chase, Mr. Stockton wrote out his deliciously humorous descriptions, and told of the old canal-boat that made

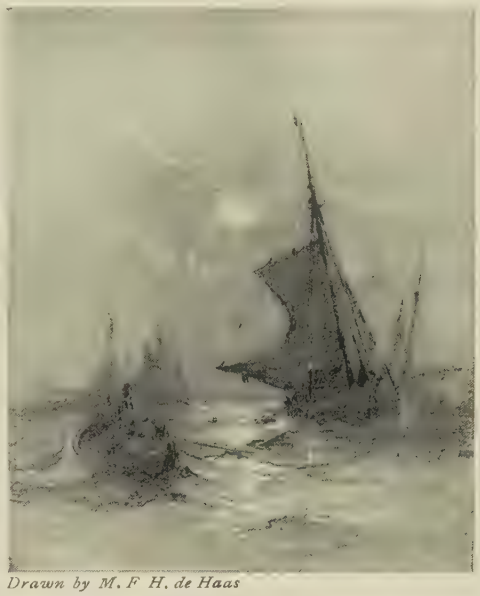
From a painting by W. Verplanck Birney

SEARCHING FOR THE WILL

the quaint dwelling-place where Pomona reigned. The ancient hulk that furnished the inspiration is still pointed out, rising and falling with the changing tide, getting blacker with the river's mud, and gradually falling to pieces. It is farther from the sea than is C. H. Benjamin's boat, but it is much the same sort of a craft.

The canal-boat, indeed, is likely to be an attractive object to every artist, for its leisurely habits and rural surroundings fit in with his summer mood yet offer a trifling contrast, speaking of commerce and facts in so gentle a tone that his ear is not offended. One goes by easy steps from the picturesque quiet river to the sterner coast-scene such as Electa Armour shows in strong, vigorous painting. From there to the open sea, with its freedom, its ceaseless movement and its vastness, the transition is even quicker.

M. F. H. de Haas has a reputation almost national for scenes maritime. Alongshore, on the broad and trackless ocean, among the fishermen on the foggy Banks, wherever rise up brisk, salty breezes with sound of roaring breakers, this painter is most at home. No phase of water, fresh or salt, is unfamiliar to him, and his sketch here is characteristic of his work. A glance will show how intimate is his knowledge, how keen his observation, and how altogether certain his touch.



Drawn by M. F H. de Haas

THE MOONLIT BAY

Not only has A. W. B. Lincoln given us a lovely flower, but deftly there has been woven into the scheme a few dainty little figures that illustrate some fascinating fairy-story. The idea is ingenious and the conception original. Verplanck Birney has much invention and may usually be counted upon to tell an interesting story. He has made the most of his wanderings in many lands, and filled his sketch-book with studies of quaint old interiors, bringing back curious bits of still-life, furniture, and odds and ends for his studio. These he combines in attrac-

From a painting by J. A. Fraser

A HIGHLAND PASS

tive compositions, and with the introduction of old-time figures in costumes of long ago, he evolves an agreeable incident or tells a tale that is always worth listening to. His "Searching for the Will," speaks for itself. The dear old granny, the modern lawyer and the bright young woman, are personages in this drama of contemporaneous human interest, as the play-bills would express it, and we may be sure that if we could only see the last act, all would be straightened out in true dramatic style. Possibly William Southworth's violin-player, who should certainly be in front with the orchestra, could tell us the denouement, though the old gentleman looks as if his music was for music's sake and not for a general public.

Drawn by S. F. Smith

A SUNNY AFTERNOON

There is apparenty a tragedy in the story Miss Wooding tells. One need not go upon the stage to find such, nor is it necessarily confined to high social orders. Humble sorrows cut quite as deep, and hearts are broken with quite as much frequency below as above stairs. Somewhat vigorous is Alexander C. Robinson's "One Cold Winter's Night," free in its brush-work and full of the movement of snow and wind. A somewhat chilling pet subject this, and one that necessitates much discomfort in the studying thereof. It were pleasanter to turn to Rosalind C. Pratt's more quiet and peaceful oysterman, lazily culling the succulent bivalves on idle waters; or to look at James Symington's "Girl with a Rose." Mr. Sym-

From a painting by Frank R. Rosseel

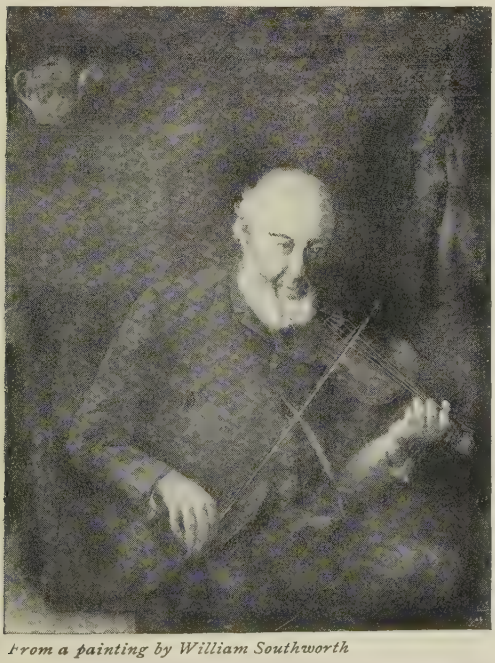
MOONRISE ON THE SEA

ington is many-sided with his brush, and though we are accustomed to looking for an old-fashioned costume in his compositions, he is quite as equally at home when his model is in modern garb.

To be serious is not usually in Constantin de Grimm's line. We know him rather by quaint caricature, where topics of the day, social and political, are hit off cleverly and with caustic pencil. Here we see, however, that he can be versatile, and that under different circumstances he can sweep in a figure with breadth and vigor. William Ostrander has a facility that has no little attractiveness, and in his "Fairy Hammock," he combines, with daintiness, his delicate little girl with leaves and grasses and flowers. Miss Skelding, however, offers us roses pure and simple—surely the sweetest of pet subjects, and of all growing things the loveliest and most fitting to attract the gentler sex.

From a painting by Robert G. Sprunk
AT THE BOAT-BUILDER'S, VENICE

Venice has always been a faithful friend to the artist. She has furnished material for his pleasure and profit almost since painters began to paint. Robert G. Sprunk has chosen a pleasant and suggestive corner of the old town, characteristic to those familiar with the Queen of the Adriatic, though we miss always the lovely color and the brilliant sunlight-effects that the black-and-white can never give. More within the capabilities of this medium is S. F. Smith's sketch of marsh-land, with its long grasses and boat.



From a painting by William Southworth
THE OLD MUSICIAN

From the old-world Venice, bathed in warm, soft sunshine, dazzling in color, with visions of *dolce far niente* in long, graceful, black gondolas, to midwinter in the busy cities of the new world, the change is sudden, not to say startling. W. T. Thomson in his "Night before Christmas," tells his story well and brings us out of the dreamland of Italian wanderings to the realism of our rigorous, American climate; and though this sentiment is none the less paintable, the transition gives us a shock.

Many a theme has the holiday season suggested to the artist, and many a

Drawn by J. J. Wooding

GRIEF

one will it continue to suggest, in all probability. The old story of Christmas, ever new and ever interesting, has the sublime touch in it of humanity, that appeals over and over again, and always with the same subtle force. There is something about the time, that draws men together; that warms up hearts and develops kindlier thoughts and feelings. Human nature shows its best side, mankind sinks its littleness and comes out of itself. Selfishness predominates less and the better, grander nature comes out, if only for a brief period, for such is the softening influence of the season.

The hills and crags of Scotland, the rocky passes, the bold, formidable stretches of mountain with scenery wild and savage, all offer to the painter unlimited possibilities. J. A. Fraser has given many evidences of his love for "the land o' the leal," and the illustration here produced shows his appreciation of the place and his faithful jotting down of the facts. There is a certain charm in Scotland that endears it, not only to every Scotsman, but to all his descen-

Drawn by Alexander C. Robinson

ONE COLD WINTER'S NIGHT

Drawn by W. T. Thomson

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

dants; that intense love of country so much to be commended and which the Scotchman possesses to so great a degree. No matter where you find him, or what his circumstances, his heart is ever in the Highlands. He carries with him his music, his sports, his customs, and, as far as he may, his food. As for his dear old accent, where was ever there a true Scot who has been known to have dropped it? We hear much of him in these days, in an artistic way, too. His landscapes in the London exhibitions and at his own Royal Scottish Academy have compelled attention. Indeed there is a veritable "Glasgow school" of painters, to which one of our prominent American magazines recently gave the distinction of a long article. Characteristic of the race, are great seriousness, dogged perseverance and indefatigable patience, all qualities that tell with much force in art and carry men very far toward the goal of their ambitions in art as well as elsewhere.

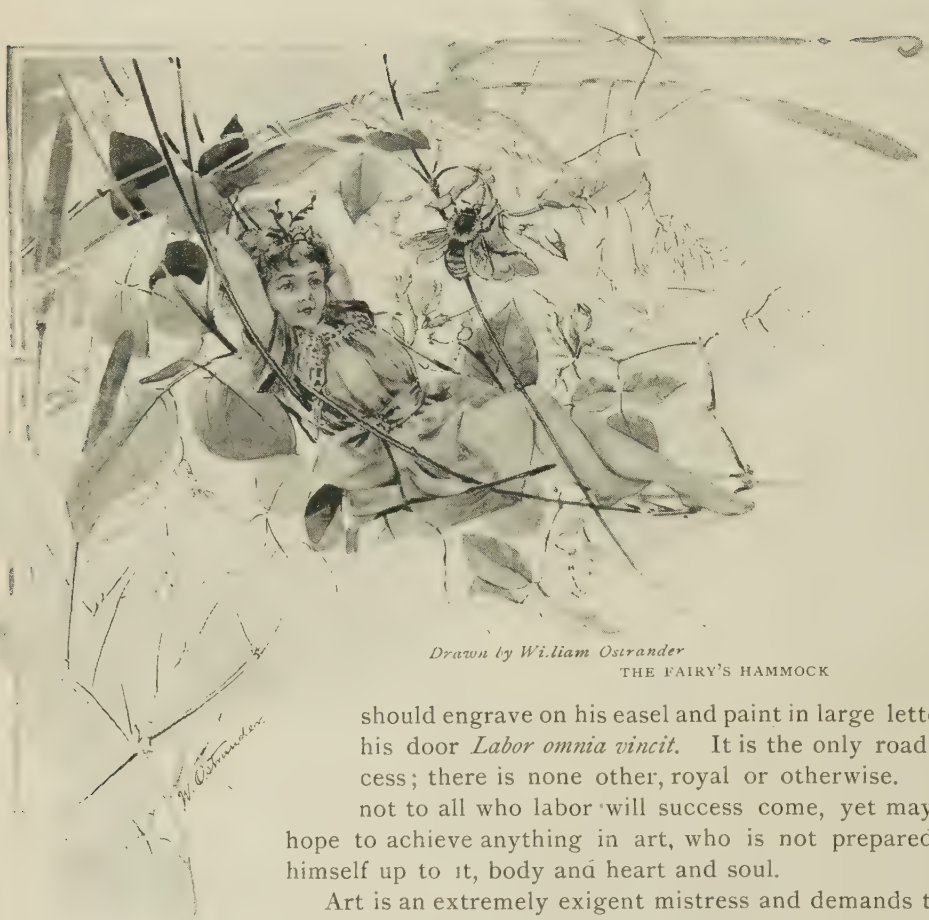
Drawn by James Symington
A GIRL WITH A ROSE

It is a question, however, to what extent racial or national characteristics enter into art-matters. The Latin people have ever led in the fine arts and have produced the greatest all-around painters and sculptors that the world has ever seen, or possibly ever will see. Greece, Italy, Spain, France, these are the countries whose prominence in such matters has been undisputed. Application nevertheless is the great factor, given, of course, the talent. Some one has truly said that genius was the capacity for taking infinite pains, which is another way of observing that hard work tells. The artist who would, as the French say, *arrive*,

Drawn by Rosalind C. Pratt
CULLING OYSTERS

Drawn by Constantin de Grimm

PRAYER



Drawn by William Ostrander

THE FAIRY'S HAMMOCK

should engrave on his easel and paint in large letters over his door *Labor omnia vincit.* It is the only road to success; there is none other, royal or otherwise. Though not to all who labor will success come, yet may no one hope to achieve anything in art, who is not prepared to give himself up to it, body and heart and soul.

Art is an extremely exigent mistress and demands the most faithful attention. She will not be toyed with and taken up now and then, to be neglected or slighted as caprice may dictate. She demands all or nothing, and woe to him who imagines that anything less than a lifetime of devotion will suffice. No capricious woman was ever more exacting of her lover and never a mistress who could give back so much for faithfulness and devotion.

Drawn by S. B. Skelding

THE QUEEN FLOWER

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. V.—THE MONK'S STORY OF WRONG

Abbot Paulus, formerly Count Egon of Horsdorf, tells kitchen-brother Johannes that he became a monk when Hildegard, his beloved, married Hackelberend, who falsely told her that Count Egon was dead. He shows Johannes a lock of her hair.

WIND AND WATER AS PICTORIAL ELEMENTS

By George Parsons Lathrop

With original illustrations by A. F. Bunner.

THE APPROACH TO THE MILL

It is a curious reflection, how great a part the elements of wind and water play in pictorial art. Lake and river, the seashore, the stormy or peaceful marine;—the wing-like charm of ship-sails, the daylight or the dream of Venetian lagoons, the steady, peaceful quaintness of old wind-mills in Holland or on Long Island;—what endless interest and gratification these have yielded both to painters and spectators!

The wind, to be sure, is not visible, but the things which depend upon its action, the appliances made to use it, are present and suggest it, and have a constant fascination. May we not regard this as one more instance of the power of suggestion, and an example of the truth that the unseen has an influence even on the most graphic representation of the visible?

If the moral query here be thought far-fetched, a like accusation cannot be brought against A. F. Bunner's pictures, except in the sense that the themes of some of them come from a distance, for he has studied and sketched widely in Europe.

MORNING IN VENICE

Here we have the Holland windmill, with its long crossed arms and latticed wings, in a fresh and effective guise with its bordering foliage and platform over-looking a stream, and a lazy boat in the lazy water below. And next comes Venice. What, again? Yes. One might as well expect an artist to tire of the sky and clouds as of the ever-changing beauty of the Queen of the Adriatic.

A MILL AT DORT, HOLLAND

Besides, in this case, Mr. Bunner has given us in foil or contrast to his dimly glimmering distance, with the large white-domed mass of Santa Maria della Giudecca, a richly-composed group of round-prow'd, high-gaffed sloops, and some small boats, which form an effective balance to the remoter steamer and other craft on the right. It is a "Morning in Venice;" but the subtleties of color are translated, in the reproduction, into a soft and delicate scheme of pearl and ebony.

A notable trait in Mr. Bunner is his originality and skill in choosing the point of view; and this is shown again in his "Mill at Dort, Holland;" which, in fact, seems in the picture to be a twin mill; the one a little beyond looming like a shadow of the nearer; repeating with slight variation its form and lines, with a happily echoing effect. The slant-roofed store and dwelling-structure in the foreground, also, was well-invented if not found, for it adds stature and dignity to the windmills.

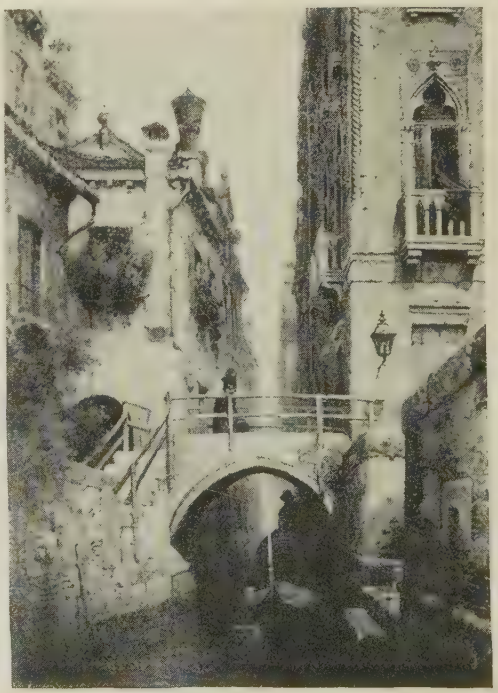
A LAKE FISHERMAN'S BOAT, BAVARIA

THE ROEDOR THOR, ROTHENBURG

His architectural studies—the "Roedor Thor" in once little known but now more famous Rothenburg; and "A Venetian Canal"—are also delightfully fresh in their presentation. At first glance, to be sure, the inexperienced might fancy that with such wealth of tower and gable, peaked roof and pinnacle, arch spire and balustrade, cornice and mullioning—no one could fail to bring an agreeable and novel result out of ancient material.

But it is with wealth of artistic material as with pecuniary wealth. It may be squandered without procuring any adequate return, or it may be used in a pinched manner which gives an impression of meanness, however well intended the economy be. Only the practised hand, a well balanced temperament and a wise judgment, can so control and dispense these opulent quantities as to place before us on the canvas precisely what we ought to have, without waste, satiety or (at the contrary extreme) penuriousness.

It is just these qualities of skill, temperament and decision that Mr.



A VENETIAN CANAL

Bunner exhibits, or rather, modestly possesses, and of which he gives us the benefit. This is what I meant by his originality in point of view; and to this must be added mastery of treatment after the theme has been selected.

His more purely idyllic mood is exemplified in the two pieces, "An Old Mill in Bavaria," and "The Return of the Flock;" where perhaps we do not find so much that is distinctive in choice or arrangement, but still a great deal of fineness and sweetness in the modulation of light and shade.

AN OLD MILL IN BAVARIA

In the "Casa Dorio, Venice," we are again recalled to a seeming ease of novel perception and graceful adjustment of details and main elements, that nevertheless involves fine discernment and constructive power. The sudden spring of a tall fir-tree against the white tile-roofed Italian house, with three slim arched windows and shadowed buildings to the right; the dainty curve of the bridge-parapet;—the long steps; the peasant-clad figures loitering there; and the deep canal and gondola below the bridge-arch; all these go to make up what

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK

CASA DORIO, VENICE

seems to me a most fortunate composition,—a composition that not only satisfies, but also inspires and poetizes the mind.

"Too surely
Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Guidecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child:
But behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them."

And then we come to "Dutch Boats on the Scheldt." Again the murmur and the breathing of the water and the wind; those two great elements that surround our life and enter into it and flow through art!

The pictures that have suggested the remarks that I have set down are here, and as open to your examination and comment as to mine; it may seem needless, therefore, to say so much about their purport and their details. The explanation of why I have done so, if any explanation is needed, is my belief that one cannot thoroughly understand and enjoy good art unless one meditates upon it and sometimes sets down one's meditations in words.

DUTCH BOATS ON THE SCHELDT

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE IN MODERN ART

By Dora Read Goodale

With original illustrations by Albert Insley.

A WINTRY AFTERNOON

It has been said that "the love of nature," in the modern sense, is a purely modern production—that the delight in natural scenery and the whole objective universe, for its intrinsic charm, which all the world in these days either feels or professes to feel, was entirely unknown to a simpler and less sophisticated age. Without accepting this assertion too literally, there can be no question that so modern a thing as classified science has given the impulse to a vast amount of minute, painstaking, interested observation of natural laws and phenomena—investigations carried on in a spirit half esthetic, half systematic, and closely associated with a love of the out-door world. John Burroughs, Frank Bolles, Bradford Torrey and a score of others can scarcely trace back their literary ancestry farther than to White of Selborne; a period of less than four centuries covers the history of landscape-painting, while

THE ICE-BOUND STREAMS

THE OLD LANSING BLAUVELT HOMESTEAD, NANUET, N. Y.

its general use as anything but a setting for the human drama is much more recent.

A brilliant friend declares that there are three ways of approaching a flower—botanically, sensuously, and sympathetically or spiritually. Yonder blossom, for in-

A TERRACED GARDEN

stance, which the herbalist (all honor to him!) would dissect and put under his microscope, is to his neighbor's perception, the poet's

" rose, embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered ;—"

in short, a miracle of form, fragrance and hue; while another transfers it to a higher domain, seizes on its ideal significance, and exclaims with George Herbert,—

" Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die ! "

A FAVORITE STROLL

Leaving science out of the account, we have here two ways of dealing with nature, as applicable to the painter as to the poet. The masters who can interpret her—who can give a broadly human rendering of a rock, a hillside, or a piece of ploughed ground—men like Millet, Corot, George Inness and Elbridge Kingsley—are few in any generation; but a great deal of the best artistic talent in America goes every year to the painting of landscapes and marines, and few pictures shown in the exhibitions are, on the whole, more refreshing and satisfying. The hurry and nervous excitement of

A WINTER SUNSET

life since good old Leisure was finally disposed of, makes this development of art something for quiet folks to be especially thankful for.

A PRIVATE LANDING

The eleven accompanying pictures by Albert Insley bear the unmistakable stamp of close observation and genuine delight in the lesser creation, and their harmonious composition, freshness and directness of treatment are very attractive. Evidently this is no mere studio-work; there is air among his tree-tops and distance in his perspectives. Pictures like these, that can rest the eye and soothe the heart, are good to live with. Delightfully free from affectation or mannerisms, Mr. Insley is chiefly concerned with simple country scenes, and the homely old-fashioned "back door" and "back yard," with its inviting foot-path and shady porch, which even in black-and-white carries an agreeable transparency and mellowness of coloring, pleases us better than the more pretentious villa which follows it. In truth, the suburban enthusiast is sometimes forced to acknowledge

CASTLE WILLIAM: NEW YORK HARBOR

ON THE COAST OF MAINE

that all his taste has not done for him what a little comfortable neglect has done for the bestreaked red clapboards and mossy roof of a neighboring farmhouse.

It is pleasant to note that Mr. Insley has not confined himself to the summer-aspect of nature, so industriously canvassed now by classes of art-students in many and many a newly discovered Arcadia. More than half of the landscapes reproduced here are wintry scenes, including that which is to our mind the strongest and most suggestive among them—the sketch of snow-encumbered road with its two humble figures, under the gleaming portents of a winter's sky. The ice-bound stream is another fine bit of work, showing great delicacy and restraint in the veiled gray tones. Love of the frozen earth and the denuded trees is after all the touchstone of real nature-worship. The representation of New England contained in a vacation-portfolio, when compared with the continuous record of an all-the-year resident, is as Kipling's estimate of a Yankee town compared with that of the author of "Quabbin."

THE MYSTERY OF AUTUMN

THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF MAINE

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. VI.—THE COUNT'S DAUGHTERS

Wulfhild and Waldtraut, unknown to themselves, are both the Count's daughters —Waldtraut of the wife of the charcoal-burner, Volrat, before his marriage. Volrat regards her as his child, and is enraged because she is restrained at Treseburg.

JEAN VALJEAN

By Victor Hugo

The hero-story of "Les Misérables," condensed by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Bayard, Brion, De Neuville, Haenens, Hersent, Morin, Vogel and Zier.

Chapter XVI

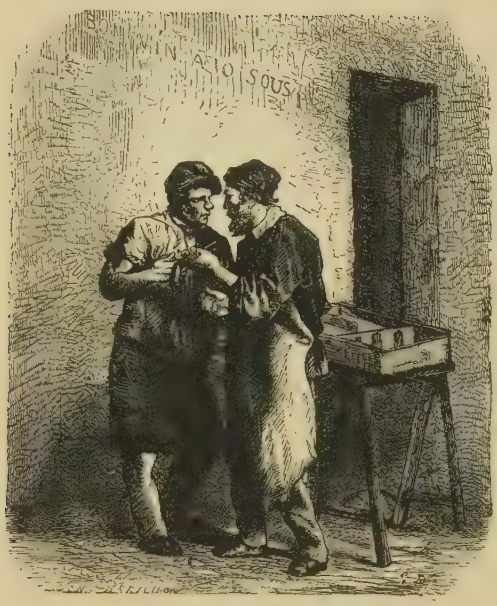
AS TO PEOPLE THAT INTEREST US

The revolutionary years, 1831 and 1832, contain the most peculiar and striking moments of history.

Louis Phillippe and the government of 1830 had a hard life of it from the beginning. Scarce installed, it felt everywhere the vague movements of faction beneath the foundations of July, which had so recently been laid, and were yet anything but solid. Dark storm-clouds were collected on the horizon; a strange, gradually increasing shadow was extended over men, things, and ideas. Everything that had been hastily suppressed stirred and fermented. Toward the end of April, 1832, matters became aggravated. A glimpse could be caught of the lineaments of a possible revolution. France was looking at Paris, and Paris at the Faubourg St. Antoine. The government was purely and simply put upon its trial, and men publicly discussed whether they should fight or remain quiet. The meetings were sometimes periodical. At certain ones there were never more than eight or ten present, and they were always the same, but at others anyone went in and the room might be crowded with men and women.

LOUIS PHILLIPPE

Among these semi-public revolutionary coteries was the Society of the Friends of the A. B. C., of whom we have already heard, meeting now in the Café Musain, now at a wine-shop called Corinthe. It had made a sort of census of the disaffected people, and to each member had been assigned a district of



WHISPERING WORKMEN

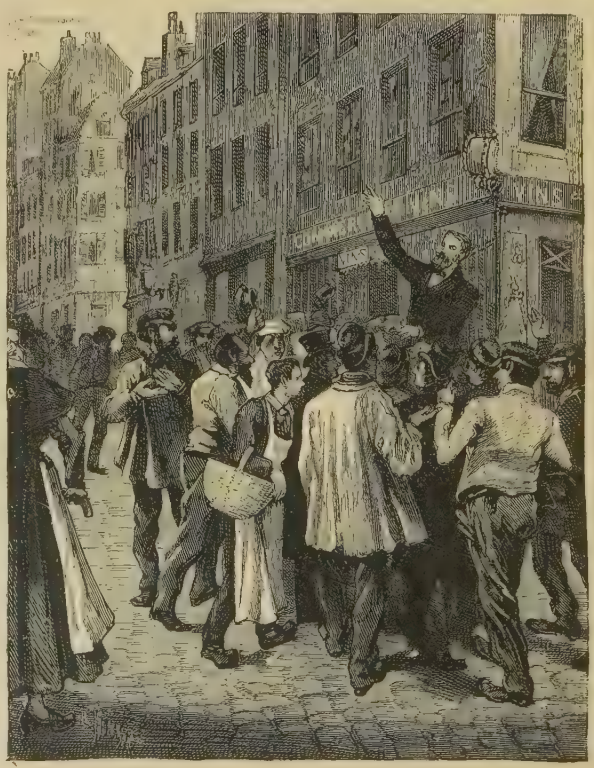
political work, even the stupid and drunken Grantaire having to look after the workmen at the Barriére du Maine.

Such was the volcanic social condition of the faubourgs of Paris at the time of the fracas in Thenardier's room which Marius had witnessed.

The moment the police left the rookery with their prisoners, Marius hastened away and spent the night with Courfeyrac, and early next morning moved into Courfeyrac's quarters all of his belongings, leaving no address with the portress of Maison Gorbeau. He did this not only because the house had become hateful, but because he did not wish to appear as a witness at the trial of Thenardier.

Two months elapsed. Marius was heart-broken, for his life was once more plunged into the mystery in which he had been groping. He had seen again momentarily and very closely the girl whom he loved, the old man who appeared her father, the strange beings who were his only interest and sole hope in this world; and at the moment when he fancied he should grasp them, a breath had carried off all these shadows. He could no longer convince himself of the name which he had felt so certain belonged to her, for The Lark was evidently a nickname; and then, what must he think of the old man? Did he really hide himself from the police? Was he the father of the girl? Was Thenardier what he said he was? However, he believed in Thenardier sufficiently to borrow a five-franc piece, once a week, and send it anonymously to that misjudged villain at the prison of La Force.

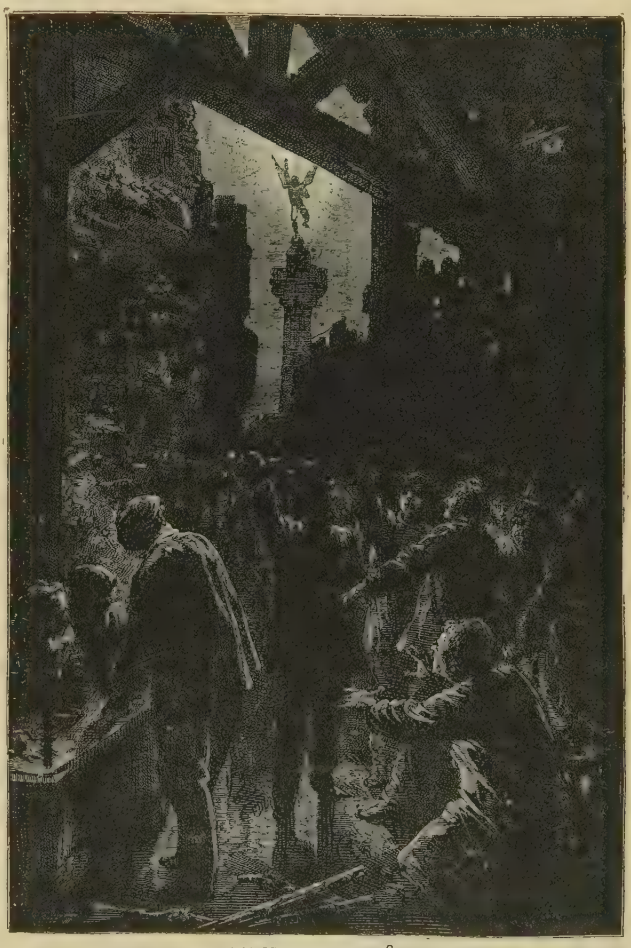
One sole sweet idea was left him,—that the girl had loved him, and loved him still. This



AROUSING THE POPULACE

sustained his rectitude and kept his head clear in spite of his loss of aim and energy; and having learned that a suburban piece of ground near the small stream of the Gobelins was called "the lark's field," he went there daily.

Javert meanwhile was greatly put out. He had not been able to capture or trace the escaped prisoner of his prisoners; Montparnasse and Claquesous had slipped from the clutches of his men while going to the station, and Marius had disappeared. The other bandits were locked up, but occasionally managed to communicate (by those mysterious methods cultivated by criminals for use during the periods of incarceration for which they must always prepare) with each other and the outside world, where Eponine and Azelma were soon again at liberty; and one of their plottings was against a certain isolated house in the Rue Plumet; but Eponine, to whom the project was referred for enquiry, reported that the "job" was not feasible, and so this plan was abandoned. The old botanist Mabœuf, poorer than ever, still lived in his little garden at Austerlitz, where Marius occasionally visited him, and one evening the old man was amazed by a visit from a ragged girl (Eponine), who learned from him where Marius was to be found and then vanished; but by way of thanks, and without a word, this ragged girl had drawn water from the well (which was beyond the botanist's strength) and had moved up and down the garden watering all the plants, while Mabœuf poured blessings on her head, more pleased that she should succor his plants than worried about himself.



A PARIS NIGHT IN 1832

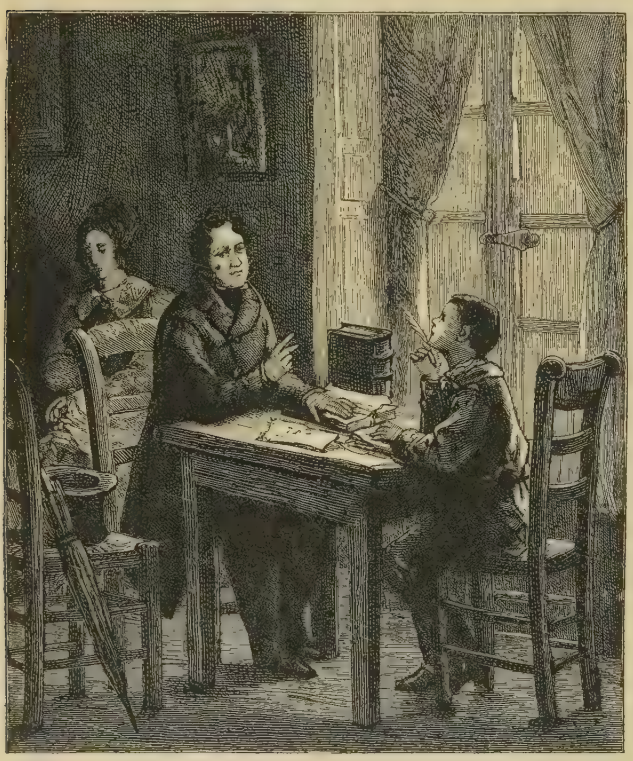
A few days afterward she came suddenly upon our young gentleman, and tried all her coquetry, but aroused his interest only when she told him she knew where his lost love was living, and could take him there; this, with rare unselfishness, she proposed at once to do, and they went off across the city together.

Thus the people we know disported themselves upon the surface of this seething cauldron of the underworld of Paris.

Chapter XVII

THE HOUSE IN THE RUE PLUMET

At that time there was in the Rue Plumet, Faubourg St. Germain, a small one-storied house, surrounded by a large garden. This house had been built for his mistress by a grandee of the previous century, and behind it was a narrow yard with a cottage of two rooms, in the back of which was a secret door, communicating by a winding passage between high walls and a second secret door, with a solitary part of another street, Rue de Babylone. It had fallen into partial decay, but was still furnished, when, in October, 1829, two years previous to the latest incidents of our story, it was hired and put into good condition by a middle-aged man who came to live in it with a young girl and a stammering old woman-servant named Toussaint, who was excellent because she neither asked nor answered questions.



LOUIS PHILLIPPE AS A TEACHER
(Before Louis Phillippe became king, he had been an exile in Switzerland, where he gave lessons as a means of support)

This tenant was Jean Valjean, who had recently left the convent and brought away with him Cosette. His reason for this step was a simple but characteristic one: he perceived that Cosette was growing up in the way inevitably to become a nun; and he felt that she ought not to be permitted to do so without having seen something of the world and deciding afterward whether she wished to abandon it. He himself would have been content to remain the gardener of Little Picpus all his life. He discovered the house in the Rue Plumet and hid himself in it, retaining possession of his adopted convent-name, — Ultime Fauchelevent. At the same time he hired two other lodgings in Paris, so that he might attract less attention than if he always remained in the same quarter; and that he might not be taken unawares, as on the night when he so miraculously escaped from Javert. These two lodgings were of a very mean appearance, and in two quarters very distinct from each other, one being in the Rue de l'Ouest, the other in the Rue de l'Homme-armé. He spent a few weeks now and then at one or the other, taking Cosette with him, and leaving Toussaint behind; but, properly speaking, Jean Valjean's

house was in the Rue Plumet, and it was only there that Cosette felt at home. Cosette and the servant occupied the pavilion, where she had the best bedroom, with the painted press, the boudoir with the gilt beading, the president's drawing-room with its hangings and vast easy-chairs, and the garden. All through the winter Cosette's small house was warmed from top to bottom, while Valjean himself lived in the sort of porter's lodge at the end of the back yard, which was furnished with a mattress and common bedstead, a deal table, two straw-bottomed chairs, an earthenware water-jug, a few books on a plank, and his dear mysterious valise in a corner, but he never had any fire.

Daily Jean Valjean took Cosette for a walk, leading to that sequestered alley in the Luxembourg, or often to some family, poor and sick; but no stranger ever visited the house. All three never entered the house except by the gate in the Rue de Babylone; and Valjean fancied that no one had ever noticed them through the railings of the front garden, which was a charming ruin of all that the fanciful taste of the early eighteenth century could devise in ornamenting such a spot.

AT A REVOLUTIONARY CAFÉ

In this retired house books and music and gardening made life pass happily enough for Cosette, and Valjean felt safe and serene. The seasons passed, and there came gradually the growth from girlhood into woman, the development of form and grace, consciousness of beauty and desire for admiration and pretty clothes. Only one thing in all this disquieted her father, —the fact that the young lady now liked the front garden so much better than the back yard, where her flowers grew, and of which her father was so fond and careful.

It was in the first period of this blooming into womanhood that Cosette and Marius noticed one another. Both were just ready to be kindled, and Marius went away confiding and Cosette restless, but the sun of his presence in the Luxembourg day after day warmed her heart into the flame of spontaneous love. She daily awaited impatiently the hour for the walk; she saw Marius. They did not speak, they did not bow, they did not know each other, but they met; and like the stars in the heavens, which are millions of leagues separate, they lived by looking at each other. It is thus that Cosette gradually became a woman, and was

developed into a beautiful and loving woman, conscious of her beauty and ignorant of her love. She was a coquette into the bargain, through her innocence.

All situations have their instincts, and old and eternal Mother Nature warned Jean Valjean darkly of the presence of Marius, and taught him cordially to detest the young man, without knowing him. He became alarmed, as the reader knows, and abandoned the Luxembourg. Cosette did not complain, but he could not help noticing that she grew distraught and sad as months went by and the young man was not seen by either. Her listless mannner matched her pallor, and Jean Valjean became exceedingly anxious, so that both suffered and each tried to conceal it from the other.

EPONINE HELPING FATHER MABŒUF

Chapter XVIII

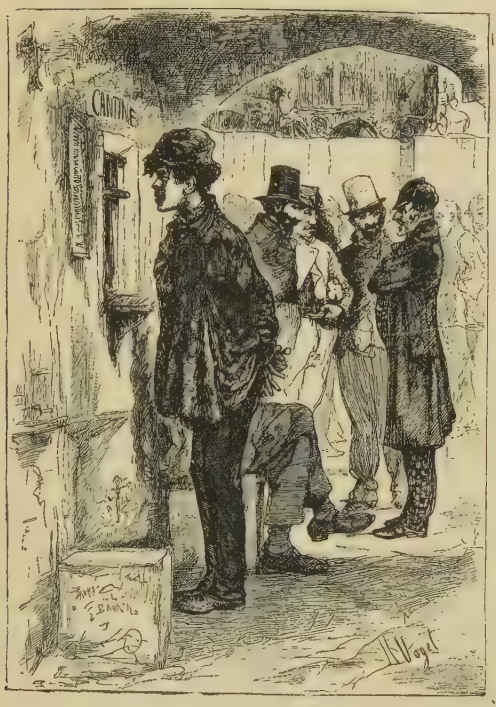
FATHER MABŒUF'S MIRACLES

About a month after the terrible incident in the Jondrette garret, when the awful burn in his arm had been cured, and Jean Valjean had resumed his habit of long rambles at night, Little Gavroche had wandered out to the village of Austerlitz and was prowling about the garden of Father Mabœuf, trying to steal an apple, when he heard Mother Plutarch telling the old man that they had nothing to eat, for the baker and butcher and landlord would no longer give them credit, and Mabœuf replying that it could not be helped—he had no money.

Little Gavroche curled down in a warm nook by the wall, and was thinking of sleep, in spite of no supper, when two figures appeared approaching over the lonely and dusky common.

"Here are two coves," Gavroche growled.

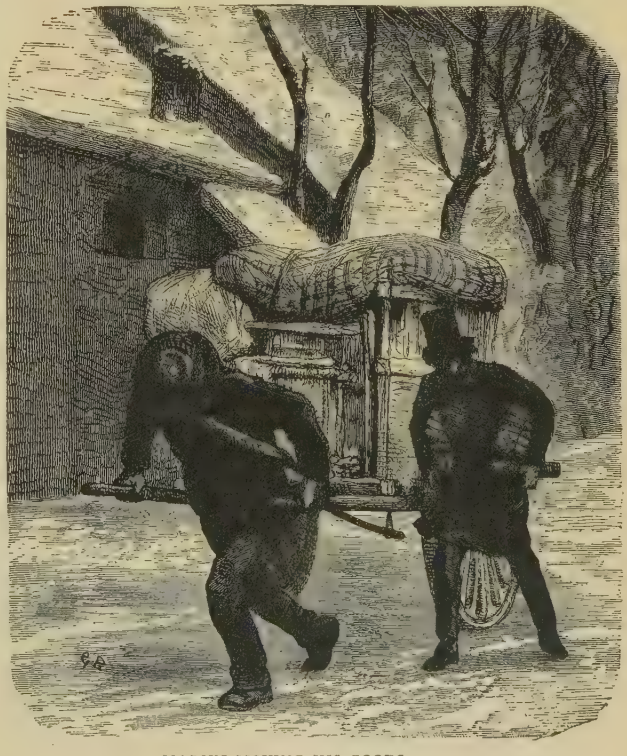
The first figure seemed to be some old bowed citizen, more than simply attired, who walked slowly, owing to his age, and was strolling about in the starlight. The second was straight, firm and slim; he regulated his steps by those of the man in front; but suppleness and agility could be detected in his voluntary slowness. This figure had a rose in its mouth, and was familiar to Gavroche; for



IN THE STREETS

humiliated and furious attitude of a wolf snapped at by a sheep. Every now and then he gave starts like a wild beast caught in a snare, wildly writhed his limbs, and tried to escape. The old gentleman held the ruffian's two arms in one hand with the sovereign indifference of absolute strength. The old man's reverie lasted some time; then, gazing fixedly at Montparnasse, he mildly raised his voice and addressed to him in the darkness where they stood a sort of solemn appeal, of which Gavroche did not lose a syllable, but which was wasted on Montparnasse. "Now go," he concluded, "and think over it was Montparnasse. Gavroche at once began observing, for it was evident that one of those men had projects upon the other, and an instant later, the attack, a sudden and hideous attack, took place; it was the attack of a tiger on an antelope, of a spider on a fly. Montparnasse threw away the rose, leaped upon the old man, grappled him and clung to him, and a moment after one of these men was beneath the other, crushed, gasping and struggling, with a knee of marble on his chest; but the man on the ground was Montparnasse! At length there was silence and Montparnasse ceased struggling. Gavroche muttered aside, "Is he dead?" The worthy citizen had not uttered a word or given a cry; he rose, and Gavroche heard him say to Montparnasse, "Get up."

Montparnasse did so, but the citizen still held him. Montparnasse had the



MARIUS MOVING HIS GOODS

what I have said to you. You are on the wrong road ; robbery is the hardest of labors. By the bye, what did you want of me? my purse? here it is."

And the old man, releasing Montparnasse, placed his purse in his hand, which Montparnasse weighed for a moment, then let it glide into the back-pocket of his coat. All this said and done, the old gentleman turned his back and quietly resumed his walk.

Who was the old gentleman? the reader has doubtless guessed. Montparnasse, in his stupefaction, watched him till he disappeared in the gloom, and his contemplation was fatal to him. While the old gentleman retired Gavroche advanced.

THE LARK'S FIELD

He had assured himself by a glance that Father Mabœuf was still seated on his bench and was probably asleep; then the gamin left the bushes, and began crawling in the shadow behind the motionless Montparnasse. He thus got up to the young bandit unnoticed, gently insinuated his hand in the back-pocket of the fine black-cloth coat, seized the purse, withdrew his hand, and crawled back again into the shadow like a lizard. Montparnasse, who had no reason to be on his guard, and who was thinking for the first time in his life, perceived nothing, and Gavroche, when he had returned to the spot where Father Mabœuf was sitting, threw the purse over the hedge and ran off at full speed. It fell on Father Mabœuf's foot and awoke him. He stooped down and picked up the purse, which he opened without comprehending anything. It held six napoleons and some change.

"It has fallen from heaven!" cried Mother Plutarch.

EPONINE FINDS MARIUS

Chapter XIX

COSETTE IS ALARMED AND THEN REASSURED

Cosette's sorrow, so poignant and so sharp four or five months previously, had, without her knowledge, attained the convalescent stage. Nature, spring, youth, love for her father, the gayety of the flowers and birds, filtered gradually day by day, and drop by drop, something that almost resembled oblivion into her soul. A dandified young officer of Lancers used to pass the house sometimes, and there was almost a flirtation of smiles between them before Cosette bethought herself. The officer was Theodule, the favorite nephew of Aunt Gillenormand, but she did not know that.

In the first fortnight of April, Jean Valjean went on a journey, as he was accustomed to do at lengthened intervals. Even Cosette did not know where he went, but had noticed that these journeys, which lasted two or three days, usually took place when money ran short in the house.

She was usually perfectly unconcerned by his absence, but this time thought she heard a man walking in the garden, and made haste to tell her father the moment he returned. Valjean was alarmed, and watched night after night, but could find nothing wrong, and the sense of security came back to all of them.

But, a few days afterward, a very curious incident occurred. In the garden, near the railings looking out on the street, there was a stone bench, protected from the gaze of passers by a hedge, although it would have been an easy task

THE HOUSE IN THE SECRET GARDEN

to reach it by thrusting an arm through the railings and hedge. One evening in this same month of April Jean Valjean had gone out, and Cosette, after sunset, noticed upon the bench a large stone, which certainly had not been there when she passed a moment before. Cosette looked at it wonderingly, until the idea all at once struck her that someone had placed it there —a thought which frightened her so that she fled to the house and barred every window and door.

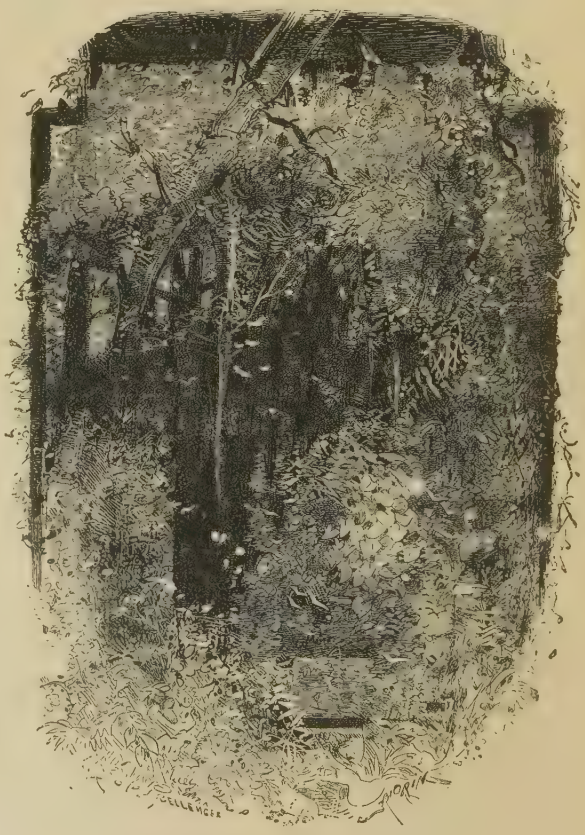
The whole night through she saw the stone as big as a mountain, but at sunrise Cosette laughed at her terror, saying, as she dressed herself:

"There was no more a stone on the bench than there was a man in the garden. I dreamed of the stone like the rest. I shall not be a coward!"

She dressed herself, went down into the garden, and felt a cold perspiration all over her—the stone was there. But this only lasted for a moment, for what is terrifying by night arouses curiosity by day.

"Nonsense!" she said, "I'll see what this means."

She raised the stone, which was of some size, and there was something under it that resembled a letter; it was an envelope of white paper. Cosette seized it; there was no address on it and it was not sealed up. Still, the envelope, though open, was not empty, for papers could be seen inside. Cosette no longer suffered from terror; nor was it curiosity; it was a commencement of anxiety. Cosette took out a small quire of paper, each page of which was numbered, and bore several lines written in a very nice and delicate hand. She looked



THE GARDEN IN THE RUE PLUMET

for a name, but there was none; for a signature, but there was none either. For whom was the packet intended? probably for herself, as a hand had laid it on the bench. From whom did it come? She looked at the sky, the street, the acacias all bathed in light, the pigeons circling round an adjoining roof, and then her eye settled on the manuscript, and she said to herself that she must know what was inside it. This is what she read:

COSETTE

"Love is the salutation of the angels to the stars . . . .

"Separated lovers cheat absence by a thousand chimerical things, which, however, have their reality. They are prevented seeing each other, and they cannot write, but they find a number of mysterious ways to correspond. They send to each other the song of birds, the light of the sun, the sighs of the breeze, the rays of the stars, and the whole of creation; and why should they not? All the works of God are made to serve love. Love is sufficiently powerful to interest all nature with its messages . . . .

COSETTE AND HER FATHER AT HOME

"Oh, spring, thou art a letter which I write to her . . . .

"The future belongs even more to hearts than to minds. Loving is the only thing which can occupy and fill the immensity, for the infinite needs the inexhaustible . . . .

"I have met in the street a very poor young man who was in love. His hat was old, his coat worn, his coat was out at elbows, the water passed through his shoes, and the stars through his soul."

This was only one sheet; there were a dozen; but they did not seem long or foolish to Cosette. Each of these mysterious lines flashed in her eyes, inun-

dated her heart with a strange light, suddenly and gently revealed to her the whole of love.

And now, from whom could these pages come? Who could have written them? Cosette did not hesitate for a moment—only from one man—from *him!* Daylight had returned to her mind and everything reappeared. She experienced an extraordinary joy and a profound agony. It was he! he who wrote to her! he had been there! his arm had been passed through the railings! While she was forgetting him he had found her again! But, had she forgotten him? no, never! She was mad to have thought so for a moment, for she had ever loved, ever adored him. She ran and locked herself in her bed-room, to learn the letter by heart and finally hide it in her bosom.

THE LETTER UNDER THE STONE

The whole day through Cosette was in a state of bewilderment. She said to herself that an intervention of the angels, a celestial accident had restored him to her. Oh, transfiguration of love! oh, dreams! This celestial accident, this intervention of angels, was a pellet of bread hiding a message suggesting a burglary, written on tissue-paper, and cast by one robber to another over the prison-walls of La Force, from the Charlemagne's yard to the lion's den!

When night came Jean Valjean went out, and Cosette arranged her hair in the way that best became her, and put on her prettiest dress. Yet she was only going to walk in the garden ; and as it grew dark, she reached the bench and sat down. The stone was still there, and she laid her beautiful white hand upon it, as if to caress and thank it. All at once she had that indescribable feeling which

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS

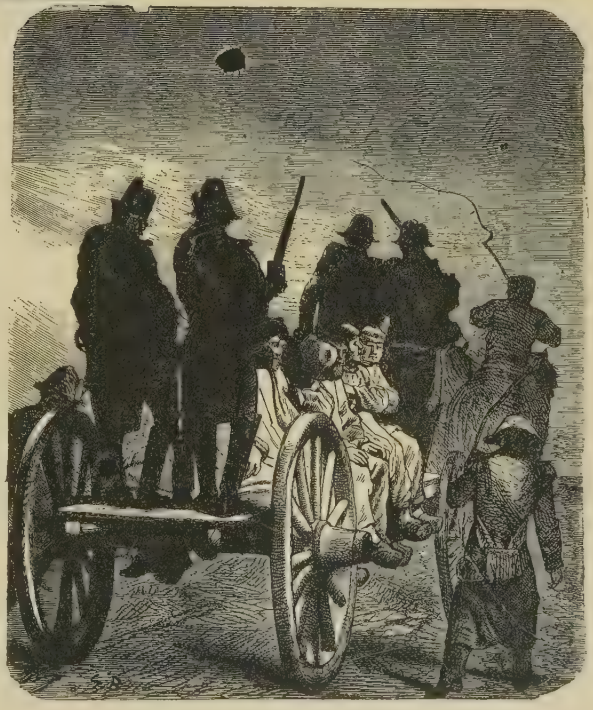
persons often experience even without seeing, when some one is standing behind them. She turned her head and rose—it was he. He was bare-headed, and seemed pale and thin, and his black clothes could be hardly distinguished. His face was lighted up by the flush of departing day, and by the thoughts of an expiring soul. Cosette, though ready to faint, did not utter a cry; she slowly recoiled as she felt herself attracted, but he did not stir. Through the ineffable sadness that enveloped him she felt the glance of the eyes which she could not see. Then she heard his voice, scarcely louder than the rustling of the foliage, as he murmured,—

"Pardon me for being here. My heart is swollen. I could not live as I was. Have you read what I placed on the bench? Do you recognize me at all? Do not be frightened. Do you remember that day when you looked at me in the Luxembourg Garden, nearly a year ago. Then you disappeared. At night I came here—fear nothing, no one sees me—and once I heard you singing. Do I offend you by remembering these things?"

"Oh, my mother!" she murmured, and sank down as if she were dying. He seized her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, not knowing what he did. It seemed to him as if he were accomplishing a religious act and yet committing a profanation. She took his hand and laid it on her heart; he felt the paper there, and stammered:

"You love me, then?"

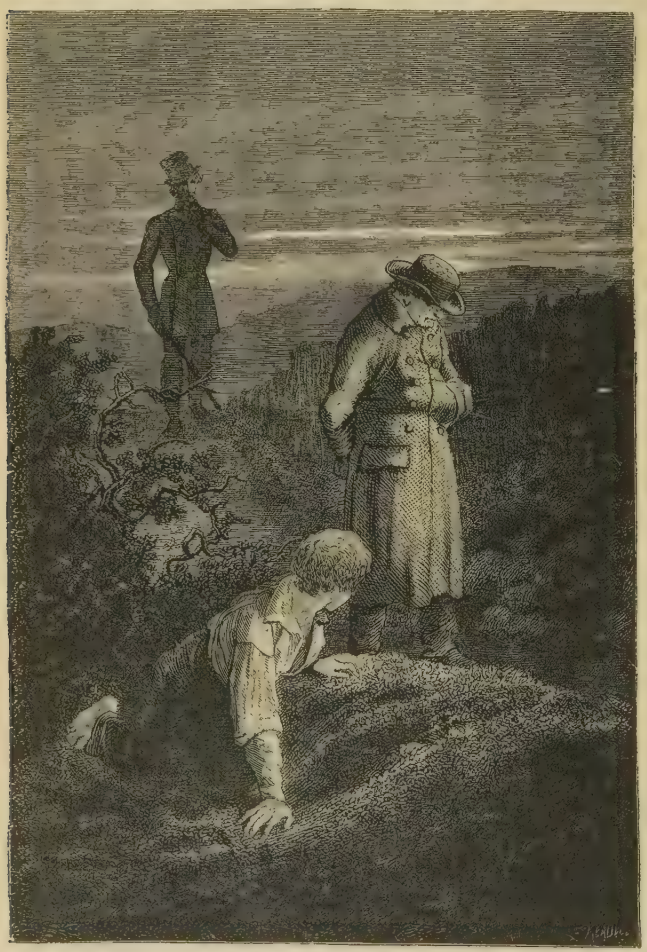
"Silence; you know I do."



A PASSING SCENE—CONVICTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BAGNE

How came it that their lips met? How comes it that the bird sings, the snow melts, the rose opens, May bursts into life, and the dawn grows white behind the black trees on the rustling tops of the hills? One kiss, and that was all; both trembled and gazed at each other in the darkness with flashing eyes. They neither felt the fresh night nor the cold stone, nor the damp grass, nor the moist soil—they looked at each other and their hearts were full. She did not ask him—did not even think of it—how he managed to enter the garden, for it seemed to her so simple that he should be there.

Gradually they conversed, and expansiveness succeeded the silence which is plenitude. The night was serene and splendid above their heads, and these two beings, pure as spirits, told each other everything—their dreams, their intoxication, their ecstacy, their chimeras, their depressions, how they had adored and longed for each other at a distance, and their mutual despair when they ceased to meet.



GAVROCHE WATCHES THE APPROACH OF MONTPARNASSE

"Do you remember," Marius repeated again, ever returning as lovers will to the time before the precious revelation—"Do you remember that day when you looked at me, now so long ago? It was in the Luxembourg Garden near the Gladiator, and the days on which you passed before me were June 16 and July 2. It is nearly a year ago. I did not see you again for a very long time."

Marius paused for a reply, but the girl remained silent, and after a moment he went on, talking of his disappointment.

"I enquired of the woman in the Garden who lets out chairs, and she said that you no longer came there. You lived in the Rue de l'Ouest on the third-floor front of a new house. You see that I know. I followed you—what else could I do? And then you disappeared and the concierge did not know or would not tell me where you had gone. I fancied that I saw you pass once as I was reading the papers under the Odéon Arcade, and ran after you—but no; it was only a person wearing a bonnet

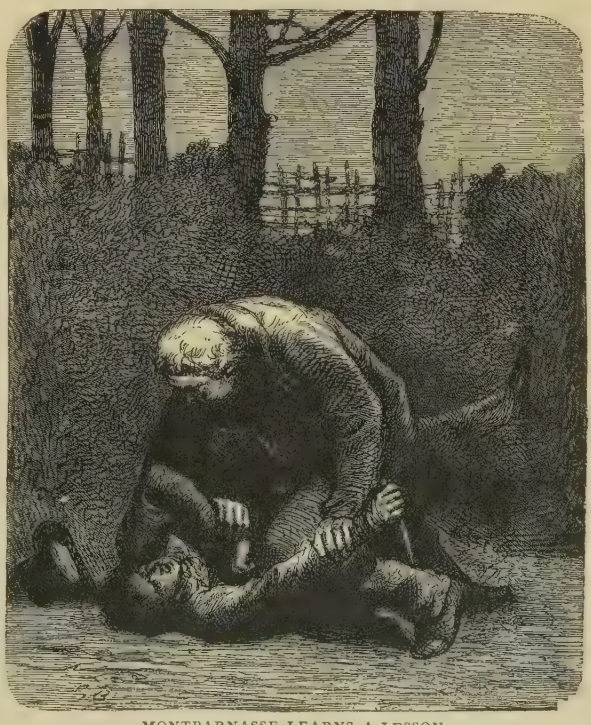
PICKING A POCKET

like yours."

Both were silent for a few moments, just for the joy of sitting silent beside one another. The moonlight sifting through the gently waving leaves, the fragrance mingled in the exhalations of breathing foliage and innumerable blossoms opening to the coolness of the night, the delicious thrilling plaint of a nightingale in some garden almost out of hearing—these things came sensuously to their minds, but were unheeded. Then Marius resumed his almost whispered talk, leaping from the past to the present; and Cosette never noticed that he had omitted the important information as to how he had discovered her retreat; perhaps he did not notice the omission himself.

"At night," he said, "I come here. Fear nothing—no one sees me. I come to look at your window, and I walk very softly that you may not hear me, for you might be alarmed. The other evening I was behind you: you turned around and I fled. Once I heard you sing and was happy. Does it harm you that I should listen to you through closed shutters while you are singing? No, it cannot harm you. You see you are my angel, so let me come now and then—and—oh! if you only knew how I adore you!"

They confided to each other, in an ideal intimacy which nothing henceforth could increase, all their most hidden and mysterious thoughts. They told each other, with a candid faith in their illusions, all that love, youth, and the remnant of childhood which they still had, brought to their minds; their two hearts were poured into each other, so that at the end of an hour the young man had the maiden's soul and the maiden his. They



MONTPARNASSE LEARNS A LESSON

were mutually penetrated, enchanted and dazzled.

It is a magic power which it would be difficult to understand, were we to read in a book this conversation made to be carried away and dissipated like smoke. Take away from these whispers of two lovers the melody which issues from the soul, and what is left is only a shadow, and you say, "What, is it only that?" Well, yes, —child's play, repetitions, laughs at nothings, absurdities, foolishness, all that is the most sublime and profound in the world! The only things which are worth the trouble of being said and being listened to. The man who has never heard, the man who has never uttered, these absurdities and poor things, is an imbecile and a wicked man.

HAPPY THOUGHTS

Cosette's entire person was simplicity, ingenuousness, whiteness, candor and radiance, and it might have been said of her that she was transparent. She produced on every one who saw her a sensation of April and day-break, and she had dew in her eyes. Cosette was a condensation of the light of dawn in a woman's form. It was quite simple that Marius, as he adored, should admire. But the truth is that this little boarding-school miss, just freshly turned out of a convent, talked with exquisite penetration, and made at times all sorts of true and delicate remarks. Her chattering was conversation and she was never mistaken about anything, and conversed correctly. Woman feels and speaks with the infallibility which is the tender instinct of the heart.

THE LOVER'S SHADOW

When they had finished, when they had told each other everything, she laid her head on his shoulder and asked him—

"What is your name?"

"Marius," he said; "and yours?"

"Mine is Cosette."

(To be continued)

PICTURESQUE FOREIGNERS IN CALIFORNIA

By Henry T. Finck

Illustrated from recent photographs.

A few years ago, when I was on my way to Japan, I complimented the captain of our steamer one day on the excellent and varied food the cooks prepared for us three times a day. "Ah, yes!" he replied, "but you must remember that we got our supplies in God's own country. You won't find things quite so satisfactory coming the other way."

BRINGING IN THE MISTLETOE

California is the land where the necessities of life are cheap and the luxuries cheaper still. In Los Angeles county I have often amused myself feeding the cows from baskets of oranges for which no other use could be found. A relative of mine planted a hundred fig-trees of the choicest Smyrna variety, which in a few years bore an abundance of fruit. But he could find no market for it, and his figs, which in New York would have sold for five cents apiece, rotted on the ground by the ton. Tomatoes, pumpkins and melons, almost grow wild in southern California; and if you should help yourself to a few bunches of grapes from a vineyard, no dog would bark at you.

No wonder that such a fertile country should have been coveted by many com-

SPANISH-INDIAN CHILDREN: SAN GABRIEL MISSION

peting races of all colors. California, during the last hundred years, has seen some startling changes in its population—from Indians to Spaniards and Yankees, with Chinese, Japanese and other invaders. Strange to say, the Spaniards, though they had long known this region, did not attempt to appropriate or inhabit it until about a century ago (1769). From that time on missions were introduced until twenty had been planted. Never was there a primitive race more sadly in need of civilizing influences than the California Indians, who were on the whole the most stupid and degraded of all the red men, perhaps for the reason that the easy conditions of life made unnecessary the mental and physical efforts on which

RESTING IN THE SUNLIGHT: "TO-MORROW WILL BE ANOTHER DAY"

progress depends. The contemptuous name "Digger" incorrectly given to all the Indians of central and northern California, shows sufficiently how they impressed those who first came into contact with them.

To-day you may travel along all the routes frequented by tourists without seeing half a dozen of the red men who not long ago owned the country. According to Henry W. Henshaw, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, "in the area between the bay of San Francisco and Los Angeles there are to-day probably not a hundred Indians." On two trips to the Yosemite valley, made within the last seven years, I saw only one Indian; a startling fact when we bear in mind that until 1850 this glorious valley was a favorite stronghold which the red men believed would never even be discovered by the white intruders!

Of the 250,000 Indians now living in the United States, only 12,000 are in California, and of these 4,350 live in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, chiefly

LINSA, THE LAST CAPITANA OF SAN GABRIEL ARCANGEL

on reservations or at missions. There are many half-breeds among them. Several of our pictures illustrate the peculiar fondness of all the natives of the Pacific coast, from Alaska to California, to squat or sit, leaning against a wall in rows and groups convenient for the photographer. As a rule, however, for superstitious reasons, they dread the camera almost as much as the muzzle of a gun; but their love of money is rapidly overcoming their fears; and now many a half-naked red-skin knows enough to lurk in the shadow when a person with a camera appears, until he is paid to step out into the sunlight.

A SUSPICIOUS MOHAVE

Of all the aborigines of the southwest, the Apaches are the most feared and abhorred, by other Indians as well as by white men. Though they never leave the wigwam except with bow and arrows, they are not courageous warriors Of their fighting it has been truly said, that it "has more the character of assassination and murder than of warfare." Creeping up stealthily and shooting from ambush is their favorite method of attack, and they never run any risks against superior numbers. Horrible is the fate of men, women and children who fall into their hands. Atrocities almost beyond belief are committed by them with fiendish delight, and their cruelty to animals is unparalleled.

YUMA APACHE

Fortunately the California Indians proper were less ferocious than these neighboring Apaches of Arizona and Mexico, or else the Spanish missionaries would have found the task of conversion a less easy one than they did. "Conversion," however, did not agree with these Indians, and they are now on the verge of extinction. The same fate, too, is rapidly overtaking the Spaniards and Mexicans who first came to dispute possession of California with the red men. The fruit-ranch has taken the place of the Spanish hacienda, and although almost every city or village in southern California still has its "Spanishtown,"

it is usually inhabited by the lowest sort of Mexicans,—those who really deserve the name of "greasers"—and their numbers are rapidly diminishing. They are picturesque but lazy, and are not particularly desirable as neighbors. They have discovered that chickens belonging to other persons can be caught by attaching a bit of meat to a fish-hook, or can be beguiled into a room by means of a row of wheat-kernels; and although they have not patented these inventions, there is reason to suspect that they make use of them. Among other traits they have, in common with the Indians (with whom in fact their ancestors intermarried freely), is a disposition to make the women do all the work.

A FRIENDLY SMOKE (PASADENA)

The pretty little brunette girls with the round black eyes and abundant hair in the accompanying picture are Italians, though they might easily be Spaniards or Mexicans, as the Spanish and Italian types, especially at that age, are not readily distinguishable. Italians are not especially numerous in California, except among the sea-fishermen along the coast. Probably the long and expensive trip prevents them from emigrating in larger numbers to a country which ought to be especially attractive to them, since it yields as much sunshine and opportunity for *dolce far niente* as does old Italy herself.

A CHINESE ANGELINA

The white American has now taken such complete possession of California that he looks on all others as "foreigners," even though in reality he is the alien, and the Indians and Spaniards are the natives. But if we now turn to the much-abused John Chinaman, we find a man who came to California as a foreigner and remains there as a foreigner, his one object and desire being to get enough money to be able to return to China and spend the rest of his life in luxurious comfort on ten cents a day. He even begrudges to American soil the phosphate of his

bones, which he insists shall be shipped to China for final burial.

Notwithstanding the restrictions on Chinese emigration, every Pacific-coast town, from Vancouver, in British Columbia, down to San Diego, still has its "Chinatown." In San Francisco the Celestials occupy a large section in the centre of the city, which they have tried, by means of narrow streets and alleys, to make as Cantonese as possible. Next to San Francisco, Portland and Los Angeles have the largest Chinatowns. A blind man could always tell when he got into this quarter of any one of these cities by its peculiar odor —a mixture of the fumes of burning incense-sticks, or joss-sticks, with various other emanations more or less recognizable. A pleasanter feature is the constant presence of house-plants and flowers. This is especially noticeable in Los Angeles, and one of our pictures gives us a glimpse of a characteristic flower-decked veranda in Chinatown, with two of the occupants enjoying their rest and a diminutive opium-pipe. Another shows a man carrying a big bunch of mistletoe; yet, big as this bunch is, it is surpassed in size by many of the specimens you see on the way to the Yosemite valley, hanging from the oaks like inverted beehives.

YOUNG ITALY

SUSANA AND THE FLORIPUNDIO

Hardly inferior in beauty to our Italian girls is the specimen of Chinese girlhood, whose quaint costume and head-dress emphasize the exotic cast of her features. Not a few of these little maidens may be seen in the Chinese quarters of the Californian cities, and they may be esteemed fortunate in many respects, as compared with their cousins on the other side of the Pacific; for, in spite of all the conservatism and barriers of superstition, prejudice and inherited custom, American ideas and example reach and influence beneficially the Chinese as well as other foreign residents in the Golden State.

THE WILDNESS OF THE WAVES

By Theodore Purdy

With original illustrations by Reginald Cleveland Coxe.

"Down East," along the Massachusetts coast, the goings and comings of the fisher-folk occupy far more attention than we, of manufacturing centres, imagine. Those hardy mariners along the shore from Cape Cod to Cape Ann, both love and dread the sea; by its help and from its depths comes their bread, and to its savage and unmerciful fury, they must, perhaps, sacrifice their lives.

They are a sturdy race, these fishermen, but the history of their lives has been too truly "written in tears." Many a clumsy old fishing-smack has finished long since with this life's work, and its bones, whitened on the beach, give an almost too pathetic evidence of the furious revenge of an offended sea.

It is not at all wonderful that the artist, the truth-seeker, the color-lover, should be irresistibly drawn to picture the sublime grandeur of the ocean; it is not at all odd that he should be fascinated by its alternate calm and frenzy, and wish to revel in the inexhaustible variety of this untiring model.

Reginald Cleveland Coxe is a close observer of the sea and of its numberless moods; he has spent many summers at Eastern Point, Gloucester, studying the mysteries of the waters, the dash of the spray on the rocky coast, and, if we may judge from this series of reproductions of his paintings, he "dearly loves a fight," and takes special interest in the wildness of the sea, rather than in its calmer phases. The story of his first picture is that of an "oft repeated tale," of which he shows us at a glance, the main dramatic tableau. Out of the mist appears the fishing-boat, clothed with whirling spray and lashed by the unmerciful waves, its

OUT OF THE FOG

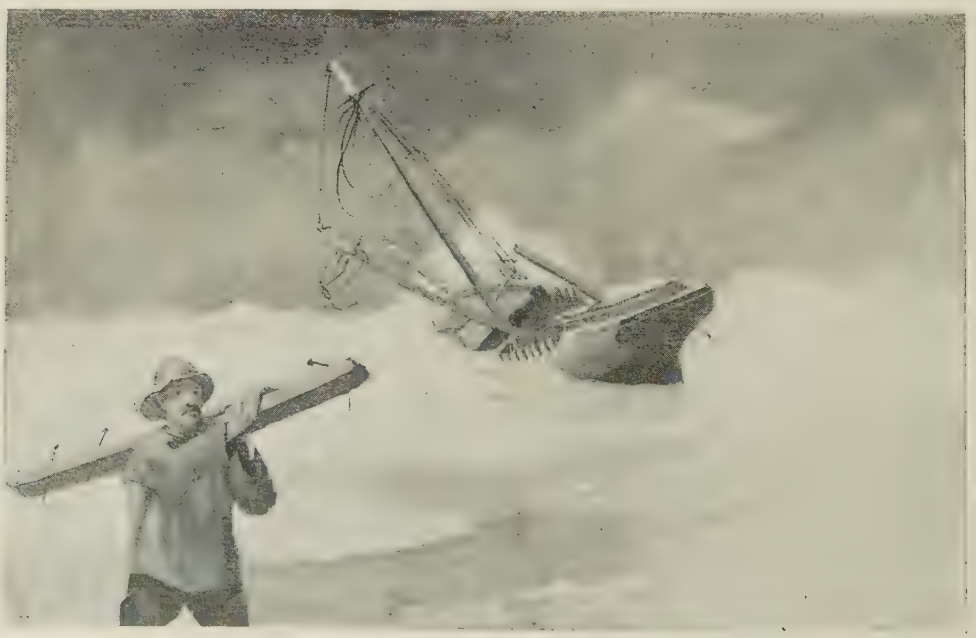
sails filled by the gale, its nose raised above the boiling water, while, from the deck, the sturdy captain strains his eyes, on the outlook for danger. The whole scene quivers with vital interest, and through it all one can imagine the morning-calm of the starting, and the weary waiting of those tearful ones on the shore.

THE COSTEN LIGHT

In spite of the dramatic force of this picture, it is not in the least theatrical or false; Mr. Coxe has been merely truthful, intensely serious, and quick to seize the all-important moment for his suggestive tableau.

One of the most difficult and trying phases of nature to catch and fix, is this same water-movement and cloud-action; it is, perhaps, even more technically impossible than that of securing the effect of light and shade in landscape work.

The unending action, the everlasting movement of the water, the constantly changing color-tone and scheme, perplex and annoy the student and make the task a hard one, even for the master. No kinetoscope is able to measure the action of the spray or of



THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER

waves, the delicate changes in the curves and colors of the latter ; and it is only through the millions of eye-photographs alone, that one can fathom in the least degree the wonder of their motion and the beauty of their lines.

Mr. Coxe has exhibited for several years at the annual exhibitions, and while he does not confine himself to marines, as his many excellent portraits have indicated, still he has rather inclined toward making this study of the sea his special pleasure. He was born in Baltimore and studied first in the schools of the National Academy of Design, and later under Bonnat, in Paris.

The influence of this master is clearly shown in Mr. Coxe's picture " Ready for the Bath." This admirable nude presents, in its beauty of line and grace of pose,

THE LIFE-BOAT

a direct contrast to his other sketches, which, of necessity and very properly, give less emphasis to detail and more to the important effect of color and mass. It is, however, in such pictures, as the " Costen Light " and " The Life-Boat," that the artist's individuality and personality are better shown, and he has been most happy in the latter sketch in his choice of the moment for a pictorial climax. The scene is laid at Barnegat on the New Jersey coast, and one shudders instinctively at the sight of the plunging life-boat, rushing headlong into the seething mass of angry water, manned by sturdy oarsmen, the steersman ready with his sweep, at the next descent into the trough of the sea, to keep the boat head on.

MORNING AT BARNEGAT BEACH

The scene is intensely dramatic, and honors the bravery of those who risk their own lives, deliberately and unselfishly, to save their fellows.

The "Wreck of the Schooner" is a fitting end to the battle; the waves still lash the helpless victim, yet the passing clouds give every promise of coming peace, and finally the "Morning at Barnegat Beach" is the calm after the storm. In this instance the reproduction gives one a clear idea of the original painting, even hinting at the color-scheme in the cold beauty of the sand and sky.

READY FOR THE BATH—A SKETCH

Throughout this series of wave-wildness, one is especially impressed with the seriousness of the artist, and charmed by his dramatic action. Mr. Coxe tells his story completely, and yet does not exhaust the subject. His interest is not strained or unreal, but natural; and above all this, the story is not the sole end; the wonder of form and mass, the awful frenzy of the wave and the weird beauty of color, dominate even the dramatic action of the storm. It is the poet's, as well as the artist's sense of a picture.

"The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain a cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand."

IN A VILLAGE GARDEN

By Charles C. Abbott, M. D.

Illustrated from photographs of natural flowers by Pitcher and Manda.

A SINGLE DAHLIA

On the outskirts of a certain old village stands a quaint cottage, built in the last century and as yet unmarred by any modern improvements. Most appropriately, it is occupied by old people. A weather-beaten board at the little gate has painted upon it, "Cakes and Beer," and not a youngster in the neighborhood, nor an adult either, but will testify to the excellence of the foaming beverage and spicy ginger-bread that is ever ready for the hungry and thirsty wayfarer. For many and many a year there has been a constant dropping of pennies upon the little counter or into the wrinkled palm of Aunt Peggy, whose "Thank thee" is veritable music to him who recalls it, as the same voice that sounded so sweetly in the long-gone unappreciative days of early childhood.

In the course of my ramble to-day, I passed by that quaint cottage for the thousandth time, perhaps, and seeing the back door open, caught a glimpse of the old garden, in which I had not been for almost half a century. It was the same garden. A narrow path, margined by stunted box, led to the open well, with thick mats of moss about the stepping-stones that faced the curb; and where the few vegetables had not been planted, there was a wealth of flowers, in full blow, in bud, and, though so near the end of summer, with a promise of abundant blossoms yet to appear.

PRIMROSES

DWARF WHITE PHLOX (PHLOX PANICULATA)

LARKSPURS

A crooked cedar post by the well was not the least attractive feature. A coral honeysuckle and a trumpet-creeper struggled for supremacy, and both were well laden with bright flowers. How the humming-birds buzzed about them,—not fighting, but forever threatening, I thought; and the bees, butterflies, dragon-flies and beetles,—what goodly store of sweets they all found, and not for an instant was there positive silence. Their humming was incessant and made excellent bass when the treble of joyous birds sounded from the thick-set shrubbery.

The day is not far off when Aunt Peggy and her husband will pass away, and the old

RUDBECKIA SPECIOSA

garden so long a landmark, become a matter of local history only. Place and people, the old cottage and its occupants are so well fitted to each other, that we cannot dissociate them; but young people here would be out of place. A new roof must cover young heads, it seems. The old is forever giving way, but is it always to better as well as newer things? New flowers, at least, are not an improvement upon the old. What has the present to show that is an advance over an old apple-tree and the blue-birds? Certainly not the English sparrow and japonica hedge.

A CLEMATIS BLOSSOM

But this is not the time or place to be sadly retrospective. What of the good gifts of the passing moment? What of the flowers of a passing summer? I noticed that the English primrose had had its day and the poppies were past their prime. The flaming phlox was no longer the principal feature, as it had been, and the spiræas were only a thrifty growth, in which the song-sparrows still lingered although their nests were empty. But what a show of dahlias and hollyhocks! The sight was a dazzling one. Crimson, gold, white, and delicate shades of pink and purple lined the lichen-coated fence, that was almost concealed by the stout stalks of these showy plants. And how natural was the remark of Aunt Peggy,—"They ain't as pretty as last summer, somehow the season wasn't quite right." Did the man or woman ever live who was quite contented with what is? How flowers could be brighter, I cannot imagine; and how the trim gardens of a later day pale in comparison!

A POPPY (PAPAVER INVOLUCRATA MAXIMA)

It should be remembered, too, that many of our native wild-flowers can very readily be transplanted and will flourish

A HOLLYHOCK BLOSSOM

showy cone-flower (Rudbeckia) that had been brought from the near-by meadows, and in one corner of the garden there was a thrifty centaury, now a mass of bright, pink-purple bloom. Why this latter flower is so generally overlooked is a marvel to me. Few exotics with similarly colored blossoms can compare with it.

"I have flowers from April to the end of fall," said Aunt Peggy, when she returned, "and I don't have no favorites; they're all good enough for me, and what I like best, if there is any choice, is them I remember the longest. I'm just young again when the yellow rose comes out in May."

As she spoke, a little house-wren filled the garden with melody and I fancied that Auntie thought of the days when she was young, she had such a far-off look, as the bird was singing.

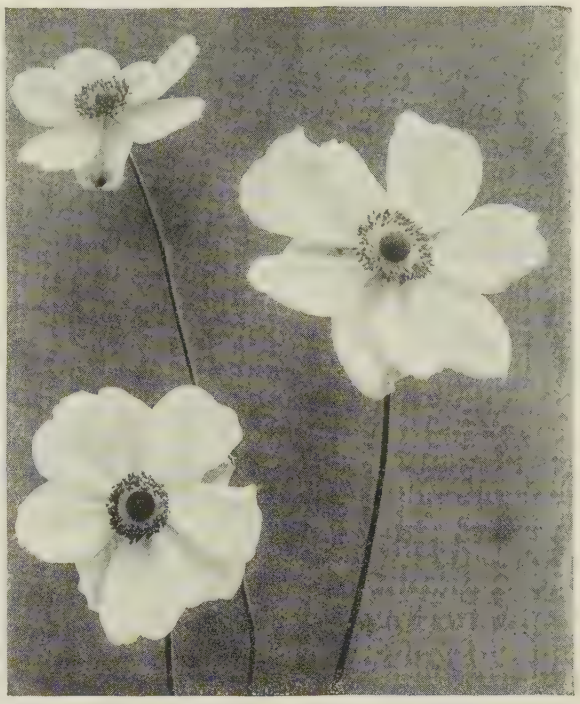
"Shop!" rang out in the perfume-laden air and Aunt

even better in gardens than in the fields or meadows where the struggle for existence is fierce. Our native plants, like our native birds, are not sufficiently well known. In this matter, our grandfathers were wiser than we. They had a loving regard for many a wild growth and garden-flower now almost unknown.

The arrival of a customer caused me to be left alone for a short time, and sitting by the well I naturally drifted into dreams of other days. Have we been wise, I mused, in discarding so much that characterized old times? even in such a matter as the garden-flowers? My eyes fall upon the

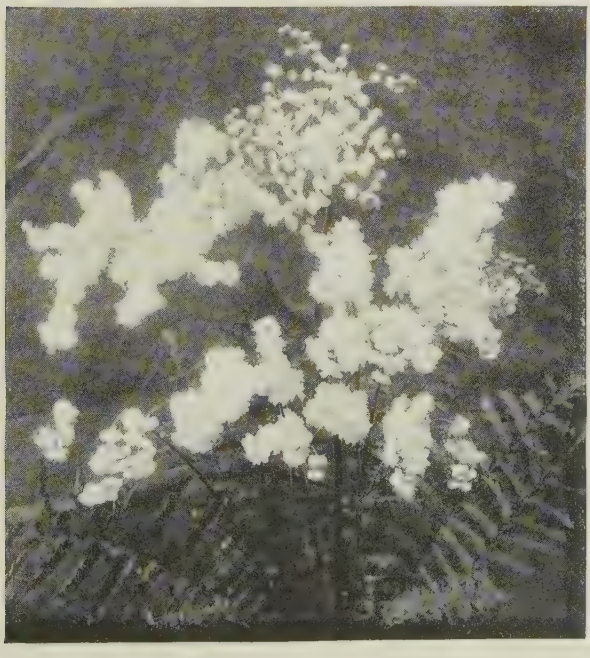
HOLLYHOCKS

Peggy was gone. It was a hot day, and everybody was thirsty, so again I was alone. Looking about me, I saw the wren's mossy mansion near the kitchen door, and above it, on the eaves, was a box of house-leek, that drooped gracefully and shaded the little minstrel's home. It was a pretty sight. And then I turned to the fields beyond the garden's boundary, and here too were August flowers in abundance. The climbing bittersweet (Celastrus scandens) almost hedged them in, and along the brook tall bonesets and Joe-Pye-weeds flourished in tropical luxuriance, but not to the exclusion of other flowers, while slender lizard's-tail (Saururus) and golden dodder added their brilliance to the painted meadow.



A WHITE ANEMONE (ANEMONE JAPONICA)

How well these wild flowers keep the record of the year! Were all almanacs lost and every clock destroyed, the time of year and time of day could be closely reckoned, except in winter, by the coming and going of the flowers.



SPIRÆA FILAPENDULA PLENA

Leaving the garden, I was soon on the well-kept lawn of a pretentious house. Not a weed had escaped the lawn-mower, and the grass was but a green carpet that hid the earth. But here everything was too evident of man's presence, and too little of unrestrained nature, to be pleasing to one who loves the fields and hedgerows best of all. I could not withhold my admiration of many a strange exotic bloom, but in my memory still lingers the simpler charms of the quaint old village garden, wherein I had lovingly lingered.

Drawn by Woldemar Frederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. VII.—VOLRAT MEETS THE COUNT

Hackelberend, running ahead of his men, surprises Volrat hunting in his woods. Volrat seizes the chance to punish the Count, but is overcome, whereupon the Count's men tie him on the back of a captured deer, and turn the animal loose.

THE DECORATIVE IDEA IN ILLUSTRATION

By Alexander Black

With original illustrations by Otto Toaspern.

A SMILING WELCOME

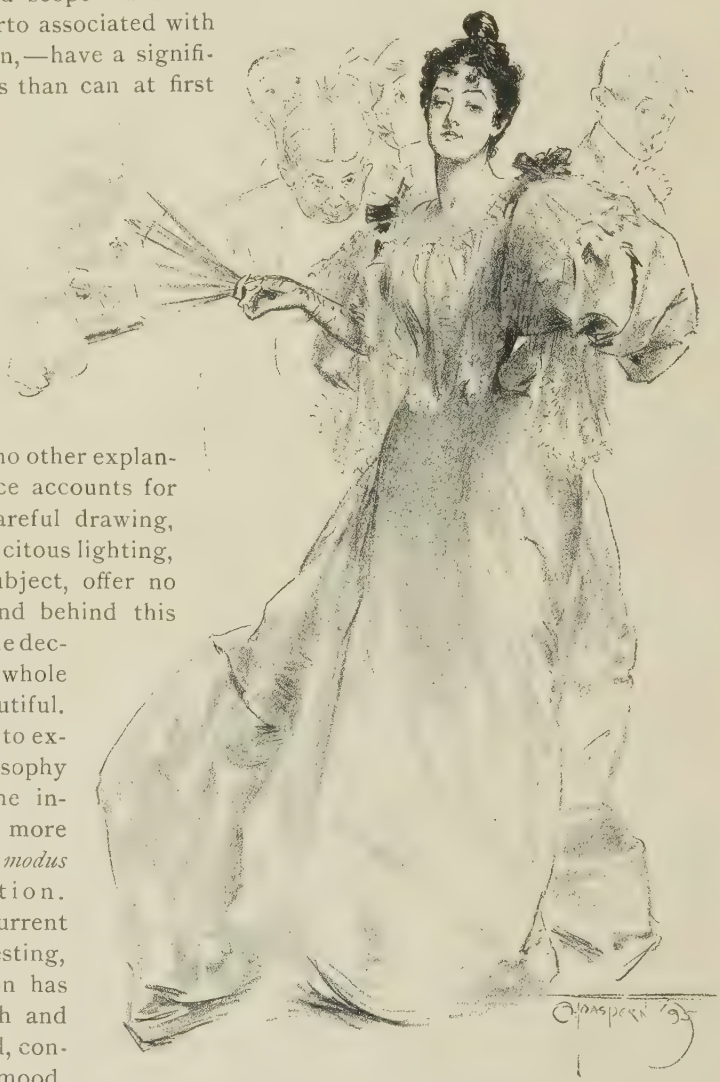
Most art-terms are elastic, but the term "decorative" is perhaps especially so. To include this term in the broader one, "composition," does not always seem practical, although a right use of the word composition should always, probably, be to this extent inclusive. Certainly in the average use neither word receives its full share of meaning.

It has become a sort of fashion I believe to scoff at composition. Perhaps this is not altogether an unfortunate result of the realistic movement and of the later movement for impressionism. Academic composition had become a hard-and-fast affair, and the whole theory needed a shaking-up. But, whatever there may be of logic in these scoffings at composition, we find evidence of no such attitude as against the decorative. Indeed, we are just witnessing the culmination of the decorative enthusiasm, originally inspired by Japanese art and transmitted by Beardsley, Bradley, *et al.* When all these exaggerations have spent themselves, the eternal fitness of the decorative idea in all art must still remain. There will survive the divergence of opinion as to the value of the decorative quality in painting, but this divergence will, I think, diminish more rapidly than there are present reasons for expecting.

However, it is in illustration rather

SKETCH FOR A SATYR IN THE PICTURE "MUSIC"

than in painting, that this quality is especially called into prominence. In painting there may be field for debate as to the relative force of color and of form, but in illustration the decorative scheme is essentially the dominating note. It is not considered good form to lay much stress on this fact in contemporary school-instruction, yet the fact is sufficiently plain. The charm of the decorative quality in illustration, its delightfully broad scope — broader than anything hitherto associated with academic composition, — have a significance deeper perhaps than can at first appear. If color in painting is analogous to harmony in music, line is something more than melody. The decorative ensemble answers a craving in the eye. It explains fascinations susceptible of no other explanation, and its absence accounts for failures for which careful drawing, accurate and even felicitous lighting, and an appealing subject, offer no sign of excuse. And behind this natural craving for the decorative we shall find a whole philosophy of the beautiful.



A SKETCH FOR A SOCIETY-DRAWING

I did not start out to expound any such philosophy but to touch on the interesting signs of a more natural and effective *modus* in current illustration. Everything about current illustration is interesting, because illustration has taken on a new youth and is just now in a jocund, confident and energetic mood, very enjoyable to look upon, and bespeaking a vitality that promises great things. All the rising illustrators are animated by an obvious feeling that illustration is a form of art that has acquired dignity as well as use and interest, and their work belongs to the most enjoyable demonstrations that art is making to-day.

If we glance at the work of so excellent an artist in illustration as Otto Toaspern, we shall not be at a loss to discover signs of the modern spirit as that spirit mani-

A SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT

a new language. But Mr. Toaspern possessed this feeling in a degree so marked that he has quite evidently had no disadvantages to cope with while enjoying all of the strength that the painter's training gives to work such as the drawing to Tennyson's "Mariana." Possibly it would be difficult to find a more interesting evidence of the gift for painting, in partnership with the gift for illustrative translation, than is afforded by the sketch which Mr. Toaspern has made from his vigorous portrait of Percy Pitt of London. This portrait, notable for a simple strength that appears in all of Mr. Toaspern's portraits, is reflected for us here in a sketch that affords an excellent example of the decorative style. That this fests itself in a strongly individual draughtsman. When Mr. Toaspern began illustrating he had the advantage and the disadvantage of thorough training as a painter. Illustrating in so lively a degree has a grammar of its own that the man who turns from the canvas to the distemper-drawing, or the more radically different pen-work, is often observed to be at a definite disadvantage. Unless his feeling for the decorative has been present in his work on canvas he is in a situation as provocative of labor as that of one who begins the study of

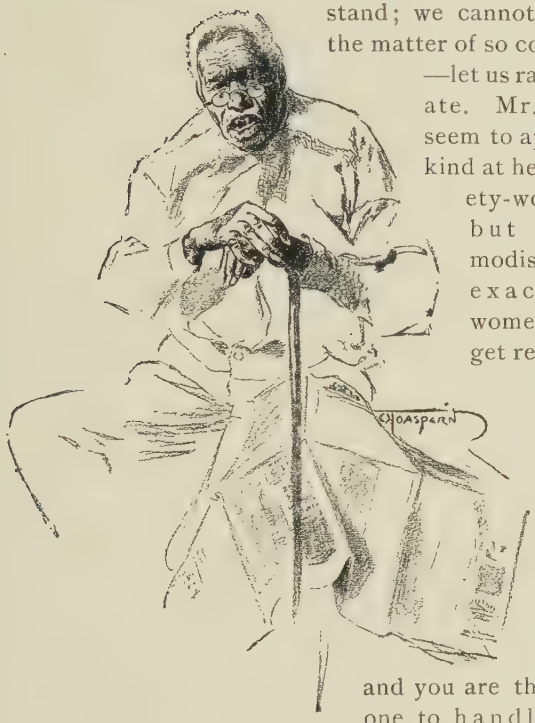
A SOCIETY-SKETCH

THE COQUETTE

style is not in the least inimical to habits of close and deferential study of nature, appears quite plainly in Mr. Toaspern's work. The artist's sketches from nature are at once pithy and conscientious, touching saliencies with alertness for the pictorial and something also of the philosophic.

In the style which he employs for direct illustration, Mr. Toaspern is as free from current mannerisms as any illustrator whose work I have seen. He unites spirit and delicacy in an original way, yet without exhibiting any of that affectation of individuality that mars so much ar-

tistic work that otherwise might inspire respect. The Toaspern girl is not like the Gibson girl or the Reinhart girl or any one else's girl, while her thorough modernness cannot be gainsaid. And here we find suggestion of one of the most essential qualities of the illustrator—he must know how to depict femininity, which is to say that he must understand femininity—no, not under-

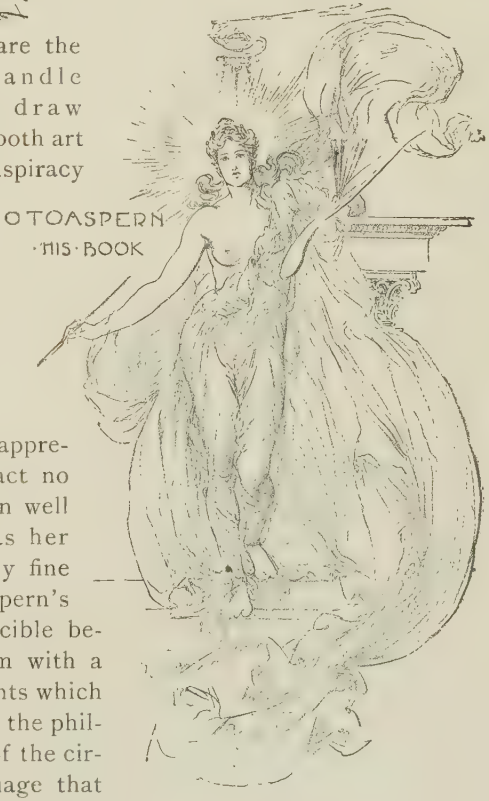


UNCLE ZEKE, PHILOSOPHER

FOXES

stand; we cannot ask so much in the matter of so complex a subject; —let us rather say, appreciate. Mr. Toaspern does seem to appreciate womankind at her best. His society-women are modish, but self-respectingly modish. They are not exactly the sort of women Mr. Paul Bourget regards as typically American, and I am glad they are not. The offending touch of hardness is not here.

A certain art-editor who was one day placing a commission in Mr. Toaspern's hands remarked, "This is a very difficult subject, Toaspern, and you are the one to handle it—you draw such decent women." At a time when both art and letters sometimes seem to be in a conspiracy to prove that the typical society-woman is *not* "decent" the comment is eloquent. There is, indeed, this charm in Mr. Toaspern's delineations of the American idol — they express a man's reverence as well as his enthusiasm. And this is always a pleasant thing to be able to say. It does not mean that the man who has the reverence may not appreciate fully the foibles of the sex. In fact no student of life who does not know women well enough to know her foibles as well as her strength, is at all likely to have a really fine sentiment of appreciation. Mr. Toaspern's pictures of womankind are real and forcible because they express the complete organism with a suggestion of those often baffling elements which the rash call contradictions, but in which the philosopher recognizes a human illustration of the circumstance in the grammar of our language that two negatives make an affirmative.



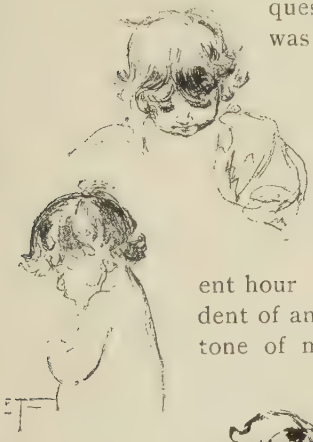
FIRST DRAFT FOR A DECORATIVE DESIGN

That Mr. Toaspern seizes quickly the essential difference in feminine types is shown in his picture "The Coquette." Here we find the rigor of pure propriety relaxed into something that still is conventional, perhaps, and not in defiance of the traditions of the fashionable ball-room, but with a cast that we recognize at once as appropriate to the often perplexing theme. "The Coquette!"—she has long been the mark of the cynic, the despair of the poet, and the bewilderment of the sociologist. She is the crowning paradox of her sex, the acme and embodiment of delicate devilment.

Quite clearly Mr. Toaspern is a thoughtful artist. He preaches—for some time he was one of the instructors at the National Academy until the pressure of other obligations compelled him to relinquish the post—that no essential element of a picture is unworthy of the utmost study. Yet his work is always broad, as befits the work of one who for four or five years in the most impressionable period was under the spell of the Munich schools and galleries. Like Hamlet with his dagger, the artist studies much detail and uses little. Mr. Toaspern has a quick fancy, and a healthy one. In the field of illustration I should say that his future is assured, not only because of his technical equipment but because of his wholesome attitude of mind. We want healthy-minded artists as much as we want healthy-minded writers. Even the author of "Degeneration" has admitted that the morbid and degenerate people can be entertaining and even useful. But a few of these go a long way. If they interest us it is because they really are exceptional, and because the foundations of our taste are in sane things. Thus it is unnecessary for us to take the morbid too much to heart, nor to worry for the safety of those who are not morbid. It is a happy circumstance, I think, that our best illustrators should so uniformly exhibit a genial and wholesome spirit. Their position is to-day so conspicuous and influential that it would be a calamity should impulse or any sophistry of demand have made the situation otherwise. Moreover, the relations between literature

UNSUSPECTING MODELS

and illustrative art grow increasingly intimate, and to each department of artistic activity the other's attitude of mind must become a matter of increasing importance. It would be a nice question whether the writer was not quite as likely to be affected by the spirit of the illustrator as would the illustrator by the spirit of the writer. Certainly the illustrator never exerted so much influence as at the present hour But doubtless the student of analogies will find that the tone of modern writing and the tone of modern illustration are, in common with those of all other arts, the reflection of the *zeit geist* which somehow manages to prevent discord. The time-spirit says to the artist, as it says to the writer, "Be brief." Hence the crisp touch that has been praised to the point of danger



BABIES ON OUR BLOCK

FROM A PORTAIT OF PERCY PITT

In a final word about the decorative idea it cannot be amiss to point out that methods of illustration must necessarily be distinctly various, and the art must determine for itself how far the partnership with type shall affect the prominence of the decorative element. Ten or fifteen years ago we frequently heard the remark, "He is a clever artist, but he does not understand illustration." There still is occasion for such comment, but seldom in comparison with days that are not to be called remote. The mechanics of illustration are better understood—there is, indeed, a great deal that is distressingly glib; and command of the general manner is no longer rare. The immense gain in the accuracy and range of reproductive processes has of itself contributed amazingly to advancement in this department. The trite philosophy that there is peril in periods of great facility is a philosophy that we must heed at this time.

"I AM AWEARY, AWEARY"—*Tennyson's "Mariana"*

REMINISCENCES OF A MERRY ART-SCHOOL

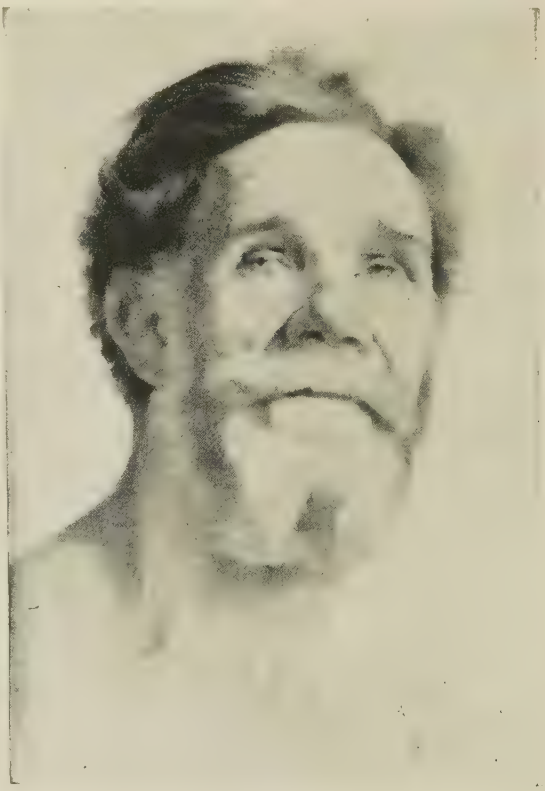
By Marguerite Tracy

With original illustrations by students of the Metropolitan School of Fine Arts.

The old Academy of Design in its early days never battled more valiantly than the Metropolitan School of Fine Arts for the right of every free-born American institution to life, liberty and the pursuit of wisdom. Rarely composed of more than a handful of students, beset by every difficulty, and swept out of existence time and again by controversies and other circumstances beyond its control, it prospers to-day in firm testimony of the immemorial saying that "vouloir c'est pouvoir."

The story of its life is like a romance, and deserves more permanent record than the verbal telling by persons concerned. That certain facts will find themselves inadvertently omitted in such a record is, however, almost inevitable, and as they seem too charming to be lost I tell them here.

My acquaintance with the school dates back of its present ideal quarters in Carnegie Music Hall to the old rooms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art from which it took its name, and from which it has since borrowed much of its equipment. The very ground on which the trustees of the Museum determined to disband it in 1894, namely, that it was too small and unimportant to pay for the expense and care of running it, was its chief charm. There were but four students in the room which I have in mind; four drawing-boards, four stools and two little spirit-lamps; two of the students were girls and two boys. On cold winter days, when the trees in Central Park looked cheerless enough from the windows, each girl made two little cups of chocolate, and often the bread that should have erased false charcoal-marks was turned to as good if not better account at luncheon. By the time the school closed, and the trees in the park were green, two little engagements were added to the gen-

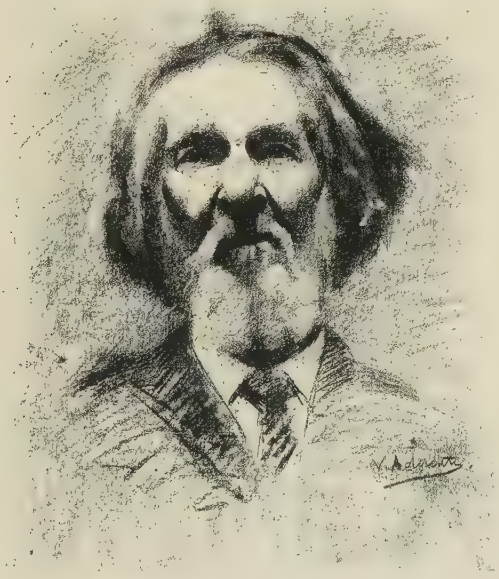


Drawn by Herbert A. Levy

A SKETCH

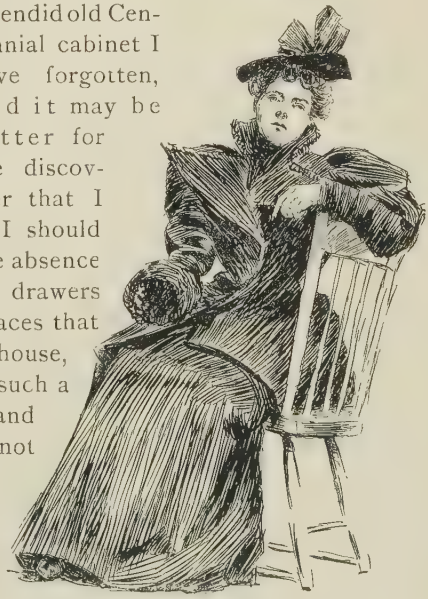
eral account of credit and loss in the social world, and further than these it is not the purpose of this article to go. Some one recently wrote a short story called "A Landscape by Constable," and although the plot was laid abroad it recalled to me the true, unconscious, and altogether captivating student-life at the Metropolitan School, in a way that no other art-story has ever done. Perhaps there was more of the individual atmosphere of French schools there, than is to be found about the Academy or the Art Student's League.

Drawn by Alice Morlan
AN HOUR'S PRACTICE



Drawn by Vincent Adovente
A PORTRAIT-STUDY

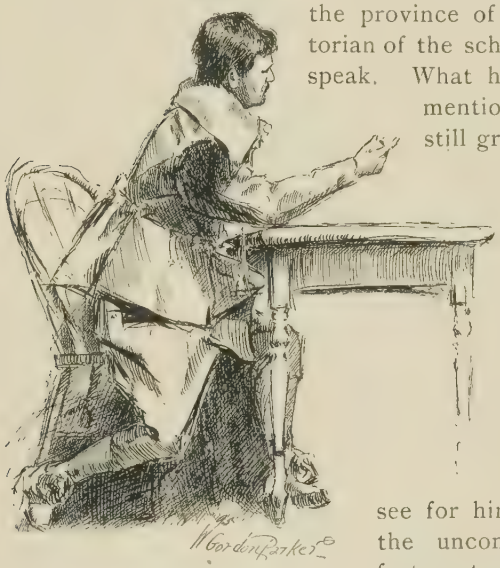
The fine old Museum afforded resources and opportunities for scrapes of which the less fortunately situated Academy and League students could not dream. To whose ingenuity the Metropolitan students were indebted for the solution of the problem of the secret drawers in the splendid old Centennial cabinet I have forgotten, and it may be better for the discoverer that I have, and still best for the world at large that I should not reveal the way in which it is practicable, in the absence of the guard, to make numberless fascinating drawers and cubby holes of every form spring open in places that seem carved of solid wood. The storage-warehouse, the repository for treasure and billet-doux, that such a cabinet affords, among persons who understand and appreciate it, would be past belief to anyone not thoroughly acquainted with the genus art-student. I am speaking of days long past, and it would be the height of unwisdom for anyone to venture to explore the cabinet for relics or trophies of the school. It would be easier to open a bank-safe without the combination than



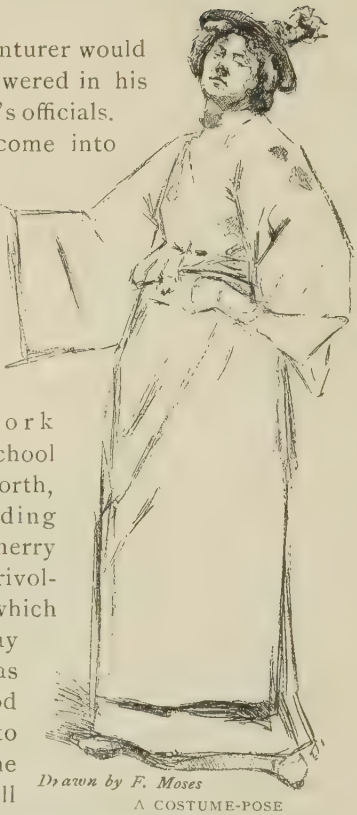
Drawn by Robert Stearns
A SHORT CALL

the Centennial cabinet without the clue, and the adventurer would find himself—by the time the guard noticed him—lowered in his own esteem almost as much as in that of the Museum's officials.

These, I repeat, are things of which it may not come into the province of a historian of the school to speak. What he will mention, and at still greater length than is possible for me, is the excellent work that the school is putting forth, notwithstanding all its merry healthful frivolity, and which any one may see for himself who has the uncommonly good fortune to be invited to the reception held on the last Saturday afternoon of each month. The visitor will incidentally be required to spend an hour before the close in sketching from a model in some picturesque costume, after which there will be criticism of the work. This is a unique feature of this school. The reception is held in the great "student's room," the central rallying-place of the students in their new building. It fronts on Seventh Avenue, and is provided with everything that an almost unbohemian love of comfort can suggest.



Drawn by W. Gordon Parker
AN ARGUMENT



Drawn by F. Moses
A COSTUME-POSE

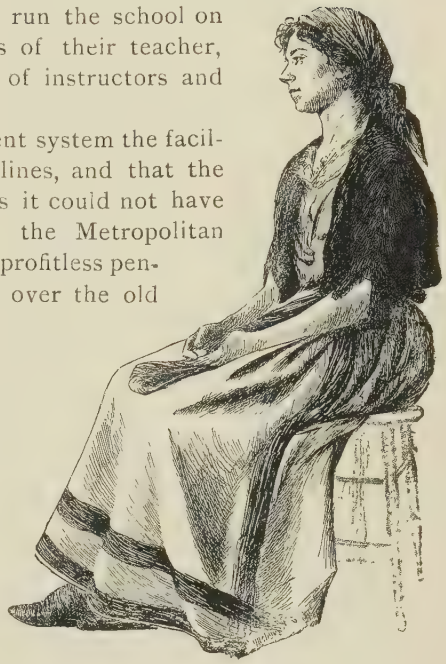
Nothing can show the buoyancy and determined steadfastness of the school better than the way in which a few of the students came together when the trustees of the Metropolitan had closed

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst
HOUSEHOLD CARES

their studies, and resolved to reorganize and run the school on coöperative principles, retaining the services of their teacher, Herbert A. Levy, and adding to the number of instructors and instructions.

There can be no doubt that under the present system the facilities for advancement are laid along broader lines, and that the school will flourish in Carnegie Music Hall as it could not have done among the unavoidable limitations of the Metropolitan Museum, but I cannot help lingering, with the profitless penchant of a dreamer for days that are gone, over the old Museum haunts where there were few scholars and less system, and the world was a very care-free, unimportant place, and where the governing principles seemed to be like those expressed by a wise old model: "Trust in the Lord and draw straight."

Each generation of students feels that the administration under which it studied was the best and merriest, and I have heard grave and distinguished artists recalling years of which only the pleasant memories are left—memories of attending a midnight mass at Notre Dame, and of carefully and systemat-



Drawn by J. A. Allen

A PICTURESQUE DRESS

Drawn by Alice Morlan

A FRIENDLY CRITICISM

ically pinning together the coats, shawls and dresses of the men and women who thronged the aisles around them; just as the students of to-day will recall the little twenty-five-cent casts which they grouped among the flower-boxes outside the window of the dignified So ty of American Artists during the exhibition of the National Sculpture Society, placarded, "Imitation is the highest form of praise."

The art-student life of twenty years ago seems so much more picturesque than that of more recent years. Students are more conventional now (it is not being laid up against them by the world at large), and this laudable change is of course to be attributed to the regenerating influence of the girl student.

Twenty years ago a young gentleman who had embraced the career

From a painting by Irving R. Wiles

A PORTRAIT BEGUN

Fragment from a painting by C. S. Reinhart

TAKING NOTES CONCERNING THE WRECK

From a painting by Fannie Louise Hoyt
SOMEBODY'S SISTER

then put his stockings on again outside of his shoes and started on merrily, singing in a tremendous baritone,

"A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,
Yo! ho! roll a man down!"

Who would do this on Fifth Avenue to-day?

It is certain that the art-student has reached a higher state of civilization; but I do maintain that it is as difficult to judge comparatively of those days and these as of the respective merits of ancient and modern methods of embalming. There are embalmers to-day who claim that their work is far superior and more enduring than that done in the time of the Pharaohs, but they are unable as yet to show us specimens of modern embalming two thousand years old, and therefore we shall continue to pin our faith to the Egyptians, confident that by the time the momentous question has been decided it will no longer interest us.

of art, went out a-calling during the most phenomenal sleet-storm that Paris ever knew. His way lay along a Boulevard Montparnasse as slippery as the straight and narrow path of fable, and observing this he seated himself on a doorstep, took off his shoes and stockings,

Drawn by Marian Woods Ents
AN INTERESTED POSER

From a painting by Isabel A. Lyons
PHEASANTS

A DIFFICULTY IN ART-PHOTOGRAPHY

By T. Dwight Parkinson

Illustrated from photographs by A. N. Lindenmuth.

Without venturing into argument, it may be observed that the first effort of photography, after a success had been made of portraiture, was to reproduce buildings and landscapes, and for a long time the interest and object of the operator was technical or commercial rather than artistic. Hence Ruskin's outburst, that he would rather have a sketch of a single tuft of daisies, or something equally small, than a photograph of the girdle of the earth made on the equator, had a basis which now even that grouty philosopher must confess no longer exists to provoke him. Everyone will admit that, granted the best technical result, a photograph of a landscape may now be made which will approach, in the estimation of most persons, a monotint drawing of the same scene under similar conditions. It is true that the credit lies with the man equally if not more than with the instrument; but that is true of the sketch or painting.

But the composing of groups before the camera is a different and undoubtedly higher undertaking. Men are regarded as better than machines because they have brains and can think. But in some situations men, and especially women, are the

From a photograph by A. N. Lindenmuth

FAGIN'S DEN: AN ILLUSTRATION FOR "OLIVER TWIST"

From a photograph by A. N. Lindenmuth

THE FAIRY TALE OF "SLEEPING BEAUTY"

better for not thinking, or at any rate for not discriminating; and one of these situations is when they are placed before a camera to help tell a story in the dumb show of a genre composition, or some sort of a personification. Then self-consciousness stiffens limbs that are never so willing, and stamps the countenance with a certain anxiety, though it may be so faintly that the all-revealing lens alone detects it. This subjective difficulty is so great that Mr. Lindenmuth deserves no little praise for his success in approaching naturalness of expression in his figures, the face of the woman in the tall chair being especially noteworthy in this respect.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO HIGH NOON

By Florence Seely

With original illustrations by F. W. Henrich.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

The mystic "midnight hour"—who has not felt its charm sometime, somewhere, on sea or land! Perhaps 'tis summer. The August moon is full, the air warm and still. With a boon companion we have been mingling with a gay throng. They have left us, but we do not feel the usual inclination for sleep, and a strange unrest possesses us. "Let us take a stroll," we say, "through the deserted street, and down past the old church." As we reach the familiar spot, the hands on the belfry clock point to the twelfth hour. The soft moonlight makes the shadows among the trees deep, weird, and mysterious.

What *is* this strange feeling, suggestive of ghosts, hobgoblins, and the "lady in white?" We turn our gaze upon the tall white marble shafts and slabs that mark the sleeping-place of those whom we call the happy dead, for "they rest from their labor." The uneasy, half-superstitious dread disappears at the thought, but we become solemn and sad. Now the old clock rings out its chime on the still midnight air, which vibrates with each stroke. We are startled by the first clang, and remain breathless, as one by one the long and ominous series of strokes is beaten out of the resonant metal. The conscientious clock ceases at last its loud tale of time's flight, and everything becomes as before—yet not really the same. We have had forced upon

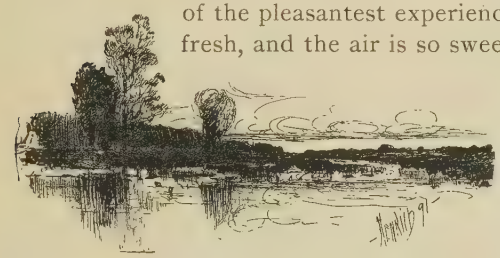
A SKETCH NEAR DETROIT

our minds, breaking into our "sad smiling," the knowledge that another day of work is beginning, and we are admonished of the need of rest in preparation for it.

"Lo! from clouds now disappearing,
Moonlight falls with silvery glow,
While in calm, unbroken slumber
Rest enfolds the world below."

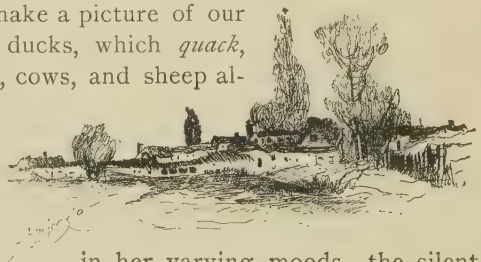
We turn our reluctant steps homeward, grow sleepy, and close our eyes. When next we open them it is not *au claire de la lune*, but in a flood of golden sunlight which fills us with life and energy once more.

If you have never stayed at a big farm-house in midsummer you have lost one of the pleasantest experiences of life. Everything is so bright and fresh, and the air is so sweet and pure.



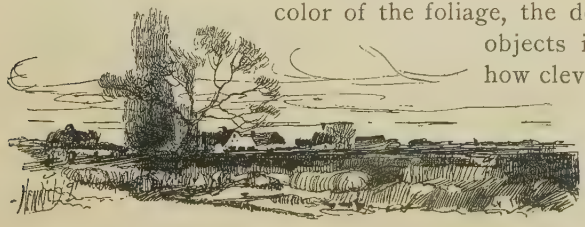
The rich wheat-fields; the gardens full of vegetables, trim and clean; the apples in the orchard behind the house, beginning to turn rosy, or the early luscious green ones, dropping at your feet; the singing of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, the voices of the laborers—all these mingle with your waking dreams and delight both eyes and heart. Everything seems to have grown as a natural sequence, and you think what a delightful existence the farmer has.

Perhaps we have artistic inclinations, so that our sketch-book and pencil bear us company, and, like Mr. Henrich, we make a picture of our surroundings, including the wandering ducks, which *quack, quack*, at being hastened home. Horses, cows, and sheep always seem to expect to be driven, but ducks and geese resent the proceeding, after the manner of certain independent ones of our own kind, who, however, would doubtless resent the comparison.



Mr. Henrich is in touch with nature in her varying moods—the silent poetry, the busy, active, growing aspect; the broad expanse of field and river, marsh and woodland, not forgetting humanity withal, as is made evident by the glimpse of distant roof-tops, always included as a sign of human life and energy, with home-love as the spring of it all.

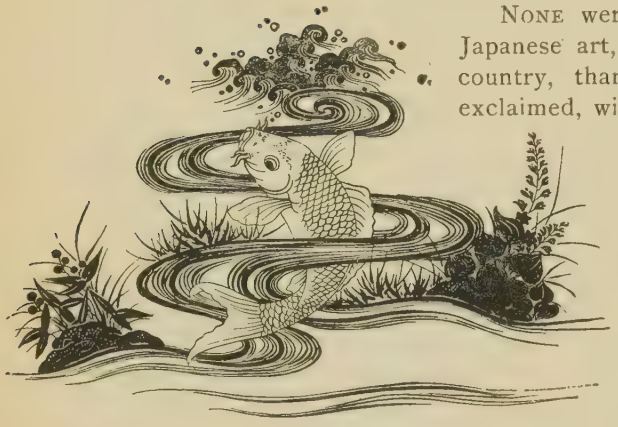
Is it not marvellous that a few strokes of the pen in drawing can carry us mentally to places we have read of or visited, and so vividly that we see before us the color of the foliage, the deep reflections in the water, the objects in the far distance? We think how clever we are to be so imaginative, whereas this is the skill of the illustrator, and we are taking credit to ourselves under the influence of this power.



THE NATURALIST AND THE ARTIST

By Ernest Ingersoll

Illustrated from drawings by Japanese artists.



None were more enthusiastic admirers of Japanese art, when it first came to view in this country, than the naturalists. "Why," they exclaimed, with delighted surprise, "we can recognize these things, specifically."

This praise of the Japanese was an implied condemnation of the rest of the picture-making world, from the point of view of the naturalist.

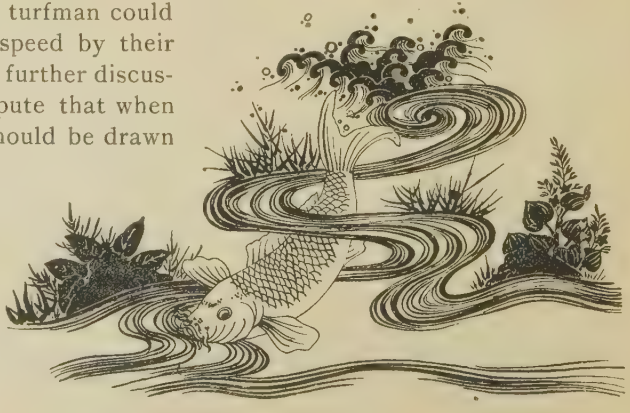
When the European artist—to maintain a discreet distance from "present company"—sits down to make a drawing of an animal,—fish, fowl, or good red herring,—he may, or he may not, produce an accurate portrait. The pains he has taken to get the outlines correct, the action natural, the coloring true, are very likely to show through his result, and then his friends will pronounce it inartistic,—a verdict that the naturalist explains by the declaration that it isn't *right*.

I am speaking now of wild animals—not the domestics of the barnyard, which have engaged attention so long that painters have taught one another how to get pretty close to the truth about them. But even there the good result seems often to be accidental. One of our American painters of horses and equestrian subjects had spent many an hour upon a composition containing many horses and riders rushing forward at a fierce gallop. When it was finished he was found sitting as the first enthusiastic admirer of an unexpected success.

"What do you call it?" he was asked, after a respectful silence.

"I intended it for a cavalry charge," said the painter. "But they are going so much faster than I thought they would that I am going to call it 'A Retreat.'"

Whether it ought to be expected of a painter that he be able to "time" his horses on the canvas, so that a turfman could closely estimate their rate of speed by their "action," may be a question for further discussion; but surely there is no dispute that when animals are drawn at all they should be drawn correctly.



The fact that the Japanese artist knows how, and is willing, to fulfil this requirement, is undoubtedly one great source of our enjoyment of his treatment of animals and plants.

No matter how decorative may be the purpose and handling of the accessories, the creature in the picture is faithfully done and imparts verisimilitude to the whole. Take, for example, the first two designs illustrating the present article: they were originally made in lacquer. The water of the curving little brook is certainly conventional, and the curling waves at the top so much so as to be nearly meaningless, but the carp, though out of all proportion to the background, is carefully and correctly drawn. It is not just a fish—any fish—but a *carp*. The carp is probably the most familiar fish in Asia, so that it is not surprising that an Eastern draughtsman should know how to represent properly and strikingly the comparatively simple elements that enter into its portrait; but these Japanese seem equally adept at much more uncommon and more complicated animals. Their success in depicting birds is simply unrivalled. They know their attitudes, they understand their plumage, they perceive and apply those peculiarities of beak and feet, comparative wing-length, outline of tail, etc., which are diagnostic; and they appreciate these points so well that even a few careless strokes make a *portrait*. It is not merely a form which you call a bird because you're sure it isn't a wheelbarrow, but it is a particular bird—a kingfisher, or some other one recognizable at once if you are as good an ornithologist as the draughtsman.

"But why won't the rule work both ways?" the artist replies. "If the naturalist demands that I shall be perfect in science as well as in drawing, why may I not require of him that he become artist as well as zoologist, and make his own pictures?"

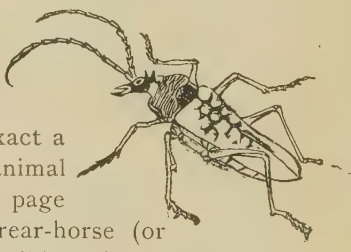
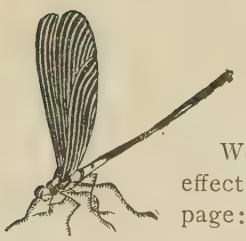
The defence is neither logical nor unanswerable. Each may *excuse* himself under the aphorism of Hip-

pocrates, as Longfellow translates it, —"Art is long and time is fleeting;" but the sauce is no less for the goose because equally fitting for the gander!

The lower forms of life seem to have a special attraction for the Japanese, who knows his reptiles, crabs and insects as well as he does his birds and bears.

Let the reader look at that marginal row of bees, beetles, grasshoppers and what not. Are they not decorative? Are they not true? And are they any the less decorative and artistic because so accurately drawn?

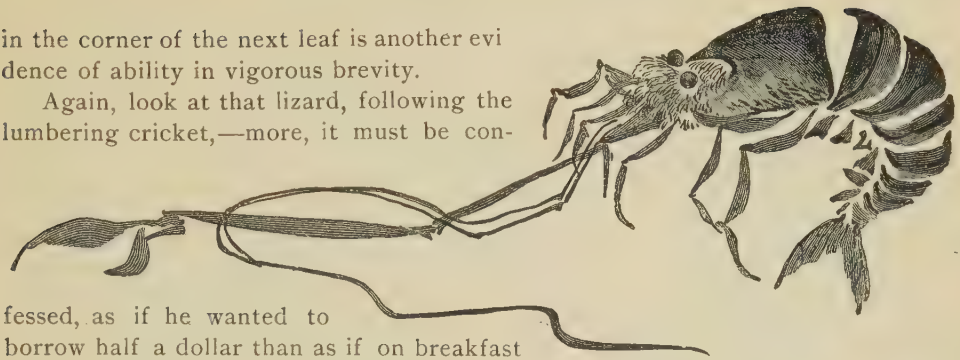
If it were not for the close observation which this accuracy implies, no man could dash off with a few brush-strokes so vivid and exact a semblance to a complicated animal as the silhouettes on the fifth page of this article show. That rear-horse (or mantis), is just as comprehensible as is the chicken, staring at him with an amazement comically timid. Nor is the little fowl itself a weak example of *chic*.

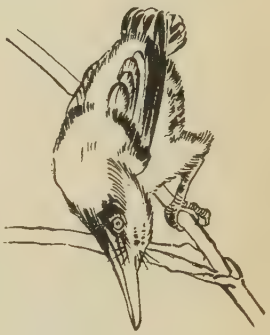



Wonderful certainty of touch and vividness of effect appear in that shrimp at the top of the same page: and the kingfisher gazing over his shoulder

in the corner of the next leaf is another evi dence of ability in vigorous brevity.

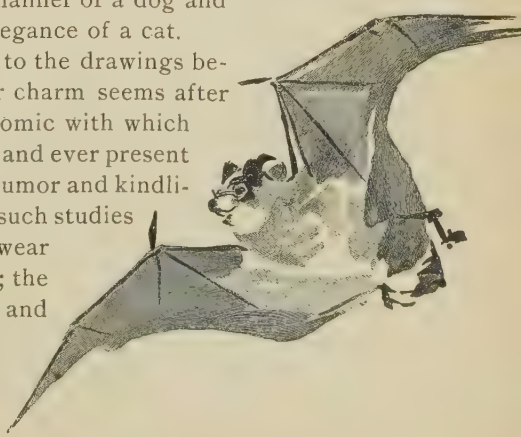
Again, look at that lizard, following the lumbering cricket,—more, it must be confessed, as if he wanted to borrow half a dollar than as if on breakfast bent: notice how simple is the drawing, and in parts really hasty, yet how conscientiously the arrangement of the plates on the head has been attended to. If lizards and snakes had not been pretty well studied by the artist, he would have found himself baffled when he tried to compose his dreadful dragon, and bend him into such soul-chilling writhings. What a composite he is, by the way! worthy to have been born of the ingredients in the caldron of the witches of "Macbeth": body of a serpent; feet of a bird of prey, but scaly, like a lizard's, and having cat's claws; a head suggesting a crocodile's, but with the teeth and tongue of a tiger; horns of a deer, barbels of a catfish and eyes of human fierceness. Pouf! This demon overdoes it! He is a transparent humbug and scares nobody.





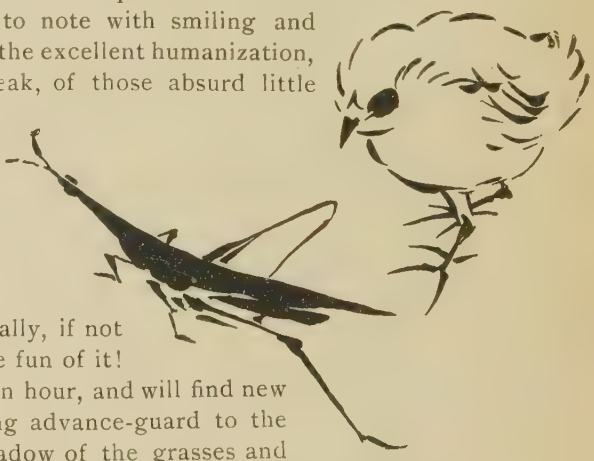
Now the naturalist does not assert that animals must always be treated with scientific minuteness; he simply pleads that when the artist does put in a detail it should be the right one. Daily observation shows that this exhortation is pertinent. The National Gallery, in London, is annually subjected by *The Field*, the leading out-door journal of Great Britain, to an expert criticism of the animal-pictures and those dealing with farm-life and sporting incidents; and unexpected errors are often pointed out, as in a painting of a tiger, drinking, greatly admired last year for its general excellence, where the king of the jungle was lapping up the water in the boorish manner of a dog and not with the dainty elegance of a cat.

But to come back to the drawings before us, their peculiar charm seems after all to reside in the delicate flavor of the comic with which nearly every one is imbued; and it is the keen and ever present sense of humor in the kindly Japanese—for humor and kindliness are closely akin—that turns him toward such studies as delight us here. The lady-bird, bound to wear her polka dots bravely in such fine company; the bees with their big heads and furry coats and

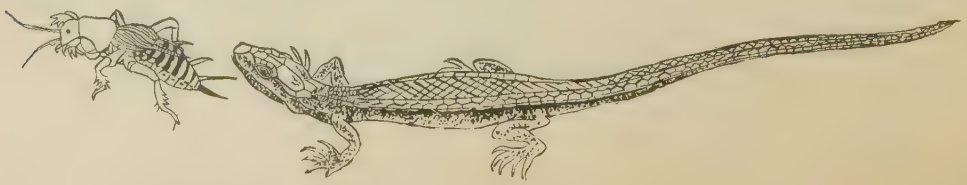


blundering dignity; the idiotic strut of that long-horned beetle, haranguing the multitude with one leg poised aloft like the hand of a Fourth-of-July orator; the dragon-flies struggling against the adversity of being constructed on the cantilever principle;—all these things cause smiles and justify the artist's judgment.

But the crowning delight is in that march of insects across the bottom of the page. They are carrying a beetle in a palanquin, which is also a cage, and giving him an honorable escort. No Japanese of the old régime would need to be told that this is a caricature of a daimio's procession, very obsequious to the Mikado in the centre, yet very careful not to let him out! But the political or social significance does not concern us at present. We are content to note with smiling and laughter the excellent humanization, so to speak, of those absurd little creatures, without straining in a single degree their insect anatomy. These are not animals with joints bent the wrong way, in order to distort them into creatures imitating the human actions impossible to them in fact, but perfect insects walking on their hind legs, an attitude occasionally, if not habitually assumed by them. And the fun of it! You may examine that procession for an hour, and will find new mirth in every figure, from the dancing advance-guard to the stragglers at the rear, glad of the shadow of the grasses and weeds that tower so grandly over their heads, and a little afraid lest the mantis, ridden so proudly by the Lord High Somebody, may lash out with his heels or tread upon their delicate toes.

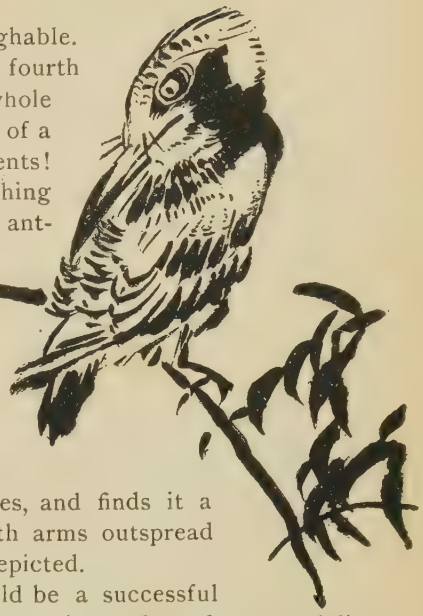


The whole scuttling tribe of the crabs is comic, and it is no wonder that they pop up in all sorts of places in Japan as motives for decoration. The Japanese, who uses them constantly in carving and drawing, molding and



casting can rarely refrain from making them laughable. How ridiculous is that crayfish at the head of the fourth page, with his tail tucked safely under him, and his whole front sputtering impotent defiance! The absurdity of a thing like a crab with such prepospterous sentiments!

Nothing is too mean for this draughtsman—nothing beneath his pencil. He comes across a wriggling ant-hunting salamander in the woods, trying his best to hide his black feet and dark-green pepper-and-salt back and big soft head under the leaves. Straightway this artist must have a good laugh and then sit down and draw him under his velvet hide. As the man lounges in the evening he sees the bats dodging duskily around his eaves. He follows all their labyrinthine gyrations with his eyes, and finds it a matter worth record: hence that bat dancing with arms outspread across the corner of our page, and wonderfully depicted.



Agassiz and Cuvier asserted that no man could be a successful naturalist without the aid of imagination; and no artist truly and successfully portray animals unless he possesses a gentle heart and a sweet sense of humor.

THE POTTERY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By W. J. Hoffman, M. D.

Illustrated from specimens in the National Museum.

IV.—Development of Forms—Bowls and Vases

The ruins and cliff-houses of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as the tumuli of southern Utah and the Mississippi valley, have furnished vast quantities of ceramic remains, among which there is a noticeable scarcity of flat vessels and long-necked jars or bottles. It is rather interesting to note, also, that within the area of the "ancient" pueblos there appears to be a total absence of vessels with feet or legs, or like projections; and, likewise, a scarcity of forms imitating living objects—which are now so common among the modern inhabitants of the same region—attributable, perhaps, to a tardy development of taste in modeling. As I have remarked in a previous paper of this series, the vegetable world appears to have furnished many originals, as illustrated in the forms derived from adaptations of the squash and gourd.

FIG. 78. BOWL-FORMS SUGGESTED BY THE GOURD

It has been observed that if the body of the common long-necked gourd were cut through transversely, the extreme, or lower, end would furnish the type of form for the cup or bowl; and if the neck only were removed, or the round gourd simply perforated, the result would be somewhat similar to the shapes in figure 78. If the neck of the gourd were cut, as in figure 79, a plain lip or rim would result, giving rise to forms of a series embracing vases and ollas or pots.

FIG. 79. FURTHER FORMS FROM THE GOURD

A heart-shaped bowl, suggested by the original model shown in figure 78, is here reproduced in figure 80, being a superior specimen from the valley of the Little Colorado, Arizona. Another from the same province, with the top a little more depressed, is represented in figure 81, an example giving evidence of skill and good taste seldom perceived in vessels from this locality. A globular vase, presenting many of the features shown in preceding figures, is illustrated herewith in figure 82. The mouth, although not depressed, is quite large, while upon either side is a node vertically perforated, to serve as a handle, or rather for suspension.

FIG. 80. A HEART-SHAPED BOWL: ARIZONA

A bowl or vase of similar type is shown in figure 83, a specimen of red polished ware from Chiriqui. The

FIG. 81. A BOWL: TUSAYAN

mouth has been turned sharply upward, indicating a slight advance both in form and gracefulness of shape. The shoulder is still depressed, as in the above specimens from the Province of Tusayan; but in figure 84 will be observed a nearer approach to the Tusayan type, having both rim and nodes, the latter not for the attachment of a cord, as they are imperforate, but to serve as ornaments. The bowl is also rather heart-shaped, as in several of the preceding specimens.

From the pueblo of Cochiti we have a vessel (fig. 85), the bowl of which is similar to some of the preceding examples, but to which is added a hollow handle, no doubt suggested by the neck of its vegetable prototype. This vessel appears also as a connecting link between the bowl and the dipper, examples of the latter of which, exceedingly numerous and varied in form, are to be seen in every pueblo household. The handles are frequently made so as to simulate various animate or even mythical forms, this deviation from the plain gourd-like handle being perceptible even in the last-named specimen.

FIG. 82. A BOWL WITH NODES: TUSAYAN

Although most of the pueblo vases and water-vessels have much resemblance in the general contour of the bowl, Zuñi furnishes the greatest variation in the matter of ornamentation. The shape of these vases is similar to that of the Chiriqui vessels, a type of which is represented in figure 84, the large rimless mouth being conspicuous, but instead of a slightly heart-shaped base there is often a tendency to a flat or depressed one, as in figure 85. This results from the method of manufacture. Vessels having a flat or round bottom are characteristic of older forms, while the more recent and all modern types—according to information given to me by Frank H. Cushing—are concave or hollowed at the base to facilitate balancing on the head. Figure 86 illustrates the concavity, in the bottom, and also a sectional view of the olla or pot; the annular ring or mat used for carrying the vessel comfortably on the head, and the manner of this method of transportation are shown in figures 88 and 88*a*.

FIG. 83. A POLISHED RED VASE: CHIRIQUI

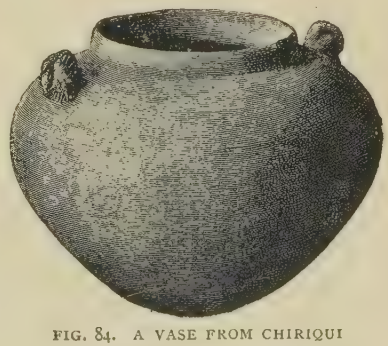


FIG. 84. A VASE FROM CHIRIQUI

In another Zuñi vase (fig. 89), the rim has a more pronounced tendency toward an outward-curving lip, as is shown in a very grace-

FIG 85. A WATER-VESSEL: COCHITI, N. M.

ful vase from a mound in Wisconsin, represented in figure 90.

At either side of a wide-mouthed pot from Tennessee are two small horizontal projections, which served, no doubt, in suspending the vessel (fig. 91). Handles originally intended to facilitate suspension are evidently survivals of handles which had their typical development from basketry. "This idea," says Mr. Holmes, "is confirmed by their shapes and by the fact that a large percentage of pottery handles are useless as aids to suspension or transportation."

In figure 92 the four loops or handles are complete, a matter of frequent occurrence in the older types of the ceramic remains of ancient Greece and Asia Minor; while in some examples there remain only suggestions of handles, in low relief, which, in other specimens, are indicated by ornamental incisions as in figures 93 and 95. The pottery from Central America is conspicuous for its more graceful shape and the greater amount of ornamentation. Bowls and vases, in all essential characteristics similar to those from the United States, are frequently made more serviceable, as well as more artistic, by the addition of feet or legs, and by the development of nodes upon the shoulder or rim into graceful or ornamented handles.

FIG. 87. A ZUNI WATER-JAR

Recurring again to vases having large mouths and slightly recurving lips, with projecting nodes upon the shoulder, figure 94 illustrates one in which the nodes become handles and represent animals' heads, which are hollow and contain pebbles of clay. A slight increase in the development of the handles is shown in figure 97, also from Chiriqui. In this case the handles are attached horizontally. The enlargement of a simple form of a pair of handles, upon either side, connecting the winged lips with the shoulder of the bowl, is represented in a graceful form, as shown in figure 99, resembling the types of Greece and Cyprus. The fracture of a single handle would seem readily to have suggested the prototype of the pitcher.

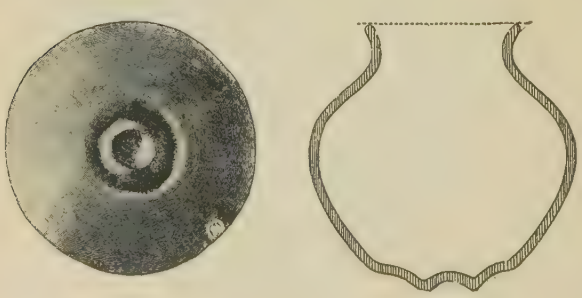


FIG. 86. A BOTTOM, AND A SECTION, OF AN OLLA

A pair of vertical handles extending on either side from the shoulder to the winged lip, is represented in figure 98, and foretells the advancement toward a type, the completed form of which appears in figure 96. The latter furthermore suggests connection with

FIG. 88. CARRYING A LARGE BOWL

the clay baskets and handled bowls of Zuñi, to which a descriptive reference will be made farther on.

It has been suggested, also, that the feet or legs at the base of bowls, trays or vases, were superadded features acquired, perhaps, rather recently. In Chiriqui, however, we have evidence that such additions were common in prehistoric times, and this may be said to be true, also, of the pottery of Mexico. A small tripod cup from Chiriqui is represented in figure 102; while in figure 101 the vase is both handled and adorned with feet, presenting an exceedingly interesting comparison with a similar tripod vase from ancient Troy, reproduced herewith in figure 100, from Schliemann's "Ilios."

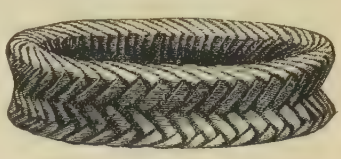


FIG. 88a. A HEAD-MAT

Because of the frequent reference to the province of Chiriqui, and the highly artistic ceramic remains obtained there, it is deemed eminently appropriate to digress for a moment in order to make note of that interesting region which has, until quite recently, remained almost unknown to the world at large. As stated in a previous paper, this province is politically a part of South America, though geographically it belongs to the North American continent, lying immediately north of the Isthmus of Panama and touching the southern boundary of Costa Rica.

FIG. 89. A ZUNI WATER-VASE

The earliest published accounts are those of the Spanish conquerors, who traversed the country a number of times; but it was reserved for the era of railway and canal construction before accurate reports, concerning the geography and people, were made public.

FIG. 90. A VASE FROM A WISCONSIN MOUND

The present inhabitants are chiefly Indians and natives of mixed blood, whose chief subsistence consists of the natural products of the country. They are believed to possess no trustworthy traditions concerning the ancient inhabitants—among Indians generally such traditions are of little, if any, historic value—and they manifest no interest in the ancient burial places, as they might do, perhaps, were they the direct descendants of those whose pottery and metallic ornaments, are now so eagerly sought after by museums.

FIG. 91. AN ANCIENT VASE: TENNESSEE

The highest state of culture there may have been contemporaneous with that of the metal-workers of New Grenada, upon the one hand, and with the manufacturers of pottery of Costa Rica, on the other, which period, without doubt, antedated the time of the Spanish conquest. Balboa, in 1510, obtained at the capture of the Indian village of Darien "plates of gold such as they hang on their breasts and other parts, and other things, all of them amounting to ten thousand pesos of fine gold." (Herrara: Hist. of America, vi. 369.) Pizarro, and others, plundered the natives wherever possible, and the reports of this wealth gave rise to all kinds of reports. The Atlantic coast-portion of Chiriqui and Veragua was named by Columbus Castillo del Oro, because of the abundance of rich objects worn by its natives; and it is said that Costa Rica received its name in like manner; and also that tales of the mythical "El Dorado," traditionally located in the interior of the South American Continent, originated from the same circumstance.

FIG. 92. A POT FROM AN ALABAMA GRAVE

FIG. 93. A POT: ARKANSAS

It may be added that the metal-work of ancient Chiriqui consists to great extent, of effigies of the human form, artistically executed and finished with a delicate tracery of wire-work, resembling, to some extent, Etruscan jewelry.

The cemeteries are seldom found near the sea, but occur throughout the river-valleys, plateaus, and in the forests. They are numerous and usually of small extent, though the one from which was obtained much of the fine ware now accessible for examination in the United States National Museum, extended over an area of about twelve acres. The graves are diverse in form and depth, and are variously classified by different modern explorers. The preservation of much of the pottery is due to the fact that the rectangular excavations, constituting the graves, have the walls lined or built up with stones, while in each corner is a pillar, the four supporting a large flagstone, thus leaving a protected cavern, while the whole was buried under a mound of stones and earth. One variety of such quadrangular graves measures as much as six feet in depth, and from four to six feet in horizontal dimensions. In another

FIG. 95. A POT: PECAN POINT, ARKANSAS

FIG. 94. ANIMAL-HEAD HANDLES: CHIRIQUI

variety, however, the grave-pit was only two feet deep. There is still another form usually designated as a compound cist. In one of these, the upper portion was in all respects similar to the quadrangular grave, but from the middle of the cavern there descended a shaft to the depth of almost five feet, where the chamber was enlarged so as to measure from six to nine feet in horizontal dimensions. Fragments of pottery strew the bottom of such graves, but the entire cavity is now filled with a debris of earth and stones.

FIG. 97. HORIZONTAL HANDLES: CHIRIQUI

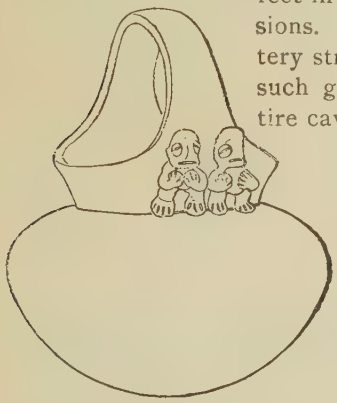


FIG. 99. AN ARCHED HANDLE: CHIRIQUI

Human remains are conspicuously absent, though from the location of the ornaments believed to have adorned the body of the buried person, at the time of his sepulture, the custom of burial may have been the same as with other modern tribes. Cremation has been suggested to account for the almost general absence of bones, but that custom is unknown among the present or historic tribes of this region.

Respecting the deposition of pottery in these graves, there was apparently no regularity observed, since vessels are found in almost every position, and they appear to have been deposited carelessly, sometimes even during the process of filling in the earth, and sometimes placed at the sides of the cavern in niches made by removing wall-pebbles.

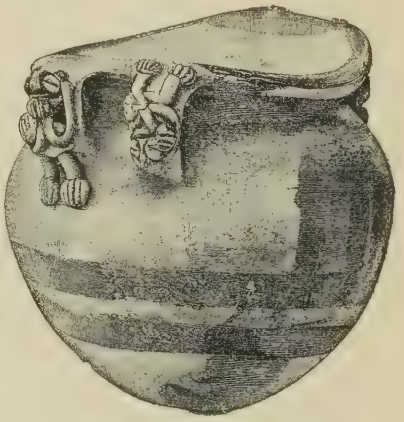


FIG. 98. A CHIRIQUI VASE

FIG. 99. A BROAD HANDLED VASE: CHIRIQUI

Although there are no surface-indications of the presence of these graves, one familiar with searching for them experiences but little difficulty in finding them. A light iron rod is carried and frequently thrust into the loose soil, until it strikes stones and boulders covering the flagstone of some grave, which has been concealed by the soil during the lapse of centuries.

The Spaniards found the people of Chiriqui expert mechanics and metallurgists,

making articles of gold, and of alloys of gold with both tin and copper; they were also familiar with the use of the blowpipe. Some of the human effigies are plated, but the authenticity of the gilding cannot be satisfactorily or finally settled until further scientific and responsible examinations shall have been conducted toward that end.

FIG. 101. A LARGE VASE: CHIRIQUI

One of the best arguments in favor of the native origin of the forms and decorations found there, is that they are foreign to the European types of that and anterior dates. The general expression and ensemble of these metallic wares, are reproduced in pottery, though the latter is necessarily larger and less delicate. Animate forms are observed in numerous examples presented in connection with the ceramic products of Chiriqui, some of which have been reproduced in previous papers in this series, while others are yet to receive attention.

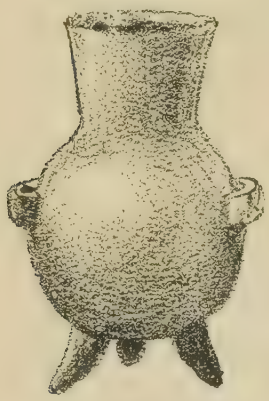


FIG. 100. A TROJAN TRIPOD VASE

Interesting variants of the preceding, illustrate the development of the form of the vase, mouth and feet (figs. 103 and 104); and another noteworthy specimen, also from Chiriqui, is shown in figure 106, where the legs are hollow and the ornamentation is in white paint. The flaring rim is rather unusual, though in the following illustration (fig. 105), it is recurved, while the bowl is furthermore sustained by three grotesque figures. A globular vase, supported by three legs formed of bands, is given under figure 104, because of its resemblance to a type (fig. 100) exhumed from tumuli in Greece and Asia Minor. The four feet of the shallow vase from Chiriqui (fig. 107) form an unusual feature,—so much so that it has been thought worth while to give also a picture (fig. 110) of a Zuñi cooking-vessel with four tall feet, since it is believed to be the only one in the whole National Museum, whose pottery collections comprise many thousands of entries. The necessity for secure supports, in this instance, is obvious.

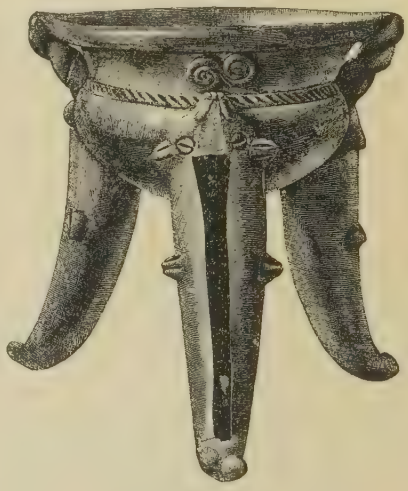


FIG. 103. A TRIPOD VASE: CHIRIQUI

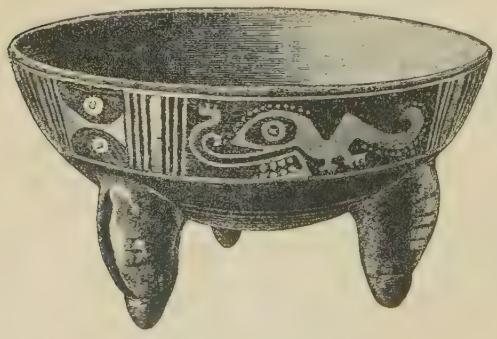


FIG. 102. A TRIPOD CUP: CHIRIQUI

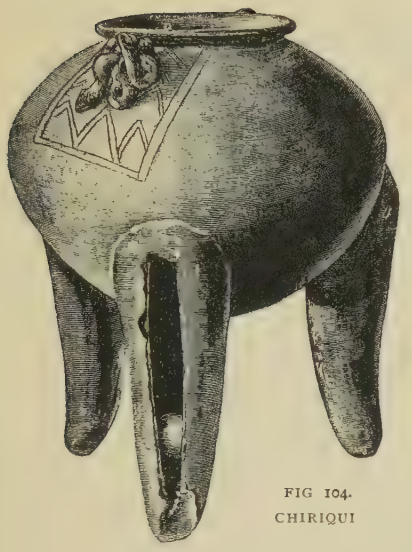


FIG 104. CHIRIQUI

One of the most interesting four-footed vessels of this type is a vase from Chiriqui (fig. 108) which is sub-cubical in form, with a high funnel-shaped rim; and is ornamented at the ends by two grotesque human figures, the legs and feet of which act as supports. The modeling is well done and the somber, yellowish-gray, tinted surface is highly polished and is relieved by black and red lines and dots. This is perhaps one of the most remarkable vases ever obtained in Chiriqui,—a region which has furnished an extensive collection of beautiful specimens to the Smithsonian Institution.

FIG 105. CHIRIQUI

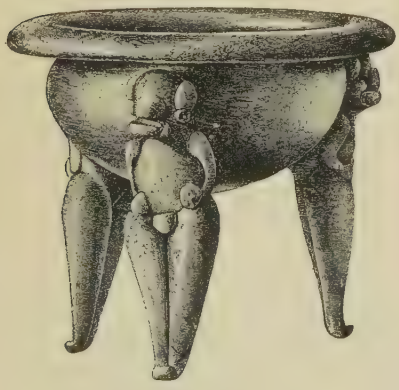


FIG. 105. CHIRIQUI

It is a well-known fact that a considerable traffic has been established in fraudulent archæological specimens, particularly in fanciful types of pottery alleged to have been recovered in Mexico and Central America; and it is astonishing to learn with what difficulty and patience some of the imitators labor in producing so-called "mound" pottery,—an illicit industry due to the interest aroused by valuable finds of antiquities in several states of the Mississippi valley. Fictitious pottery from the regions south of the Mexican boundary are often *overdone*, in both ornamentation and the grouping together of mythical and organic forms which are known, from a cult-standpoint, to be antagonistic to one another. Furthermore, in order to imitate as nearly as possible the paste employed by the aboriginal potters, shreds of ancient pottery are pulverized and mixed with fresh materials in the composition of fraudulent wares; and the forms and decorations of the ancient articles are also closely followed.

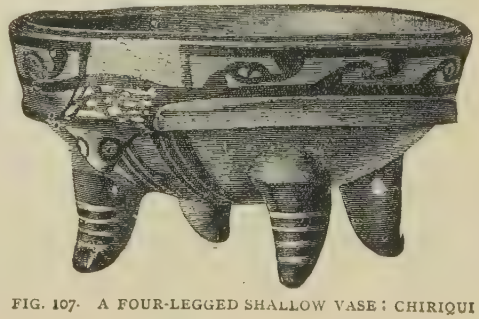


FIG. 107. A FOUR-LEGGED SHALLOW VASE: CHIRIQUI

Much of the "pueblo" pottery from the valley of the Rio Grande in New

Mexico, is not made by the Indians, but by Mexicans who are intermarried with Indians, or who have settled there for the purpose of supplying the demand of tourists, from whom exorbitant prices are often obtained for exceedingly poor objects.

Before leaving the subject of wide-mouthed jars or vases, attention may be called to a type of vessel rarely approached in form in America, but which is common in Asia Minor and along the northern

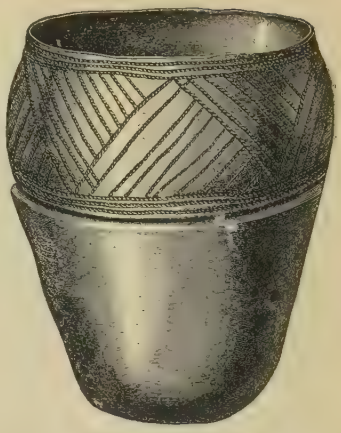


FIG. 109. AN ANCIENT BRITISH BURIAL-VASE

FIG. 108. A GROTESQUE VASE: CHIRIQUI

shores of the Mediterranean. This type is best illustrated by the amphora,—a graceful, elongated vessel, usually terminating below in a sharp projection, enabling it to be thrust in the sand until it will stand upright; and which was used for storing wine, oil, and other substances. The nearest approach in form, in America, is found in the basket-work of some of the western Indians, an example of which was given in the first chapter of this series, fig. 2. This type appears to serve as the prototype of the narrow-necked urns, vases and possibly of the pitchers.

Wide-mouthed vases, nearly resembling the ordinary red earthern flower-pot, were used by nearly all primitive peoples as cinerary or burial urns, the forms being almost identical, whether from the barrows of Scotland; the mounds of America; the graves of the ancient Peruvians; or the buried cities of Asia Minor. An ancient British specimen is shown herewith in fig. 109. Another type, used for the same purpose, has a body rather more globular in form, though the wide mouth remains as in the preceding; illustrations of this variety have already been given.

(To be continued)

FIG. 110. A ZUNI COOKING-POT

Copyright, 1895, by Harry C. Jones

TYPES FROM THE STAGE. I—JENNIE GOLDTHWAITE

Copyright, 1895, by Harry C. Jones

TYPES FROM THE STAGE. II—HELEN BERTRAM

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. III—KATHERINE GRAY

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. IV—ISABEL URQUHART

SUGGESTIONS OF ARCADIA

By Polly King

With original illustrations by Thomas B. Craig.

There is a certain school of animal-painters, whose pictures, having little environment of scene or landscape, are suggestive of the bareness of life-studies.

These pictures, in spite of all their cleverness of technique, fall somewhat short in imagination and fulness of the artist's work who is familiar with nature's moods, who sees glorious effects of light and cloud breaking over the humble stable-yard, who notes the color of light summer woods and gleaming birch-trees, and the heated atmosphere of July days when the sun slants over glowing hills, and over the dappled backs of lazy cattle cooling their feet in shady brooks.

This is the poetry of the lives of dumb creatures,—the poetry of nature which is their home. It has given us the canvases of Troyon, whose magnificent animals live among pastures worthy of the days when Jove, to further his earthly projects, did not disdain to assume the form of a bull;—the pictures of Jules Dupré, too, who shows us the well-to-do peasant's herd, or perhaps his sole cow, feeding in a flat meadow with bordering poplar-trees, or being driven home by a stout young woman in picturesque faded blue petticoat and wooden shoes. Rosa Bonheur, too, never neglected the "scenario" of her pictures.

Thomas B. Craig is happy in this, that he is equally at home in landscape as well as in the delineation of our four-footed friends. In "A Breezy Morning in

MORNING IN THE LANE

ALONG AN OLD WOOD-ROAD IN ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK

June" the sheep are as they would be in nature, subordinate to the scene as a whole; and as they crop the grass on the daisied hillside, simply add to the reposeful

A MILL-POND IN ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK

pastoral character of the quiet summer day, the cloudless sky, and the leafy trees which cluster around the ample barns. The picture of the ruined mill, beside the rushing mountain torrent, strikes a deeper, sadder note, as indeed it may, for there is no sadder spectacle than a deserted home, with its gaping windows and falling roof. How often, alas! the traveler in New England, exploring a picturesque half overgrown roadway, comes to what once was a happy homestead,—the weeds now running riot in the once cherished flower-garden, the hearth round which gathered a happy family, now cold and fireless. It is well, indeed, when these poor remains are reclaimed by the zeal of the searcher after an abandoned farm, as in the charming artist-colony near Windsor, Vermont, where Thomas W. Dewing, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles A. Platt and other well-known people have caused the poor ruins to rise again under skillful architectural fingers.

NOONDAY: A CHARCOAL SKETCH

Probably there is no branch of the artistic profession which brings with it greater labor and greater discouragements than that of painting animals. Beautiful women can stand stock still by the hour, simulating the primness of Priscilla, the witchery of Helen, or the charm of a modern society-girl. Summer light repeats itself; nay, even the waves of the sea lap the shore with a certain regularity. But who can account for the friskings, the extraordinary leg-action, the wild

A STUDY OF SUNLIGHT: A CHARCOAL SKETCH

gayety and abandon, of a young bull in May, when, if he only had any common-sense, he would realize that it was time to fall into pose and have his portrait taken. This brings to mind Frank Stockton's story of the enthusiast who bought a beautiful cow, and, having tethered the creature to a post in the centre of the meadow, settled himself, with easel, camp-stool and umbrella, for a long morning's work. But alas! the "contrairy" creature, had her own opinion about cropping the grass with a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her. Round and round the meadow went the cow.

A HOLSTEIN

did not act that way. They probably came and stood about him, gazing at him with their soft brown eyes and chewing the reflective cud. On the other hand the sympathy and rapport that is often established between the animal-painter and his subjects are quite wonderful, the old rhyme of Mary and her little lamb seeming to have a greater psychological meaning than the

WHITEFACE

Round and round went the artist, until his visions of bucolic peacefulness were mingled with a comet-like apparition, with flying tail and warlike horns. Probably the cattle who sat to Mr. Craig for his vigorous studies of heads

DANDY

NEAR PHILADELPHIA: A CHARCOAL SKETCH

writer of the verses intended. The keepers of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris still tell stories of the lions and tigers who knew Barye as an especial friend. In-

THE BROOKSIDE: A CHARCOAL SKETCH

deed he was not only an admirer of their grace and strength, but took the keenest interest in all their domestic affairs,—the birth of cubs, the deaths, and the new animals from Asia and Africa. Like the artist Gérômè, Barye was devoted to kittens, and would watch by the hour their playful gambolings, tracing in their agile movements the likeness to their relatives the tigers.

A STUDY

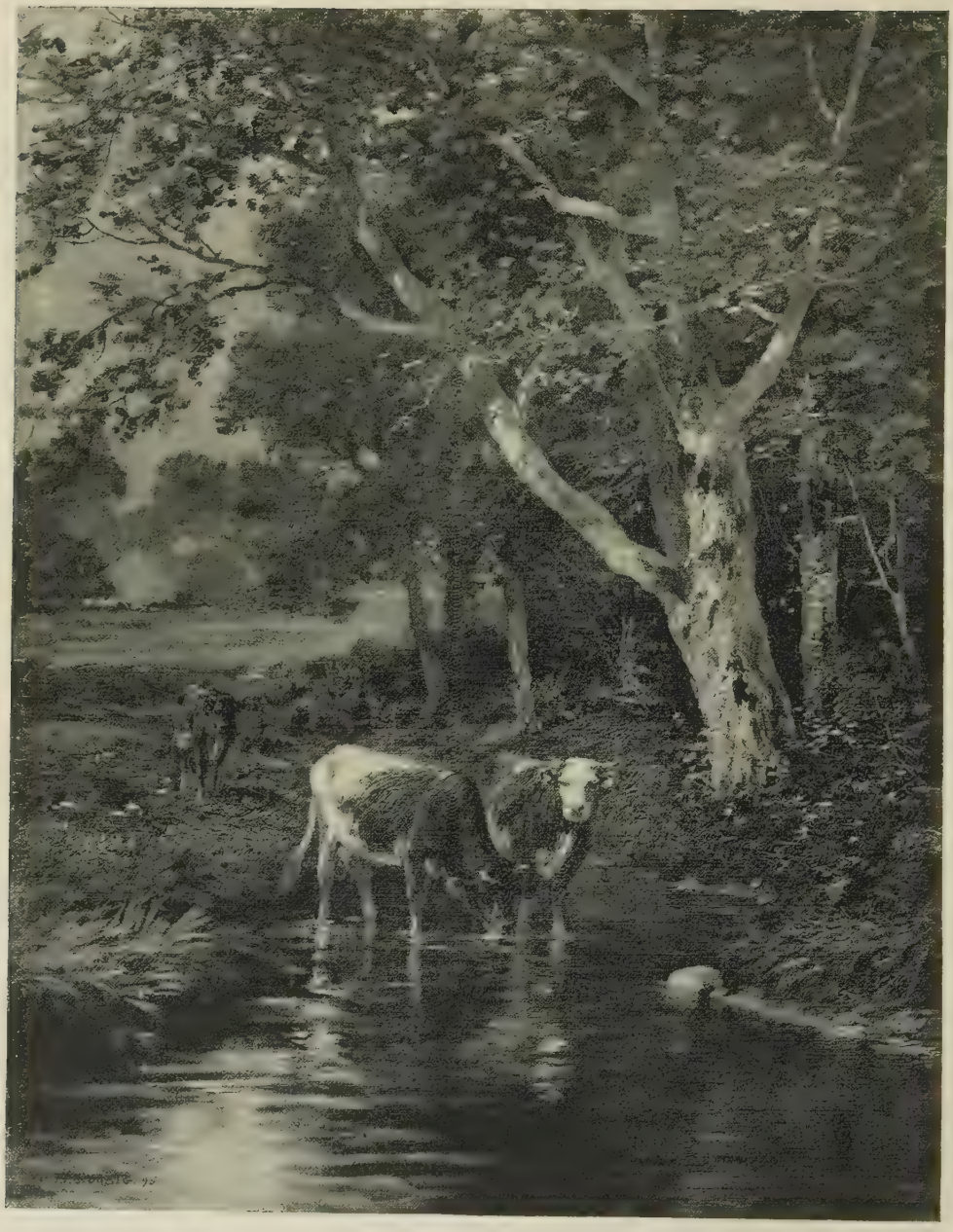
Barye's doing was very like that of Millet, only in another field. As Millet drew attention to the humanity of the despised peasant and helped him, so Barye helped the cause of the dumb creation. "He raised the animal in art, as Millet did the human caste from which he sprang."

Speaking of the more limited sphere of his professional activities, his mission was to raise animal statuary from the contemptible position in which he found it, and to this end he took such pains as his predecessors never thought needful, because they were content with a conventional classicism against which Barye revolted. He made preliminary sketches in pencil and water-color for outline and pose. The animal was then examined by touch and measurement until it was completely known. Next, we are told, the model

A GRAY DAY: A WATER-COLOR DRAWING

A SHEEP FEEDING: AUTUMN

KITTY LAMB



A POOL IN THE MEADOW

was constructed, measurement by measurement, from the life-studies not only, but from studies of the skeleton, the flayed carcass of the beast and the skin. Nothing was left to chance.

Thus far it is a foundation of science. The conscientious taxidermist does the same and then clothes the clay or tow effigy with the skin of the living animal he simulates. Both are realists. But now the well-grounded artist lets imagination

have its way. He is master of the animal's organism, knowing it inside and out: and he can take liberties with it, —"make a wild beast more than wild."

It is related that the painter Rousseau remarked of Barye's magnificent lion in the Tuileries that it had all its fur much more truly than if the sculptor had modeled it hair by hair.

A BREEZY MORNING IN JUNE

But to turn back from the artist of the "Running Elephant" and "The Standing Bear" to the purely bucolic mood of the accompanying pictures, since the days of the Eclogues of Virgil there has been no more beautiful subject for poet or artist than the peaceful scenes of happy country life. And in this age of steam and rush, it is a good thing to get away, even on canvas, from the noise and bustle of every-day life, and to see the twilight stealing over the flat meadows where the sheep with their faithful watch-dog wait patiently for the shelter of the fold. Dumb, woolly creatures, they bring again with their soft calling the old message of peace and rest,—echo of the days when the world was young and the poet wrote to his friend: "Thou too has't been in Arcadia."

AN OLD MILL AT WOODLAND, NEW YORK

THE HUMAN FACE

By Edward King

With original illustrations by F. S. Coburn.

THE ART STUDENT

The artist who, like F. S. Coburn, can accurately depict the human face, is to be congratulated. It is the most mysterious and difficult of all subjects: of infinite variety of aspect; more changeable than a landscape under sun or shadow; grandiose or petty according to the emotions of the soul which it reflects. I take it that the capable portrait-painter is a reader of souls. Alertness must be his prime characteristic: he must be quick to note the subtle change which has enhanced the brilliancy of the look, or taken all the sheen from the brow.

No face ever has the same expression for a quarter of an hour. The main lines are, of course, unchanged: but their appearance is modified by the constant play of emotion. There are no masked faces for the portrait-painter. I once heard a venerable proficient in the art of securing portraits say that diplomats made bad sitters. "The emotion which they display in endeavoring to appear emotionless," he explained, "renders their expression almost as difficult to seize as that of a ray of sunlight." Your actor is easily portrayed, because he has the trick—though it is hardly fair to so call it—of fixing an emotion, as if it were frozen, on his features.

I was once walking with Rossi, the eminent Italian tragedian, late at night on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris. The actor was illustrating some one of his theories about the interpretation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," and at a certain point in his animated discourse: "*Tenez*, this is the way to portray it!" he said; and he ran forward a few steps and in the glare of a gas-light threw himself,—with that delightful unconsciousness of self so characteristic of the southern temperament,—into an imposing attitude as Lear cursing his ungrateful daughters.

I stood spell-bound, for the tragedian *was* Lear in that brief moment. Despite the incongruity of the crush-hat held in his hand, of the evening-dress, and of the surroundings, the majestic and awful anger of the

HIS LANDLORD

outraged king was so fixed upon Rossi's face that it dwarfed all else, and struck with awe the chance passers who beheld it. Such an artist can truly command his face when he goes to the portrait-painter. But the statesman cannot, and knowing that he cannot, he makes a difficult and capricious sitter. When Mr. Healy was painting the picture of Daniel Webster, there were mornings on which the Jove-like orator insisted on having only his garments or his hands painted. This was because he knew that on those particular occasions his massive features were not at their best.

THE MODEL

There is no art which can adequately express a beautiful face. I should think that music, by reason of its vast variety, by the infinity of its own moods, might perhaps come much nearer to it than painting. But if the painter were allowed to make many sketches of a face under widely differing circumstances, he might succeed at last in reproducing all its loftier aspects. None can ever paint the whole soul, nor even all its manifestations on the human face. As well try to fix upon canvas the myriad phases of Ocean.

THE STUDENT'S SISTER

The life of humanity is, after all, the noblest subject for the painter. Perhaps it is that one which has best chance to outlive the ages. The noble forms which enshrine, the exquisite faces which reflect, the grandest and holiest ideals of the races, were copied from every-day life by the cunning hands of the masters. It is better to have painted a Madonna than a mountain. The "Angelus" of Millet touches more deeply than the "Chill October" of Millais, because humanity is made its central charm.

The varying beauty and mystery of a fair woman's features—*divers et ondoyant*, as old Montaigne hath it, —are nobler and have a greater lesson in them for us than the changing charms of a June day.

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

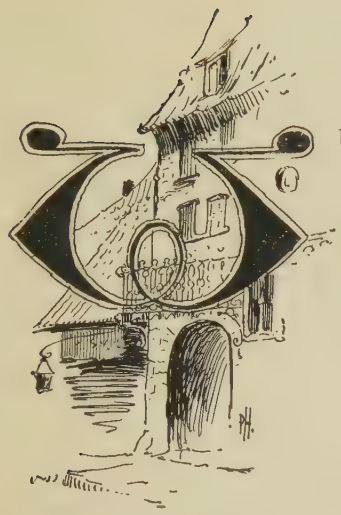
THE WILD HUNTSMAN. VIII.—THE WOUNDED COUNT

Count Hackelberend is fatally wounded in the forest by a wild boar during one of his hunts. His men make a litter and carry him away to his Castle Treseburg, followed by the maledictions of an old crone who reminds him of the curse.

JOTTINGS AT NEW ORLEANS

By Paul Hammersmith

With original illustrations by the author.



WHAT is New Orleans in early spring but a garden of palms and roses! To the artist fresh from the chilly north it seems a foretaste of paradise. Its climate and vegetation are semi-tropical, and its people—all that this visitor cares for—belong naturally to it. The artist turns his back upon the American, prosperous, modern aspect of the northern half of the city, and wishes to see only the odd and foreign features, and to fancy it a town of Italy or southern France.

Nothing can be more enchanting than a ramble through the narrow streets of the crowded old-fashioned quarter on the French side of Canal street. The buildings are ancient and queer,—long sloping roofs broken by oddly shaped dormers and gables, and sheltering beneath overhanging eaves verandas, or galleries, as the citizens call them, whose beautiful wrought-iron trellis-work is almost hidden under Maréchal Niel roses.

Now and then a wrought-iron gate in the brick walls permits a glimpse of one of the large paved courts around which so many of these old houses are built. Tropical plants grow within it, in careless profusion; oddly shaped water-jars are standing about; and perhaps the curious gaze will be answered by a pair of dreamy black eyes, that leave no doubt that their owner might trace her ancestry far back among the Creoles.

Another charming stroll is along Esplanade street, to study the grand old colonial houses, each in its great garden; while the street itself is a long archway

OPPOSITE CONGO SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS

of foliage. It is only a step from here to one of the canals frequented by the Italian luggers. These boats are Neapolitan in build and rig and crew, and always picturesque, but especially so when tied to the canal-wharves or drawn up along the levee, their huge lateen sails loosely festooned to the slanted yards, and their decks overflowing, perhaps, with oranges.

A LITTLE HOUSE IN THE FRENCH QUARTER

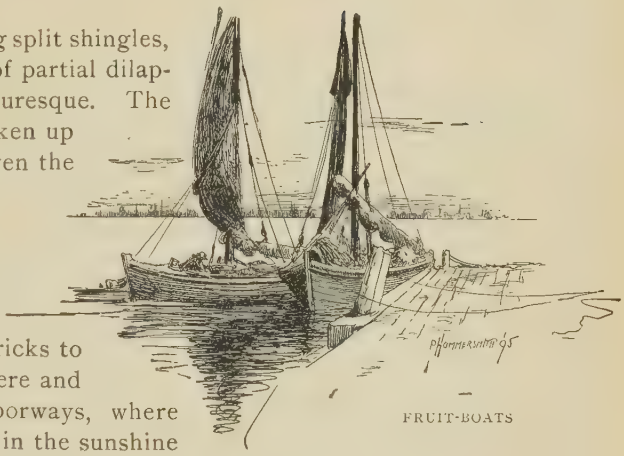
The river-front has, indeed, almost unlimited attractions for the sketcher, from the old Choctaw women from across the river, selling gumbo and herbs, or the Italian vender of shells, baby-alligators or pineapples, to the busy commercial part, where hundreds of darkies are handling cotton as joyously as the northern boys are playing with the snow.

A special afternoon must be given to the battle-grounds, about five miles down the eastern bank of the Mississippi river. The street-cars carry one nearly to the scene of Jackson's famous conflict, leaving only a short and lovely walk. At the right of the road rolls the great booming river, and at the left are beautiful plantations, with white colonial houses loitering peacefully among the tall moss-draped live-oaks and magnolias. A little further on is the National Cemetery and then the battle-field of 1815.

One object here is especially inviting for a sketch,—an old brick-and-stucco

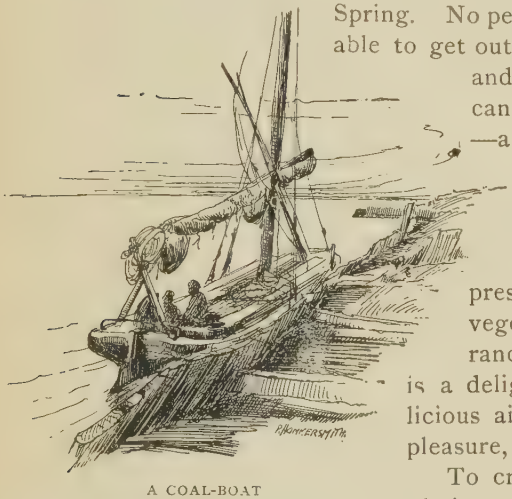
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

"powder-house," roofed with long split shingles, and in just that delightful state of partial dilapidation that makes a thing picturesque. The beautifying hand of nature has taken up what man has neglected, and given the shingles and the remnants of other woodwork a velvety gray tone which no art could apply to them. The white stucco is gradually falling off in irregular patches, allowing the red of the bricks to show; and green vines climb up here and there, and curl about empty doorways, where swallows dart in and out, flashing in the sunshine an instant and then swallowed up by the shadow.



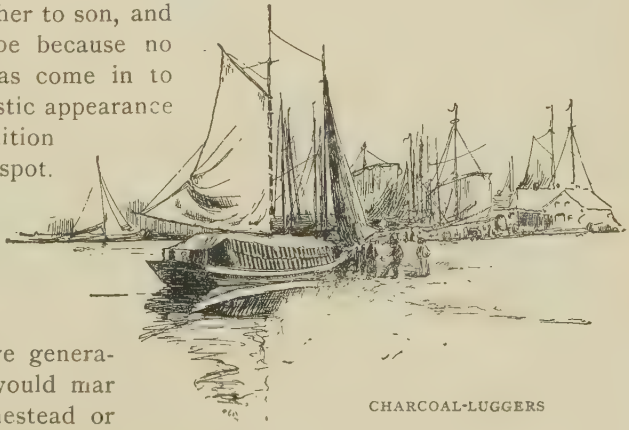
FRUIT-BOATS

One can hardly conceive of studio-practice in such a city and climate as this in Spring. No person can stay in the house who is physically able to get out-of-doors There is a quality of softness and pervading warmth and odorousness which can only be expressed by that word "balmy" —a term whose meaning is only faintly understood by the northerner, even on his mildest and most beautiful of June days. The air is full of the scent of innumerable and unnamed flowers, and breathes of the cypress, juniper and bay, the odorous thronging vegetation of the cane-brakes, the spicy fragrance of the Louisiana woods. Mere existence is a delight; it seems all one requires in this delicious air, where the mere fact of breathing is a pleasure, and one believes in the Fountain of Youth.



A COAL-BOAT

To crown such a morning, perhaps, you gain admittance to some old Creole garden that has been handed down from father to son, and always kept as it used to be because no person with new tastes has come in to change it. That soft artistic appearance of age and undisturbed tradition overlies the whole lovely spot. The old trees still stand where they were planted by the first proprietor. Winds, dews and sunshine, indeed, seem to have leagued with each successive generation against anything that would mar the beauty of the old homestead or disturb its almost sacred associations.



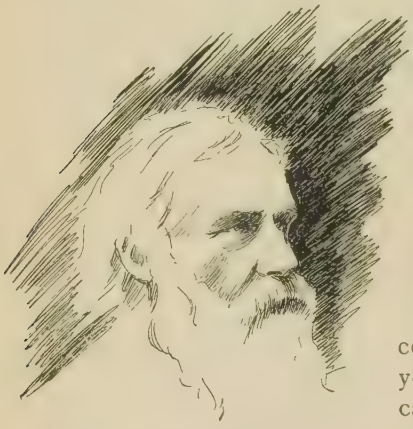
CHARCOAL-LUGGERS

THE VISTA THROUGH THE SHADOW

By Mary T. Earle

With original illustrations by S. M. Wilson.

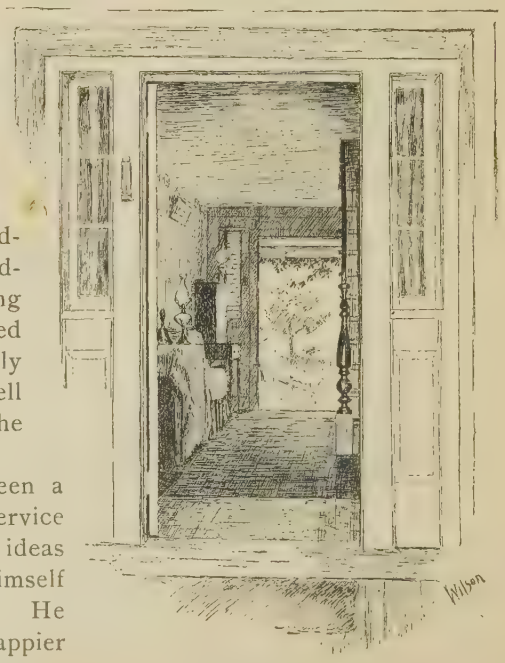
He had never been out of his own country, yet he always hoped that sometime his country would send him away upon some confidential errand. He began hoping it when he was a boy and he kept on hoping it when he was an old man, so that he grew into the habit of thinking of himself as The Foreign Representative.



THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE

As the years passed he came to have a great many habits. If he had suddenly lost them his friends would have been lonely, for there was something sweet and gentle in them all. He had his favorite little nooks and corners about the place, and you could tell just where to find him at certain hours, or at least you could be sure that if you did not find him where you looked first, he would be in the place that came before it or after it in his daily schedule. When he came up to the house, too, if you had not known his slow, thoughtful step so well, you would have known the little pause he always made by the door as he looked through the house to the light beyond. He called it the vista through the shadow.

The Representative's daughter and his wife were both rather young. People always said, "his daughter and his wife," because of the two his daughter was rather the better acquainted with him. His wife had always been so much younger and so much older than he that they seemed to have very little in common to talk about except their fondness for each other. It was a genuine fondness, but they had been married long enough to have said nearly all that needed to be said about it, and so she staid quietly among her books and a kindly silence fell between them. It was different with the child.



THE VISTA THROUGH THE SHADOW

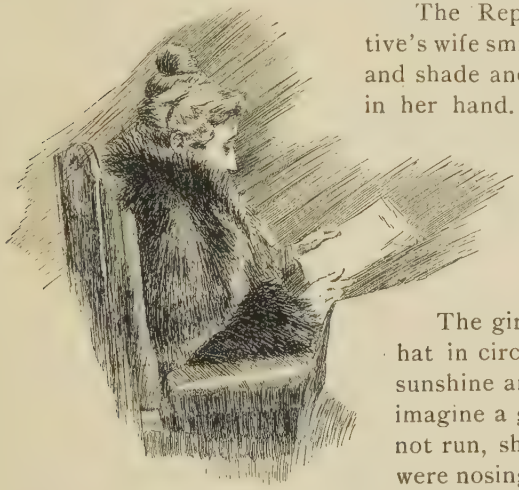
The Foreign Representative had been a home representative and had done good service more than once. But now, either his ideas had come to be old-fashioned, or he himself was considered too old for active life. He began to see that his people were happier without much help from him, and that was why

he staid at home and fell into all his pleasant settled ways.

One day his daughter passed through the vista of the shadow with a letter in her hand. Her bright eyes seemed impatient of her feet, she was so full of eagerness.

" I think," she had said to her mother, " I think that papa will have called the colts up into the lane by the barn to pet them. I'll bring him back if it is anything worth while, and I'm sure it is."

THE REPRESENTATIVE'S DAUGHTER



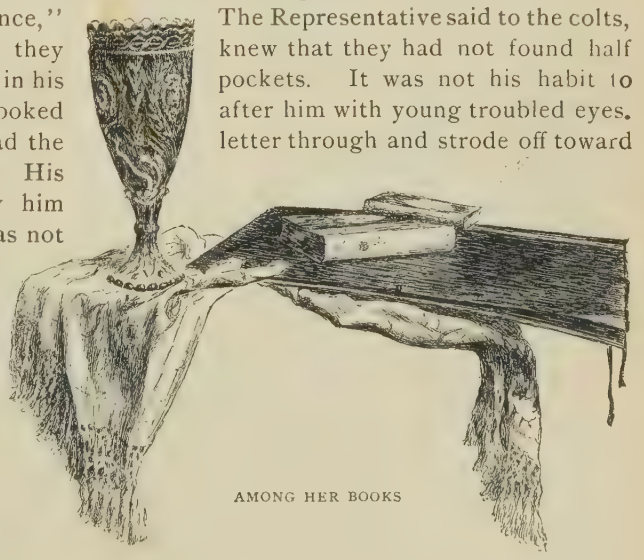
AND HIS WIFE

The Representative's wife smiled as the girl went out through sunlight and shade and summer greenness, swinging her hat in her hand. The Representative's wife might be older and younger than her husband, but she was very much the same age with her child, which was strange, since the child understood and she did not,—but then she knew that she did not understand.

The girl ran down the hillside swinging her hat in circles so that it caught itself full of the sunshine and then of the shade. You could not imagine a girl like that in a place where she could not run, she was so like the round-eyed colts that were nosing about her father. The Representative was there, just as she expected, and the colts lifted up their heads and looked at her in perplexity, because, instead of making one of them, she called her father away, waving some insignificant white summons at him with her right hand, as soon as she came in sight.

" Nothing of importance," The Representative said to the colts, and yet he left them when they knew that they had not found half of the things he had hidden in his pockets. It was not his habit to act like this, and they looked after him with young troubled eyes.

The Representative read the letter through and strode off toward the house without a word. His daughter started to follow him and then stood still. It was not his habit to act like this, and *she* looked after him with young troubled eyes: she looked after him a moment and then she ran and caught him by the hand.



AMONG HER BOOKS

He turned and gave her a short abstracted glance. " I am going to tell your

mother," he said. "I do not know what she will think of it."

There was no doubt that it was something important if the girl and the colts must wait, for it was not their custom to wait at all. At least they could consult with one another about it, so the girl took her father's place in the lane; but she was only a makeshift in their estimation, not a substitute, for there was nothing but a crumpled ribbon in her pocket.

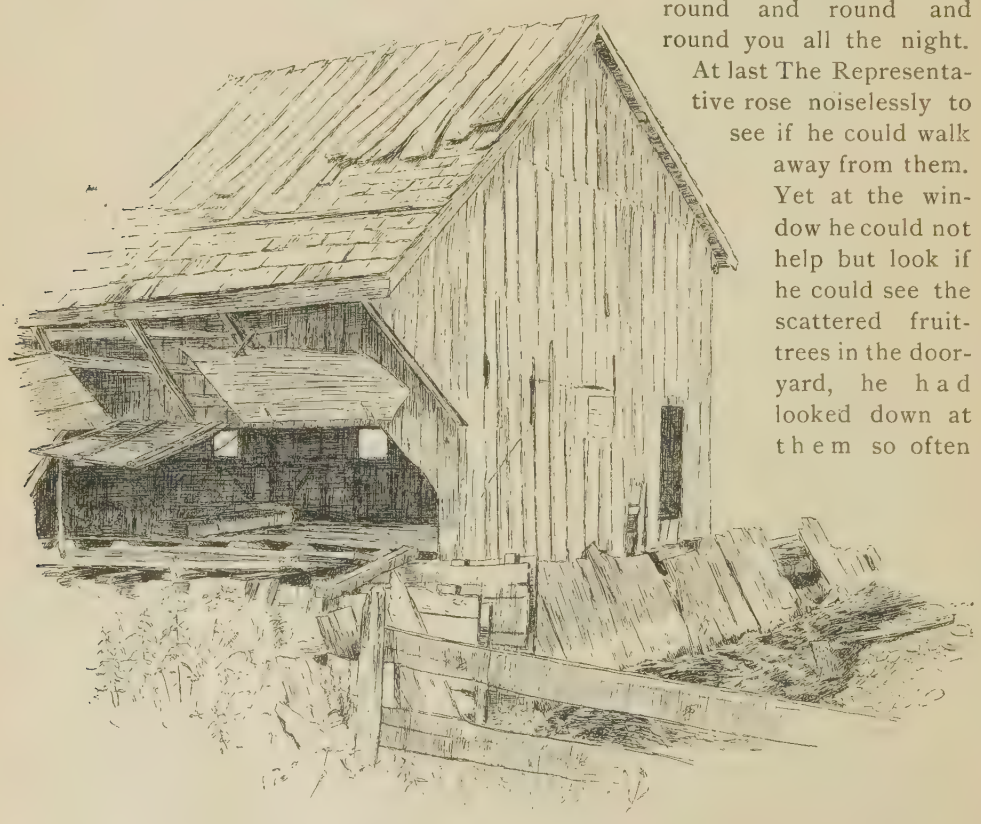
The Representative hurried on, seeing nothing that was around him until he reached the house. At the door, almost unconsciously he paused. As he stood there looking into the vista through the shadow, it grew so beautiful and so dear to him that he forgot to go inside.

When his wife came out to meet him there were tears in his eyes. "What is it?" she cried anxiously. "What has happened?"

"I—I am a foreign representative," he said.

The tears glimmered in her eyes, too, and she bent her head. "Have you told the child?" she asked.

That night The Representative could not sleep. His mind was errant, or else the old place itself was errant, for round and round and round each other they circled, and he did not try to keep them still. The spots he loved had grown so human to him that the most prosaic of them meant something beyond its prosaic value, and he had plans for them all. But your friends tire you when they circle round and round and round you all the night. At last The Representative rose noiselessly to see if he could walk away from them. Yet at the window he could not help but look if he could see the scattered fruit-trees in the door-yard, he had looked down at them so often



THE BARN ON THE HILLSIDE

and seen them bending white and silent beneath him, laden with the still snow of winter or the fluttering snow of spring.

The moon was just creeping above a black drift of clouds that did not look like clouds, but like a wind-swept sea. When he was a boy he had once seen the moon rising like that above the black sea, and he had said to himself, "I will cross that sea," and he had been "the foreign representative" ever since. He stood quite still and watched until the moon rose high and clear into the tranquil depths of night. Then he stole back to his bed and fell asleep, but as he fell asleep he murmured, "I will cross that sea."

THE WHITE MOON

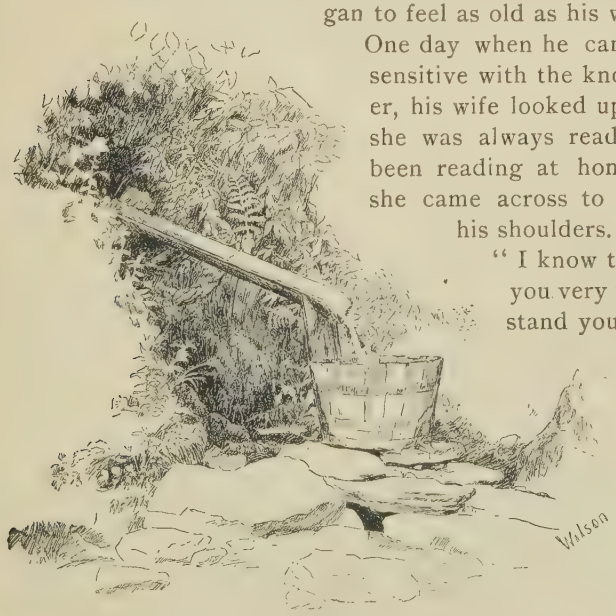
It was a very foreign land to which The Representative was sent. At least, in spite of all his joy, he found it so sometimes, and came in wearily. People did not do things there as he had learned to do them. He felt that what he did looked awkward in these foreign eyes, and yet he could not tell that things would seem awkward until after they were done. He was very happy to be there, but he seemed to himself much older and more out of date than he had ever seemed at home. It was not so with his daughter; she had a child's way of belonging wherever she might be, and he realized that he was much older than she,—he began to feel as old as his wife.

One day when he came in, feeling shrinking and sensitive with the knowledge that he was a stranger, his wife looked up at him from the book which she was always reading, just as she had always been reading at home. When she saw his face she came across to him and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"I know that I have never understood you very well," she said, "but I understand you now. Do you know that you are homesick?"

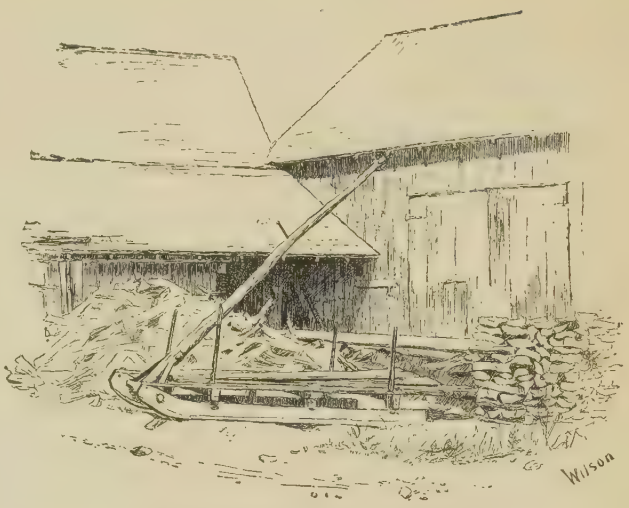
"I am tired," said The Representative, "I think that is all. I am very happy to be here."

"You are not happy as the child is happy," his wife answered, "but perhaps you can be as happy as I am, if you will come with me."



THE SPOTS HE LOVED HAD GROWN HUMAN TO HIM

"I am afraid that even you cannot make me young, dear," sighed The Representative. "I am beginning to see that this has come too late. You and I are growing old, and yes—perhaps I am a little home-sick. I have come too late." His wife laughed in a way that made her seem like the child, and gave him an unexpected caress. "It makes me feel young to be of an age with you," she said, "but come, I want you to see something that I have found," and they went out, walked together and looked about them comfortably in the foreign country.

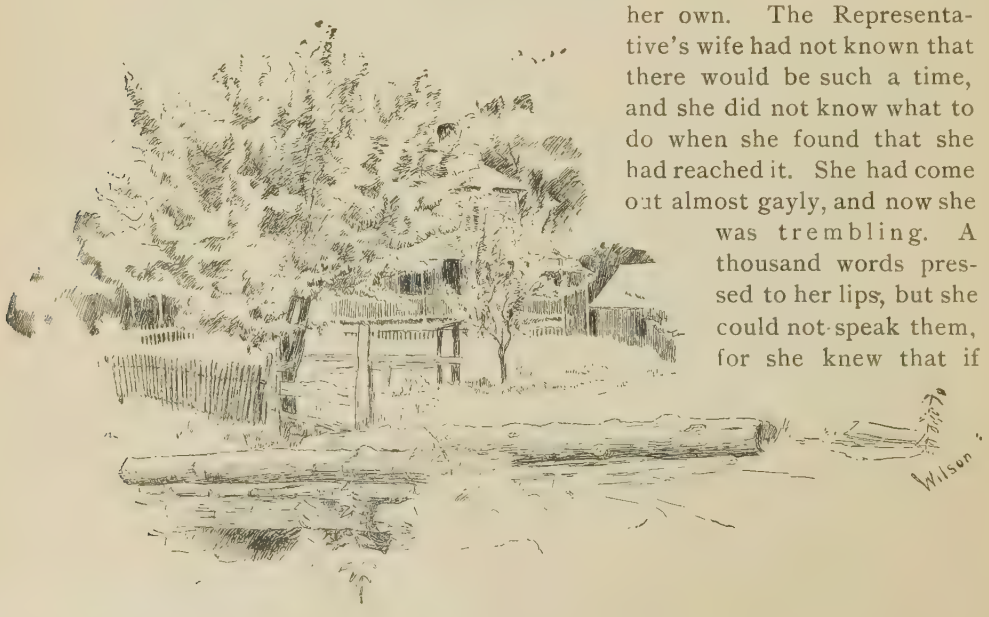


EVEN THE MOST PROSAIC OF THEM

Nothing seemed so foreign to them when they walked together as it had when they were apart, and The Representative said "It is very home-like for us two to be going along side by side."

His wife did not answer. She was remembering that at home they had never gone side by side. He had not asked her, and she had not asked him—it had been so quiet and easy not to ask. She felt that she was very like the place to which she was taking him, a place which he had often seen, but at which he had never looked.

For the least self-assertive of women there comes a time when she must claim her own. The Representative's wife had not known that there would be such a time, and she did not know what to do when she found that she had reached it. She had come out almost gayly, and now she was trembling. A thousand words pressed to her lips, but she could not speak them, for she knew that if



THE STILL SNOW OF WINTER OR THE FLUTTERING SNOW OF SPRING

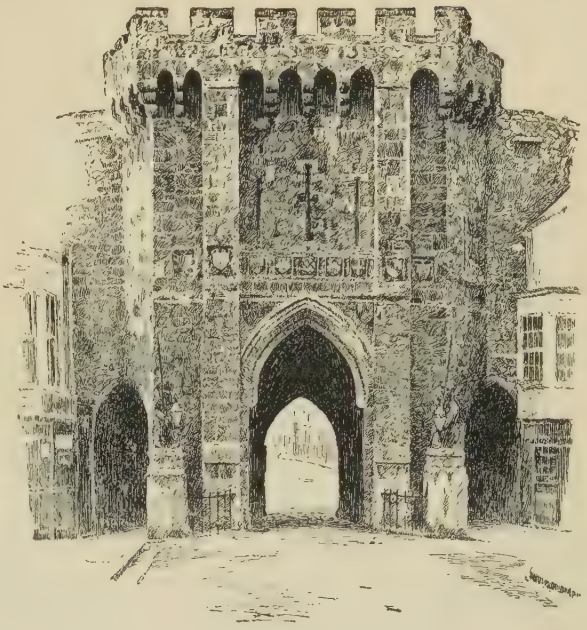
she spoke there would be a tremor in her voice.

"Don't try to outwalk me," The Representative said, and drew her back to him. "Are you homesick, too?" he asked.

"Haven't you seen it?" she said. "I have been homesick for so long."

"So long?" said The Representative. "Yes, it does seem long, but really we have only been here a little while."

"Oh, you don't know what I mean," she cried, "I wonder if I can make you understand. You have left me alone—I have let you leave me by myself—" but as she looked into his face she grew compassionate again and strong. She had learned to fully understand, and the sad part of a woman's understanding is the knowledge that she must always be compassionate toward the man she loves.

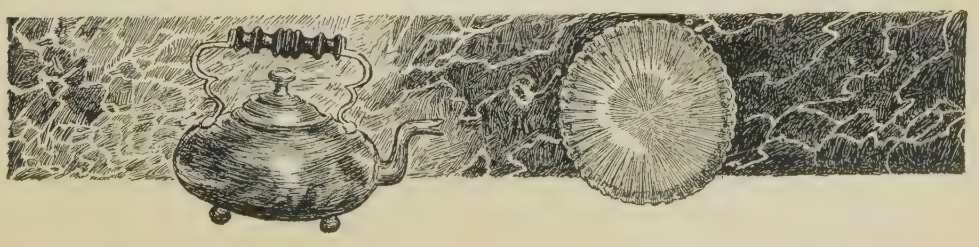


THE VISTA THROUGH THE SHADOW

"I believe you have forgotten," she said, "that it is *I* who am happy and that I am taking you out to show you something that will make you as happy as I am. You have passed it a hundred times without seeing it, so you don't know how little difference there is between this and home."

"I know already that there isn't much difference," said The Representative, and they walked on together in a silence that was the sweetest part of all they said, for The Representative was happy in the new companionship which he thought so old, and his wife was happier than he, having saved herself from telling him how deeply she was sad.

At last they reached an archway through which they could see the light beyond. He looked at it joyfully, and afterward, day after day, they went there together and sometimes they leaned against the archway. They were never homesick and The Foreign Representative did not feel that he was a stranger or had come too late. It was the most beautiful spot he had found in the foreign country, and he called it the vista through the shadow.



COSTUMES IN THE TIME OF NAPOLEON

By Helen Ingersoll

With illustrations derived from contemporary drawings.

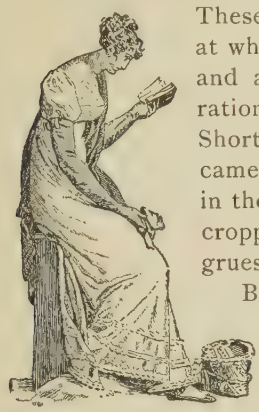
No consequence of the French Revolution was more immediate and noticeable than the effect upon the fashion of woman's dress. Costume, previous to that red line across the page of French history, had distinguished strongly the rich and titled class from the poor and humble, and when these distinctions were, in theory, obliterated, differences of dress were leveled with them, and the process, as is usually the case in such changes, was a leveling downward.

A glance at the costumes of the Parisians in the golden *fin de siecle* days of a century ago—in which the investigator is greatly aided by a study of the conscientious paintings of the period—will show how sweeping, rapid, and curious were the changes that followed the great social upheaval that was due in no small degree to the very fashions it wrecked.

Before the fatal year 1789, the panniers of the tightly laced ladies of the court of Louis XVI swelled fully three feet outward from each hip, and the trains of their gowns were quite as long. The hair of the ladies about Marie Antoinette was piled high on top of their heads, and, like that of the men of the period, was powdered as if with snow, while black patches contrasted sharply with rouge on the delicate faces;—and the rest of the gay world followed this and every other extravagance as fast as it could, reckless of what might be happening to their humbler sisters, who were barely able to shield themselves from the cold. One of the foremost charges against the nobility was that it piled upon the head the flour that should have been used for bread. Powder and paint were signs of riches, and riches meant cruel oppression in the eyes of the populace. Hence the Reign of Terror; and after that, although some obstinately refused to give up the customs of the old régime, most of the French aristocrats, prudently, if not cheerfully, cut off their long tresses, threw away their cuirasses, and appeared in simple, graceful, tricolored garments —mere citizens of Paris. Those were the days when nothing but a red-white-and-blue cockade would save from the scaffold anyone whose costume seemed to indicate the aristocrat.

In the first days of the revival following the Reign of Terror women's gowns were simple, since no one had money for anything elaborate; but as the exiled families gradually came back to their estates, wealth increased and dress became more varied and expensive for those who could afford it.

Little by little turbulence subsided, and order and safety returned. When the guillotine, dulled by constant use, ceased to menace daily the white throats of *les Parisiennes*, the whole city, ecstatic with relief and the new era at hand, took to dancing; and, moreover, no sooner were the dancers freed from the overshadowing terror of sudden death, than they promptly tried to retaste the horror and mock at it. A society was formed at Paris consisting only of persons who had had some very near relative killed on the Place de la Revolution, or at the Barrier du Trône.



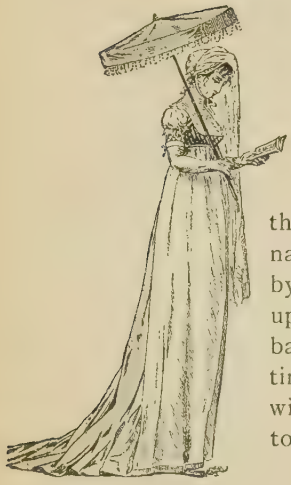
These exclusives organized the Bal des Victimes, at which were seen strange fashions of salutation and apparel, originating in the customary preparation on the scaffold of the victims of the knife. Short hair, compulsory the year before, now became the fashion, and flowing locks were cropped in the back of the neck as the executioner had cropped the hair of his doomed victims, and this gruesome style of haircutting *à la Titus* spread over all France.

But the strain of this enforced self-denial and affectation could not last. Fashionable life, that had been obliged to lie dormant during the Revolution and the dreadful year that followed, awoke into full and fantastic vigor under the Directory, which, beginning in 1795, ushered in the giddiest period the vivacious metropolis and its volatile inhabitants ever saw. Exhilarated by their freedom to enjoy themselves, the Parisiennes now thought of nothing but dress and amusement, and innumerable balls filled the nights.

Said one Englishman, writing of the city during the winter of 1796-97: "The men have an air of cut-throats, with their hair falling onto the shoulders; their colored cravats; their coats and trousers oddly cut; their enormous canes; and their wild angular hats." The cravats he mentions were so high as fairly to envelop the ears.

In these circumstances, there naturally arose a great demand for a feminine costume better than the nondescript apparel of the Revolution. It must also be something different from that prevailing under the old régime, for no one, except perhaps a few extremists, cared to return to the finery and powder of Marie Antoinette. After many designs had been tried, the students of the historical painter, Jacques Louis David, noted for his classical taste and knowledge, persuaded their women-friends to wear gowns imitating antique draperies, and Roman and Greek designs became the order of the day.

Dresses were worn with waists so short that the belt was under the armpits; and so very *decolleté*, that the bodice was often merely the cincture and a scant ruffle above it. Not only was costume revolutionized, but all notions of morality seemed to have been destroyed by the political and social overturning that had taken place, and the period



of the Directory became one of unexampled license.

The *Merveilleuses* were the extravagants of fashion: the *Nymphes* deified nudity, so to speak. It was they who wore transparent robes, over flesh-colored, close-fitting chemises reaching to the knees, where they were met by the gay ribbons that fastened the sandal onto the naked foot. Anklets and toe-rings were shown by women wearing gowns *à l'Athenian*, that is, slit up the sides. The arms, when not left totally bare, were covered with long gloves, delicately tinted to harmonize with the gown, and made without buttons, being sometimes fastened at the top with an elastic band.

The English writer quoted above, says that in 1796 the women of Paris promenaded à la Bagatelle, dressed almost as if they were going to a ball. "Except at a ball, the women of all classes enroll about their shoulders, and the upper part of their bodies, great handkerchiefs, usually purple in hue." Perhaps these kerchiefs were only another form of fichus, which appeared in great numbers during the Directory. They came in the most delicate tints and textures, were draped according to the fancy of the wearer, and always served to accentuate the outlines of the figure—an effect then sought by all good dressers.

Head-coverings were of many shapes and varieties. Quaint and ugly bonnets, little filets of ribbon, and turbans, introduced after the Egyptian conquests of Napoleon, confined the short locks of the women.

In 1797 Anglomania invaded France, English styles being introduced by the French dressmakers, who had fled to Great Britain; and women wore hideous bonnets with unbecoming green veils. They adopted also the "spencer,"—an absurd little curtailed jacket, of which the origin was ascribed to the English Lord Spencer. He was sleeping, we are told, in his chaise, the back part of which took fire, and before he awoke the tails of his long redingote were entirely burned, whereupon my lord calmly rounded off the remainder of the garment with a pair of scissors, and appeared in London in that

garb. His tailor fancied that this was some new foreign style and copied it, distributing similarly abbreviated jackets as "the fashion."

Reticules, or ridicules, as they were amusingly styled, ornamented with jewels or cameos, hung from the Parisienne's belt. A bit of finery called *tablier* (apron), a combination of belt and fichu, was sometimes worn, one sarcastic writer hinting that this was of practical use in those days of transparent clothing. The tunics, which occasionally appeared during the rage for low-necked dresses, were said to have been suggested by Chinese robes.

Physicians and clergymen preached in vain against this shameless and suicidal exposure of the body under the Directory, but to no avail. It is said that as many young girls sickened and died during this "reign of the antique," as during the four years of the Reign of Terror. Those beauties of the Directory that survived were said to have gained magnificent figures by their untrammeled dress, and they changed the fashion only in details during the Consulate and Empire that ensued. They were obliged to eat heartily in order to keep warm, say the chroniclers of the day, who tell us gleefully of the tremendous suppers consumed after the theatre and the dance.

Jewels became "the thing" for a time. Ropes of diamonds, which would reach the floor if hanging loose, (but ordinarily they were caught under the bosom by a jewelled aigrette) covered the bare shoulders of the wealthier women, who fairly glittered on state occasions, as if encased in glass.

Madame de Tallien, a lingering merveilleuse often seen in the salons of Barras, and who was of robust figure and large shoulders, wore at one ball at the end of the Directory, "a simple robe of India muslin, arranged in drapery like the antique, and held together on the shoulders by two splendid cameos; a girdle of gold which encircled her figure was elegantly clasped in the same way. . . . Over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red Kashmir, a dress at that period extremely rare, and highly in request."

Napoleon's strong hand took hold in 1799 and straightened out society; and perhaps the unsuitable climate forced the giddy ones to wear more clothing. Madame Récamier and the Empress Josephine, leaders of Paris under the Empire, continued to wear the short-waisted gowns, which appear also in the portraits of Louisa, Queen of Prussia, and our own satin-clad beauties of the same period. It

was said of Josephine that this style was adapted to her figure, and that she protested against any threatened return to the old panniers.

Napoleon delighted in display, and encouraged, or rather compelled, richness of attire during the Empire. He had a way of saying, "Your mantle is most magnificent, Madame, I have seen it several times before,"—a hint which it was best not to ignore. The long trains of the Empire gowns were very obnoxious to Napoleon, when the ladies wearing them were ahead of him in a procession. He was a fast walker and disliked having so much space wasted on the trailing stuffs, so that each lady felt obliged to carry her train on her arm, "which was not so becoming," complains Madame de Rémusat.

Hats were of the oddest shapes during the Empire, some of them apparently modeled after the shakoes of the army. Turbans were still in fashion, and tortoise shell combs and artificial flowers were much used.

Madame de Rémusat describes a hunting-costume of the Empress Josephine as a sort of tunic, or short redingote, of amaranth velvet over a gown of white satin, with velvet boots to match. The tunic, like the little toque with silver plume, was embroidered in gold.

But the chief glory of the Empire was color, beautiful embroideries, and exquisite Kashmir shawls, these having been brought into France after the Egyptian expedition. Josephine bought dozens of them, and wore them constantly. Napoleon often thought that they covered her charms too much, and threw them into the fire; but his wife promptly wheedled him into repairing the injury by giving her others. Anyone who wished to be in fashion was obliged to own at least one of these expensive shawls.

When the white flag of the Bourbons waved over Paris, at the accession of Louis XVIII, the color seemed to be reflected in the lily-like gowns of his fair subjects. During the "Hundred Days" after Napoleon's return from Elba in 1815, Royalist ladies wore jaconet gowns with eighteen tucks in honor of Louis, and white silk bonnets. No Imperialist lady, on the other hand, appeared in public without a large bunch of violets on her breast.

The Restoration (of the monarchy under Charles X) was noted for its bonnets. There were so many that even the fashion-papers were unable to chronicle them all, and social and political events, so often used by modistes for naming their productions, failed to furnish enough titles for their variety. As had happened under the empire, the ad-

miration of military men and affairs that has ever characterized the French largely influenced the milliner and ladies' tailor. Bonnets were shaped after the shako; and "casques" with a bunch of feathers nodding on one side, were carried along on a level with more feminine head-coverings; even the hats of the men, with crowns like an inverted flower-pot and rolling brims, were pressed into service, perhaps transformed by garlands and ribbons into what the women thought more adapted to their purposes. Leghorn hats, with wide, flexible brims, often loaded with feathers and artificial flowers, or muslin turbans, crowned, in summer, the carefully arranged hair of belles with whom Victor Hugo walked and talked, and who must have given the latter the types for his heroines even though the novelist placed them in other periods of time. At balls the dancers twined flowers in their tresses.

With the advent of the period of the Restoration all life took a healthier tone, and this was reflected in the costumes of both men and women. The belt fell slowly from the wrong position it had had, high under the arms, to the position of the natural waist-line; and corsets, which practically had been abandoned during several previous years, because their use was inconsistent with the fashion of exceedingly short waists, returned to favor, especially those manufactured by a single firm, which was barely able to supply the sudden demand for this article—another instance of the making of a fashion out of a fad.

After 1815 a certain severity of cut obtained, and a growing taste for somber colors was noticeable in fashionable gowns, although this was interrupted, as might have been expected, by an occasional protest in the form of individual relapses here and there into some extravagant style recalling the gayety of the Directory period.

This tendency toward a more natural shape, and quieter color and plan of ornamentation in apparel, was one of the indications of the "restoration" not only of royal dignity and power in the government of France that had been so upset, but of sanity and the good-taste of common-sense. The scandalous balls were no longer frequented by self-respecting persons, and women's dress

returned to the degree of modesty and health of former days, even though the old shapes were not revived. In place of the dangerously decolleté style of the Directory, women's throats were henceforth to be warmly encased in ruffles and collars; and tight sleeves like the long wrist of a glove, with a shoulder-puff (which became greatly reduced in size toward the end of the Restoration), gradually gave place to sleeves with a series of puffs from wrist to shoulder, and to that well-known form of sleeve, styled, from its shape, "leg of mutton." If some women, presumably with well-shaped arms, still wore only the shoulder-puff, they covered their arms when out of doors with long gloves of delicate tint.

It was during these half-settled days that tints of texture received such names as "amorous toad," "frightened mouse," and the like, and one of these, "Nile-water green," is still retained in a shorter form. The arrival of a giraffe in Paris in 1827, sent by the Pasha of Egypt to Charles X, instantly furnished a reason for the invention of numerous startling hats, gowns, and coiffures *à la girafe;* and the death of a chimpanzee, the pet of Paris, inflicted upon the French people another set of modes called the "last sigh of Jocko."

The ever-graceful Kashmir shawls, that had held their own in the favor of the fair dames of Paris as long as their necks and arms must be exposed by the short sleeves and low necks of the previous fashion, now, as the reign of Louis XVIII progressed, were laid aside in favor of long cloaks, just as the Spencer had given place to the little jacket called *canezou.* Parisians that wore them buried their hands in enormous fur muffs; and this attitude, the short waists fur shoulder-capes gave the wearers the air of a perpetual shrug, while their eyes gleamed saucily from the depths of a "coal-scuttle" bonnet loaded with plumes.

Gradually skirts came to have a slight flare at the bottom, presaging the styles of 1830, which the modistes of our day use as models; but this was soon expanded out of all reason by the crinoline, the final extravagance of modern fashion.

From a painting by Vincent G. Stiepevich

A DANCING-GIRL OF THE GRAND SHEREEF

The Monthly Illustrator

Vol. V · September, 1895 · No. 17

"We make no choice among the varied paths where art and letters seek for truth"

THE SCHOOL OF VENICE

By Alfred Trumble

With original illustrations by Vincent G. Stiepevich.

That climate and surroundings have the greatest possible influence on the art of a nation is unquestionable. Their influence is exercised primarily upon the character of the people, and the character of the people marks itself in their art.

Men paint as they think, and their thoughts are moulded by the land they live in and the special features of the life which is a part of their national existence. The art of modern Italy has as strong a stamp of individuality upon it as

NEAR THE PUBLIC GARDENS, VENICE

AT WORK

that of the Italy of the Renaissance, as to which there can be no mistake of identification. Modern in spirit as it is, and it is quite abreast in spirit with the time, it is in no sense imitative of any other school, or even reminiscent of it. Its slight affinity with the Spanish—an affinity merely of spirit and color—is largely due to latitude in the first place, and to that general sympathy of feeling which prevails among peoples allied to one common stock, as the Latin races are.

In the history of Italian art, that of Venice holds a place apart. It is characterized by an oriental voluptuousness of color, just as the art of Florence ran to a modernization of Greek classicism, and the dominating spirit of the church turned Roman art into the ecclesiastical channel. Venice, previous to the introduction of the long sea-voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, was the clearing-house of

THE GOSSIP OF STAMBOUL

traffic between Asia and western Europe. The trade of China, of Persia, of India, Arabia, Egypt and Turkey, passed up the Adriatic, and the mercantile adventurers of the Venetian Republic were among the explorers and exploiters of the mysterious splendors and fabled wealth of the orient. The real greatness of Venice lay in her commercial enterprise and supremacy, and her decline began when her control of the enormous resources which had enriched her faded before the competition of external advancement, and the rivalry of other nations narrowed the field of which she had so long held the monopoly. The commercial Venice was a power; the political Venice was a farce which invited its own overthrow.

The eastern opulence, for which Venice provided an entry-port to the West, naturally exercised its influence upon her people. Her patricians were the most splendid in Europe. Her art took its shape and color from its surroundings.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

Grandiose in her business, she was grandiose also in her luxury. To this day the wonderful city of the lagoons remains a monument to a marvelous past, not only in her palaces and churches, in her architecture and her topographical features, but in the treasures of art, which, in spite of successive conquests by or subjugation to foreign powers, remain stored within her walls. During the period of the Austrian occupation, and the dark days of the French régime, the state lay practically dormant, but the artistic instinct of the people was not extinguished. Its revival commenced as soon as the iron thraldom of the stranger was removed, and its progress under the influences which have given such an enormous impulse to the advancement of the last quarter of a century has been proportionate to the progress of the art of other nations. The Venetian school, which to all appearances expired with Tiepolo, gained a new lease of life from the time when conditions became in the least degree favorable. The school stands to-day as a distinctive one. It has produced many men of strong original talent and consummate ability; it has served not only as an academy for the development of native talent, but as a finishing-school for men of other races; and the city, at the present time, shelters an active art-colony composed of painters of all nations, while it is a sacred place of pilgrimage for roving artists of the four quarters of the globe.

An able artist of the modern Italian school is Vincent G. Stiepevich. He was born in Venice, and so is a colorist by tradition and local heredity, and a decorator by transmission from the time when the great masters of Italy taught the art of decoration to the world. Political and social circumstances have changed since the day of Paul Veronese, but the decorative spirit still lives in the Italian heart.

A COZY TALK

AN IDLE HOUR IN THE SERAGLIO

FEEDING THE PETS

Mr Stiepevich received his artistic education at the Royal Academy of Venice, under Professor Carl Von Blaas, a distinguished historical painter, who, although born in the Austrian Tyrol, founded his art in Italy and painted in the Italian feeling to the end. His first successes were made in water-color painting, for pictures in which medium he received the Academy bronze medal in 1862, and the grand prize for water-color in 1865. He had, all the while, been experimenting in oil

THE LEISURE HOUR

and fresco, and studying the art of decorative composition, which is so essentially distinct in many things from that of easel-painting in genre or history. In 1868 he had already taken a place of consideration among the decorative artists of Italy, and had settled in Milan, where he executed many highly successful frescoes for public commissions, as well as others upon private order. These won for him an election to membership of the Royal Academy of Milan, in which institution a number of his productions were exhibited These had attracted the attention of tourists, and opened a market for him abroad, which was enlarged when, in 1869, he began to exhibit in Vienna. His works which passed out of Italy were chiefly genre pictures, the earlier ones showing somewhat of the influence of his master, Von Blaas, but gradually developing into a style entirely his own.

In 1872 he received the commission to decorate the grand hall of the Chamber of Commerce at St. Louis, Mo., and came to the United States. His work having preceded him to this country, he was no stranger in name, and found a private patronage here more profitable, probably, than his public commissions. Outside of some private collections, however, the New York public knew little of him until, in 1877, he sent his first exhibit to the National Academy of Design. With few exceptions, each subsequent annual exhibition here held examples of his art. He established his studio in New York, sent his pictures to the exhibitions at Boston, where he took a medal in 1890, Philadelphia, Chicago, and throughout the west: and, without relinquishing his activity in the decorative field, produced a steady succession of genre works which carried his reputation everywhere.

The graceful composition and picturesque character of his subjects, their strong, rich color, and conscientiously complete execution, render his cabinet and larger pictures equally adaptable to the gallery or to the embellishment of the home. Without making any pretension to mere story-telling, his works have the quality of suggesting a story, which the observer may adapt according to his own moods and fancies, a distinction which the public is never slow to recognize.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, THE PAINTER

By Glen MacDonough

Illustrated from paintings by Joseph Jefferson.

If there be blessings in disguise there are also misfortunes in dominos—masked disasters with no hint of their danger upon their plausible exteriors, talents which are fatal, accomplishments which destroy. Among the first of these is versatility, and though always envied, the man of many gifts rarely escapes becoming the man of many failures. There are Jacks of all arts, as well as of all trades, and, like their proverbial brothers, they are masters of none. Their diffused abilities lack the focus which enables him of the single and concentrated talent to burn his name upon the summit of Parnassus. Admitting this to be a rule, and repeated illustrations justify its acceptance as one, a brief discussion of a prominent exception may be of interest.

Joseph Jefferson's achievements in the art of acting are so well known and brilliant, that both comment and information are superfluous. His one incursion into the fields of literature was a highly successful venture, and his story of himself easily takes high rank among autobiographies. Finally, as a painter of landscapes, he has reached a plane and produced results which command attention upon all of the points that compose artistic worth.

Mr. Jefferson's pictures can no longer be spoken of as the work of an able amateur. Study and toil have perfected a method and developed an individuality which entitle him to a recognized position among American artists. Over twenty

THE MILL

years have passed since he turned to painting as a relaxation. In time his amusement became his ambition, and his interest in his palette and canvas evolved into devotion. He carried the principle which dominated his stage-craft into his studio, and from the beginning faithfully adhered to it. Both behind the footlights and before the canvas Mr. Jefferson is an apostle of suggestion and an opponent of that art which is simply reproductive. Detail is worthless effort in his eyes. In portraying a character or a landscape he selects only those traits and lines which are effective, contending that it is not the mission of the artist to convert himself into a camera, but to reproduce only the impressive and agreeable in nature. The ineffective, and that which has no claim to reproduction beyond the fact that it exists, he ruthlessly eliminates; and it may be said that, after "holding the mirror up to nature," he always rearranges the reflection.

Like all beginners, he succumbed to the spell of a succession of illustrious adepts in his new art. First came Corot, and for a long time Mr. Jefferson faintly echoed the Chopin of landscape. Agreeable ghosts of the unmatchable willows of Ville d'Avray, phantoms of the silvery spring skies which never existed anywhere but in fairyland and Corot's fancy, haunted Mr. Jefferson's easel, and in time that which was conscious copying became instinctive imitation. Before the latter was ingrained, he recognized his danger, shook off the influence of his first idol and turned his attention to Daubigny. Ville d'Avray gave place to the banks of the Oise, and the Normandy poplars and walled villages of the second master inspired his compositions for a long period.

While the industrious amateur followed in the brush-marks of these two great men who first inspired him, his acquaintance with art in general grew rapidly. The influence of Diaz and Rousseau resulted in a series of forest-scenes, robust

A MEMORY OF THE MIRAMICHI

and dramatic, filled with mossy rocks and the gnarled trunks of old oaks, catching vagrant splashes of sunlight upon their cool gray bark. Memories of frequent visits to the galleries of England produced clouds which were second cousins to the turbulent masses which lower in the pictures of Turner and Constable, and sketches of bleak hill and gloomy heath in the manner of Old Crome.

The scenery upon his Louisiana plantation caused Mr. Jefferson to strike his first individual note. No painter of mark had chosen this weirdly beautiful land

THE OLD MILL-DAM

THE WILDERNESS

for his field, and Mr. Jefferson began to picture it with the enthusiasm of a pioneer and the conviction of a man who has discovered the good qualities of something which better judges have ignored. With a distinctly original treatment he rendered the bayous over which Lafitte once sailed, the fastnesses of live-oak and magnolia which long ago sheltered the buccaneers of Barataria, and the misty marshes that roll their waves of living green away to meet the blue waters of the Gulf. Confidence arose and with it came immediate improvement. Such was his success in this vein that he decided to exhibit; adverse opinion stimulated, praise encouraged, and with renewed ambition he began to develop and broaden his hard-won powers.

To Louisiana he owed his first stimulus toward the development of personality in his painting, but it was in the pine woods of the north that he found the subjects with which he could most effectively identify himself. A series of salmon-fishing trips to the Miramichi made him an intense admirer of the scenery of that region, and it has found in him a sympathetic interpreter. In glimpses of its foaming torrents, vistas of its pine-clad valleys, backed by shadowy mountains and broken by shining waters, he has realized his ambition. It is in pictures inspired by this regal stream that he has done, and will continue to do, his best work.

Mr. Jefferson's technique owes nothing to tuition and is the outcome of accurate instinct and endless experiment. Painters who have been educated in their art by rule and precept stand aghast at it. The way in which he works would startle a pupil of the Beaux Arts and astound a graduate of Munich.

His pictures are spontaneous and inspirational—no preparatory sketch, no preliminary thought. He begins by rubbing in something which may serve as the climax of a composition and leads away from it into the subordinate detail. One

NEAR CLEARWATER CAMP

thing suggests or destroys another and the unexpected in Mr. Jefferson's pictures always happens. To the onlooker in his studio all of his most striking effects seem to be the result of accident, unpremeditated and fortunate. It is a form of accident, however, which he has reduced to a science.

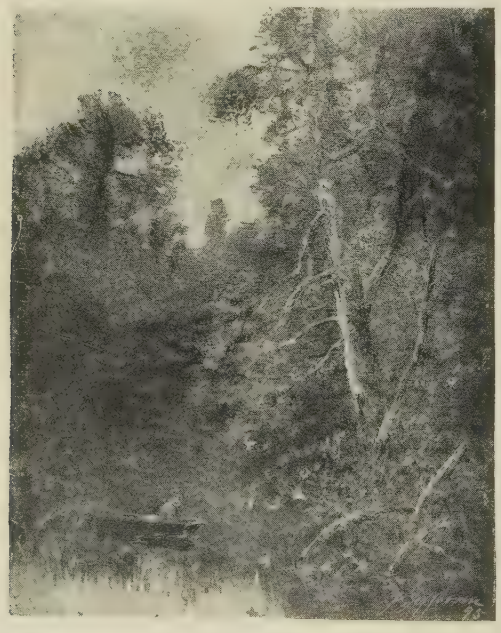
To preserve the vitality of his color and the freedom of his drawing he resorts to the strangest of vehicles to transfer the pigments from the palette to the canvas. A buzzard's feather, a bit of sponge, a piece of chamois-skin, are some of the

quaint substitutes for the brush which he employs. The rocks in his landscapes are created by a series of rubbings, dabs and sweeps with the middle joint of his index finger, and some of his most successful skies were conjured into being by a couple of slashes with a well-primed palette-knife.

At the present moment it would be an injustice to assign a place to Mr. Jefferson among American painters, or suggest the relative value of his art. The latter is not yet fully matured. One of the elements of enduring success, sincerity, it already has; a second indispensable quality, simplicity, it is rapidly acquiring.

MARSH AND MEADOW

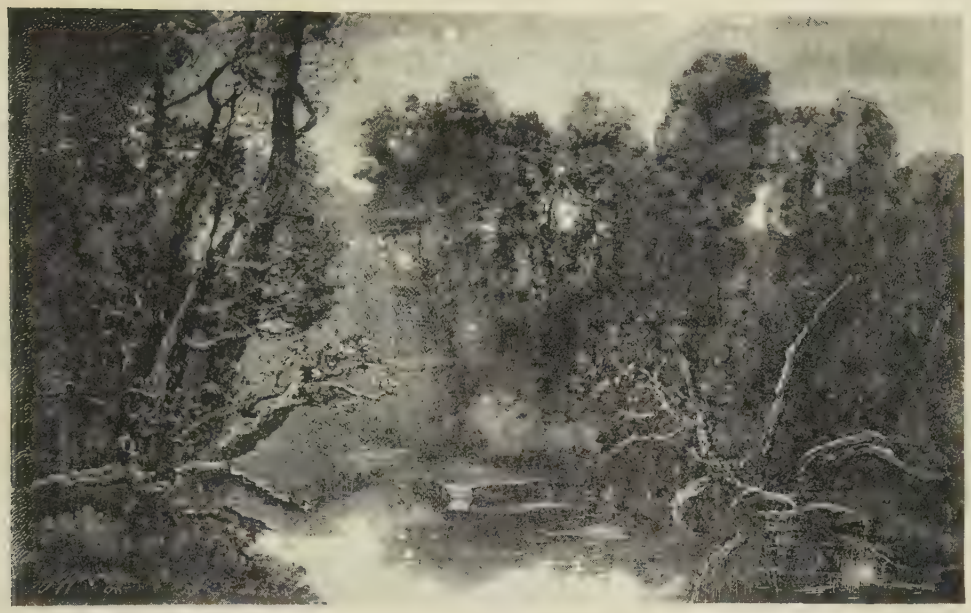
In addition to painting pictures Mr. Jefferson has long been a collector of them. His experience has been a fortunate one, and while there are a number of private galleries in this country which excel his in point of numbers, none can surpass it in quality. His masterpieces were not purchased solely for the names which they bear. Nearly all of the masters have suffered from occasional lapses into mediocrity, and relied upon their signatures to cover a multitude of sins. Mr. Jefferson has carefully avoided material of this order, and purchased only the best work of the best men.



THE PICKEREL'S PARADISE

The most important picture in his gallery is a magnificent Rembrandt, dated 1635. It is a family portrait, a Burgomaster's wife, splendidly preserved, and distinguished by all of the qualities which made Rembrandt what he was. A "Cavalier," by Sir Peter Lely, hangs beside it. A portrait commanding special interest is Sir Joshua Reynold's picture of himself. Painted soon after the sight of one of his eyes was lost forever, it carries an atmosphere of delicately suggested pathos which is most touching.

Three more great Englishmen keep Sir Joshua company. Sir Thomas Lawrence, with a portrait-group of children; George Hopner with a "Harvest Queen;" and George Mor-



STILL WATERS RUN DEEP

land with "The Bell Inn." Four panels by that drunkard in color, Monticelli, are prominent, and contrast strongly with the sober-toned peasants of Josef Israels and Neuhuys. Mr. Jefferson holds Mauve in high esteem, and the latter is strongly represented in his collection. The men who first inspired him, Corot and Daubigny, hold places of honor, and among the remainder are examples of Maris, Van Marcké, Edward Moran, Thomas Sully, Eugene Smith and Achenbach.

A ROCKY BROOK

IN GREEK COSTUME AT PELHAM BAY

By James H. Chapman

Illustrated from photographs from life.

My friend Lasalle had been an enthusiast in amateur photography for many years, and, as a man of means with plenty of leisure, he was in the habit of devoting a great deal of time to his hobby. There were few New Yorkers who knew the suburbs of the metropolis so well; and his collection of privately made pictures, illustrating the wealth of landscape and historical interest in the neighborhood of the great city, was unsurpassed.

It was easy to foresee, therefore, that he would be highly interested when Reggie Van Wyck called upon him one evening with a proposition,—namely:

"Let us make some out-of-door negatives in Greek costume."

"Arn't you a bit mixed, my young friend?" Lasalle smiled back at his earnest companion in art. "I never heard of a photographic negative wearing any costume at all; and it would surely be improper to call a girl a negative, simply because she possessed the immemorial right of her sex to say NO!"

Nevertheless Lasalle listened to the young man's plan, and finally agreed to help him carry it out. It was arranged that the two should meet at Van Wyck's stable at 8 A. M. upon the second following day, and the latter accepted all responsibility as to preliminary arrangements.

Foremost in Van Wyck's preliminaries was the engagement of a couple of girls,—artists' models,—to occupy the Grecian gowns aforesaid, and to behave as two Greek maidens might do under the groves of some glen at the foot of Mount Olympus.

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WAITING FOR THE RESCUE

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IN THE ARMS OF THE OLD OAK

The party assembled at the appointed hour and bestowed themselves in Reggie's surrey, which was already so full of costumes, cameras, etc., as to leave little room for the operators in this classical expedition, and the four experimenters finally started on their way to Pelham Bay Park, on the shore of Long Island Sound, where picturesqueness and freedom from interruption could be found.

Arriving there soon after noon, they put away the horses, loaded their arms with cameras and costumes, and wended their way toward the shore. Here stood a small cottage. It was unoccupied, to be sure, but there was a porch, and the hanging up of a few horse-blankets soon turned one corner into a dressing-room, within which the girls disappeared, speedily to emerge as Greek maidens

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"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH"

apparelled in flowing white robes. They tripped barefooted across the grass and glided in and out among the thickets, calling up pictures of the golden days when Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus, and Pan made his goat-footed people merry among the groves and vineyards of Hellas.

"Oh, Mr. Lasalle!" called one, peeping through a curtain of Virginia creepers so thick that only her laughing eyes were visible, "See what I have found!"

"No matter what you've found," Lasalle shouted back. "Don't move."

And the enthusiast danced around to get his camera in place as though he thought this impromptu pose would vanish by some magic. But it stayed until the shutter snapped, and then the laughing eyes disappeared,—what they "had found" was wholly forgotten!

But Reggie was too much in earnest about his work to spend much time in playing. These young Greeks must prove their mettle, and he led the party off down the shady path to the shore, the girls walking very demurely, hand in hand, where there was a chaos of great rounded rocks among which the tides crept, and over which the spray had been leaping in every gale for unnumbered years.

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CLIMBING THE GNARLED ROCKS

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A PAIR OF LAUGHING EYES

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MOMENTS OF IDLENESS

These rocks were of the old primeval crystalline foundation of things about New York, composed of layers of black, gray, white, and reddish crystals and flakes, most curiously twisted and interwoven; and it was Van Wyck's idea that the soft white garments and rounded figures of the girls would find in them a most excellent background and foil to effective poses.

So he bade them climb the rocks while he brought the camera into readiness to shape them and their surroundings into picturesque adjustment. He was rather long in getting all his machinery where he wanted it, and the two girls, lulled by the lapping of the waves among the kelp, stretched themselves comfortably on

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A SIESTA BY THE SUMMER SEA

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THE PATH TO THE SHORE

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ONE OF NATURE'S KENNELS

the warm boulder, one half-asleep, the other poised on an elbow idly watching the men fussing with the camera, quite content to wait, and unconscious of the pretty picture they had innocently formed where they rested.

Finally the apparatus was ready, and then the work began. The results appear in the accompanying illustrations and are not hard to interpret, so that perhaps it would border on an impertinence to offer to explain the living pictures which these young people composed upon these grand rocks and among these fine groves by the sea, and fixed upon their plates for our delectation. If there be merit and material for enjoyment in them, it is largely due to seizing upon lucky com-

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LAMENTING BY THE "SAD SEA-WAVES"

binations of attitude and surroundings,—pleasing accidents which perhaps only trained women as models, and trained eyes and hands at the camera, could bring about. The girls find a rock almost too tall for them, and Lasalle catches their effort, half made. They drop their hair and crouch on top of a big boulder to give it a sun-bath, and Reggie accuses them of lamenting by the sad sea-waves, and photographs their simulated sorrow. The only carefully studied "pose" of the day was that reproduced on the opening page of this article, where it is to be imagined that these are shipwrecked persons,—one nearly exhausted and with difficulty kept from sliding off the sharp rock, while the other gazes anxiously toward the approaching but still distant rescuers.

Taking it altogether Lasalle admitted, when the day was done, and they drove back to the city, that Reggie Van Wyck had taught him something new.

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NATURE'S ARM-CHAIR

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A SECRET OF THE WOODS

MY PET SUBJECT

By Arthur Hoeber

Fifth paper, with original illustrations by various artists.

Drawn by C. W. Traver

MY DOG

There is a mysterious something about the choice of subject that makes or mars a picture, but which is difficult to define, so subtle is it. Many of the successful paintings, works that live and are agreeably remembered, are extremely simple, not depending for their vogue on elaboration, or the number of figures in the composition, or upon any trick of startling light or effect; and such a success, it seems to us, may have been attained by Mr. Traver in his portrait of his faithful, honest dog—a *pet* subject in more senses than one.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh is many-sided in his gifts, and is very much at home with his brush or, in a literary way, with his pen. It is suspected that his favorite *motif* is always the one he is engaged upon at the moment. The artisan in the work-shop, the wild western Indian, especially the picturesque Zuñian, in blankets of crude reds, blues and yellows; the Breton peasant, stern of face and quaint of garb, or the glass-workers of Ellenville, are all the same to him; or he will turn

From a painting by Albert Insley

A COOL MORNING

away from these and dash off an interesting story of the cañons of the Colorado with equal facility and in quite as interesting a way.

Albert Insley does not evolve, though he gives, it is true, to all his bits of nat-

From a painting by Frederick Dellenbaugh

A MECHANIC

ure an individuality of his own that never fails to be attractive, and he has an appreciation of graceful landscape-composition quite marked. There is as much in knowing what to leave out in nature as in choosing the point of view. Both experience and intuition must be utilized if one would make an interesting canvas.

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. IX.—DEATH OF COUNT HACKELBEREND

Abbot Paulus sternly reminds the dying Count of his sins, especially as to Hildegard. Hackelberend refuses absolution, and demands freedom to hunt after death, whereupon Paulus lays upon him the curse, that he shall hunt till Doom.

THE SWAY OF THE CRINOLINE

By Helen Ingersoll

Illustrated from drawings by contemporary artists.

Costume with all its vagaries, is the last study in which we would expect to find illustrations of the survival of the fittest, yet even among laces and ribbons—all the dainty frou-frou of woman's belongings—that which is most appropriate to the time and the manners is surest to be handed down.

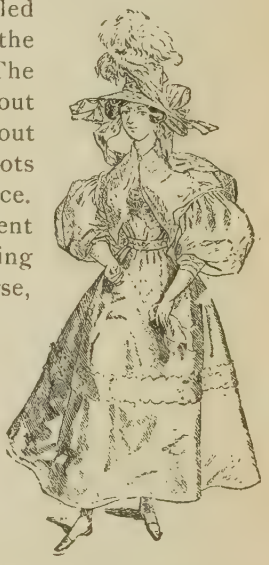
The history of French costume since the beginning of the nineteenth century may naturally be divided into two parts. One, the Napoleonic era, when short waists and clinging draperies prevailed; the other, dating from the Revolution of July, 1830, when Louis Philippe ascended to the people's throne of France and inaugurated a period of great expansion in various articles of dress. The years between the fall of the Empire and the enthronement of the "King of the Tricolor," saw the gradual merging of the one motive of dress into the other; and, just as the changing lights on the stage give a different spirit to a scene, so the changing costume ushered in a new act of the spectacular drama of French life the theater of national history.

Fair women gave themselves up to romance during the first years of Louis Philippe's reign, fixing the name Romantic Age upon that period of dress. They endeavored to model themselves after Byron's heroines, "dined on hummingbird's eggs," and fairly made themselves ill by trying to induce and maintain an "interesting" pallor and frailty. Belles dabbled in art and letters. They criticised with equal indifference the singers in a favorite opera or the gown of Madame in front of them, and raved over the pictures of Delaroche and Vernet. Feminine dress was somewhat affected by the paintings in the salons, and by the stage. All manner of coiffures were copied exactly from the heroines of artist or dramatist.

The typical gowns of the period seem charming as we look back at them, perhaps through the glamour caused by our modern adaptations of the same styles; but then, as always, they were designed for a slender figure. What stout woman could with any conscience wear skirts just reaching to the ankles, and sleeves projecting on each side, as if the panniers of the Old Régime had been raised to the shoulders of the fair dames of 1830. These sleeves were puffed out so far that whalebones were sometimes run around the greatest circumference, or little balloons stuffed with down kept the soft fabrics distended; over each shoulder flared multiple capes sloping into points at the broad belt, which now lay in a natural position. The skirts were very wide at the bottom, and were often much trimmed.

Turbans, of every size and material, had never lost their popularity since their introduction in Napoleon's time, and the performance of "La Juive" deluged Paris with Jewish styles. But

the most picturesque feature of the fashions of 1830 was the hat. It had a great flaring brim, heavily trimmed with lace; long soft ostrich-feathers curled among the puffs of lace and bow-knots of ribbon about the crown, or nodded over the edge; and the whole was set jauntily on one side of the head, with many yards of tulle or ribbon fluttering uselessly about the shoulders. Another style of headgear, the great bonnet fashioned after a coal-scuttle, was designed to cover an elaborate coiffure. An old illustration shows a hair-dresser compelled to mount upon stilts in order to twist up the locks of a lady sitting in front of him. The hairdresser was a very important person about 1830, and he clustered Madame's curls about her temples, or piled huge puffs and bow-knots of hair on top of her head in harmony with the shape of her face.



Women flourished under the Monarchy of July. They went alone to lectures and salons, and there was even a foreshadowing of the "new woman," since they handled stocks on the Bourse, wearing there a severe costume suitable to the place, for the French woman never forgot appropriateness.

In the brilliant evenings the Parisiennes walked under the trees of the Champs Elysées in gowns of organdie or muslin, and enfolded themselves in the pelerine, or a double mantle, or capes of black lace lined with colored taffeta; and at the opera-balls, during the Carnival, the great majority of women concealed themselves under dominoes of every color. It was at one of these balls that the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, received his partner from the gallery by means of friendly hands in the tiers of boxes, who passed her down to him outside the gilded fronts.

Scarfs were still much used in summer, and draped in many graceful ways. A new fashion that might be seen in the carriages at Longchamps, which had been the great showplace of society since the Reign of Terror, was that of wearing blouses; and the belles sometimes owned as many as thirty of these convenient articles, made of all materials,

from percale for the morning, to fine India muslin for evening wear. They adopted whichever one in color, or fashion best harmonized with their mood of the moment. The canezou, a sort of primitive jersey, was occasionally worn with separate skirts. After the Algerian victories the tricolored stuffs, always brought out when an exciting event stirred up the volatile but ever patriotic Parisians, were somewhat used.

The appearance of "The Pickwick Papers," in England, in 1836, gave the name of Dickens's hero to coats, canes, and to hats with narrow brims curved up at the side, as in the great novelist's drawings of the immortal Pickwick.

A pretty variation in the mode of using veils arose among the women about the same time, wherein the large scarf or veil was so thrown back from the face as to lie between the crown and brim of the huge bonnet, leaving its long ends hanging softly like a fichu to the waist. Young married women wore upon their heads, at home, little tufts of lace and ribbon; and for a while these small caps were to be seen at the theater instead of flaring hatbrims, to the great relief of the remainder of the audience.

The year 1840 introduced into Paris a sudden fancy for applying to various objects and persons names borrowed from the menagerie in the Jardin des Plantes. Grooms were then first called "tigers," and such a fair dame as in former times would have been called *une elegante*, became now *une lionne*, a title that Alfred de Musset had given to one of his heroines, when he sought rhymes for *à Barcelone*, *à l'automne*, and the like. *Les lionnes* were of different species, but their general characteristic was a disposition to copy the men; to ride on horseback, an exercise to which French women do not seem to be greatly attracted; to attend steeple-chases; to shoot, and to show no great disinclination for champagne frappé. It was only another tem-

porary invasion of Anglomania affecting only a few persons.

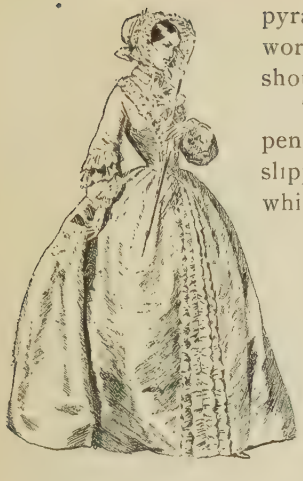
One curious incident of this time is that mentioned, in enumerating her gowns, by a lady who remarks that she had forgotten the one she wore on the days when an assassin had attempted to take the life of the king or one of his family. It had become the fashion to call at once at the Tuileries to congratulate the king after such escapes, which were very frequent, as we notice in reading the memoirs of the Prince de Joinville; and sad-colored garments were kept on hand for such occasions by those privileged to present themselves at the palace.

In 1848 the American Amelia Bloomer endeavored to make a way for the odd costume which has been resurrected in a modified form by bicycle-riders, though the modern "bloomers" bear more resemblance to a zouave's uniform than to Mrs. Bloomer's ideal. The original Bloomer-suit consisted of long full trousers, closely clasped at the ankle and ornamented there with frills. Above these were a short skirt with many ruffles, and a man's coat and vest with masculine accessories about the throat, absurdly topped by a broad-brimmed, beflowered, and essentially feminine Leghorn hat. Its ugliness defeated its good intentions.

Sleeves gradually grew smaller, and by 1850 fitted close to the upper arm with a long shoulder-seam, but flared slightly at the elbow. Italian straw bonnets were first introduced in the same year, and were smaller in size than before, with garlands of artificial flowers.

With their usual faculty for adopting foreign articles, the Parisians now wore Algerian burnouses as opera-cloaks. They had previously appeared in "Chinese tunics" and "vestes Polonaise,"—all with a Parisian touch of make and passementerie. Crêpe shawls, wonderfully embroidered by Chinese fingers, or pieces of tulle imitating Valenciennes lace, took the place of the Kashmir shawls prevalent at the beginning of this century.

Such were the steps by which fashion approached the crowning event in dress of the 19th century—the crinoline. The fair dames of the Second Empire, whether short or tall, were forced into these iron cages by the inexorable decrees of the *modistes*. It is easy to see how the multiple petticoats, stiffened with starch or whalebones in the hem, and flaring out about the feet, until a woman of 1850 looked like a



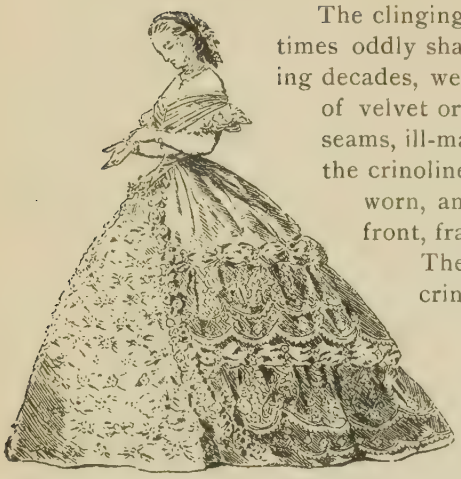
pyramid, gradually rendered necessary some sort of framework to support their weight; but why the ugly crinoline should have remained in vogue so long is a mystery.

The fashion spread over all western Europe and America, penetrating the utmost fastnesses of the Rockies. Savages slipped into the hoopskirt which they had taken from their white victims, and flourished about in this airy costume. The pages of *Punch* about 1860 are filled with caricatures of the crinoline, showing the havoc caused by a maid-servant's hoops as she swirls among delicate bric-à-brac, or the disastrous effect of a lively breeze upon the voluminous draperies of her mistress.

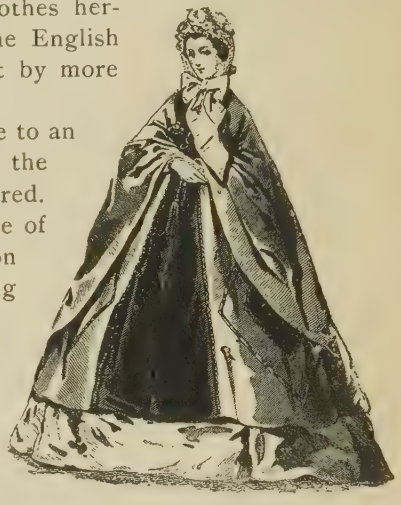
It goes without saying that the "tilters," as they were dubbed by irreverent Yankees, were inconvenient. Even now we hear harrowing tales of young women immovably fixed on fences that they had attempted to scale, only to find themselves hung up helplessly upon some lurking nail that had maliciously caught one of the barrel-hoops that encircled them.

The light steel circles around the body were arranged into several different kinds of hoopskirts, but all wobbled ungracefully as the wearer walked, and the steel often snapped, with disastrous results to skin and clothing. In the house crinolines were even more inconvenient. A lady, writing of the times of Eugenie, Empress of the French, says that, "It was with difficulty that three women sunk in their cages could sit together in a boudoir. It was accompanied by a mixture of all fashions. One recorded toilet placed draperies à la Grecque over the amplitude of the panniers of Louis XVI, with the basques of the Amazons of the Frondé, and the hanging sleeves of the Rénaissance." She adds: "It is from the date of this period that the usage, out of fashion to-day, of offering the arm to the women in the salons, or for accompanying them in the street, has been lost." One can appreciate this who has laughed at the efforts of the jovial highwayman in "Erminie" to dance with the Princess, who was buttressed in a swaying, supple cone of steel which continually tripped him up.

When the crinoline had arrived at the period of its greatest expansion, women began to enlarge their knots of hair, which had been worn in Spanish fashion *à l'Eugenie*, who rolled it back from her forehead. From this developed, about 1862, the first chignons, which soon attained a vast size, eked out by false hair, which was braided, or jammed in a wad into a net, resting low upon the neck, while long ribbons fluttered from the top of the head. The ridiculous little hats tilted far forward, and familiar to us in war-time pictures, were naturally the only sort that such a coiffure would admit of.

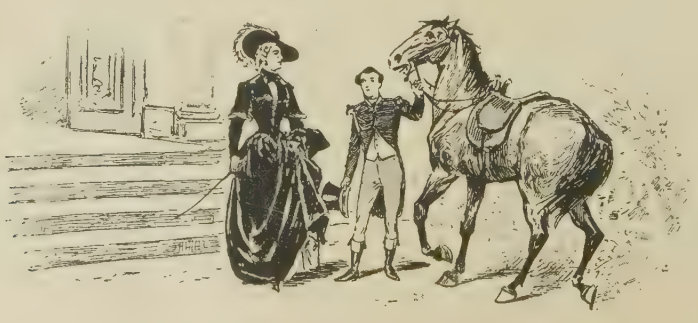


The clinging shawls and scarfs of 1830, and the sometimes oddly shaped but not ungraceful mantles of the following decades, were superseded by bulky, bell-shaped wraps, of velvet or cloth, ugly in design, with long shoulder-seams, ill-made sleeves, and with skirts flaring widely over the crinoline. Bonnets, shaped like a scoop, were also worn, and were not unbecoming when seen from the front, framing the face in an oval of artificial flowers. The Empress Eugenie, who had fostered the crinoline, suddenly revolted and in 1860, after her visit to the Alps, introduced short skirts, but this improvement had a brief existence. Some time before this Dr. Mary Walker had tried to introduce entirely masculine suits for feminine wearers. She wore a man's clothes herself, but only succeeded in being mobbed by the English audiences to whom she lectured, and laughed at by more tolerant and humor-loving Americans.



Slowly, but surely, as the Second Empire came to an end, and Eugenie was sent hurrying out of Paris, the crinoline decreased in size and finally disappeared. To the honor of Worth, be it said that he was one of those who assisted in its disappearance. The fashion had only one merit, we are told, that of concealing the figures of all women, and showing only the throat and shoulders by the low-cut corsage; and in this particular the stout women for once gained an advantage over their slender sisters, whose svelte figures lost all their grace.

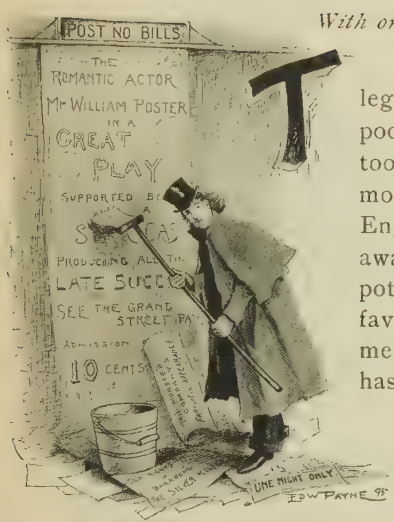
Modern costume, after passing through the various stages of these "pull-back" skirts, which were strapped tightly across the knees, rendering a free step well-nigh impossible; of the "bustle," which carried the heavy folds at the back of the skirt on a platform projecting from the waist; and of kilted skirts and "jerseys," seems now (if we except the immense sleeves), to have reached a rational standpoint. One wears that which is most suitable for the moment, and the fashions of 1895 will not look so absurd to the eyes of the next century as will those of 1870.



BARNSTORMERS

By Edward Payne

With original illustrations by the author.



THE LEADING MAN

HE Knowall Dramatic Company was clearly on its last legs. We had been suffering from a severe attack of poor business for a month, and as the manager's face took on a sort of desperate expression the fact became more and more clear to us. The part of northern New England that leaves the White Mountains and stretches away toward the Atlantic, familiarly known as "the potato region," is rather uninviting under the most favorable circumstances; but to homesick, weary mummers, who each day come one step nearer dissolution, it has peculiarly unpleasant features.

It had become necessary to leave portions of our wardrobe at each hostelry we visited, and so the costume-plays had all been cut from our repertoire. The brass band had been reduced to four pieces, as several instruments had figured in forced sales; and the leading man was obliged to go on ahead after each performance, bill the next town, meet the company at the depot, play solo alto in the band for the street-parade, and at night give a strong performance of *Joe Morgan* in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." That this unwonted exercise was beginning to tell on him, we could see, for every night he seemed to surpass his previous efforts in the de-

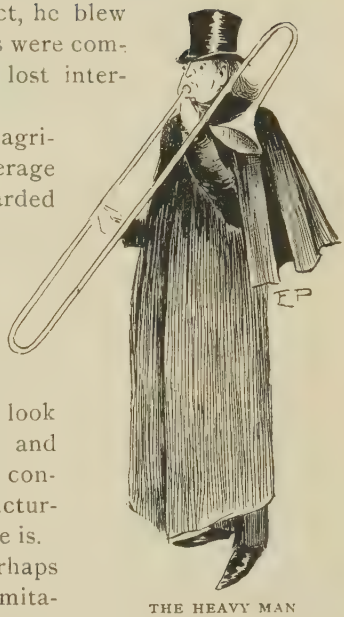
VISIONS OF MANAGERIAL OFFERS

lirium-tremens scene. He was a good fellow, and we all felt worried about him.

The leading lady was growing very despondent. She had come from a quiet village, and she used to say that the faces of her dear old relatives haunted her more and more. She was a graduate of a school of acting, and had hoped for better things than these. The heavy man was also solo trombone in the band, and

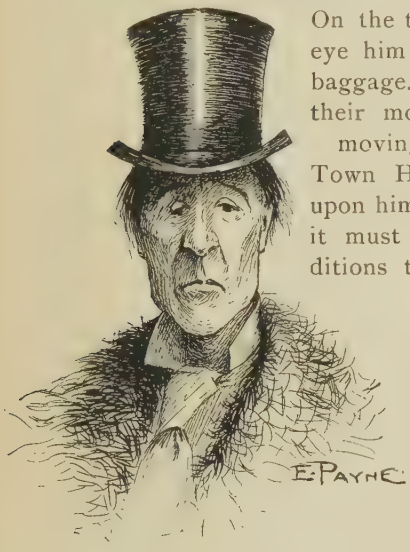
"THE LEADING LADY HAD COME FROM A QUIET VILLAGE"

played with renewed desperation each day,—in fact, he blew so much wrath into the instrument that the rest of us were completely drowned; but it was just as well, for we had lost interest in musical matters.



THE HEAVY MAN

The trials of an actor who takes his art to the agricultural regions are practically unknown to the average theater-goer. To begin with, the Thespian is regarded with distrust in the provinces. On the trains the conductors eye him keenly and weigh his baggage. The truckmen want their money in advance for moving his trunk to the Town Hall, the inn-keepers look upon him as a natural enemy, and it must be these unpleasant conditions that make him the picturesque character that he is.



THE MANAGER

He seldom, perhaps never, realizes his limitations, and produces "Jim the Penman" as cheerfully as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His confidence in himself is beautiful to see, and he regards it as only a question of time when he shall make a hit and "walk on velvet" for the remainder of his days. And yet with all his vanities he is generous to a fault, tender-hearted, ever ready to help an unfortunate of any description, and altogether a good fellow to meet.

The female portion of these traveling companies has nearly always been misrepresented. The soubrette is usually described as being the mother of the first old man, but she is frequently a very pretty little girl who lives among visions of managerial offers and sooner or later finds her way to a metropolitan engagement.

The soubrette in the Knowall Company was the soul of the whole party. Her merry smile was the balm of all our discouragements, and she was as much a favorite with this little band of wanderers as with her rural audiences.

There is something humorous about a small audience in a country theater. It

THE SOUBRETTE AND HER RURAL ADMIRERS.

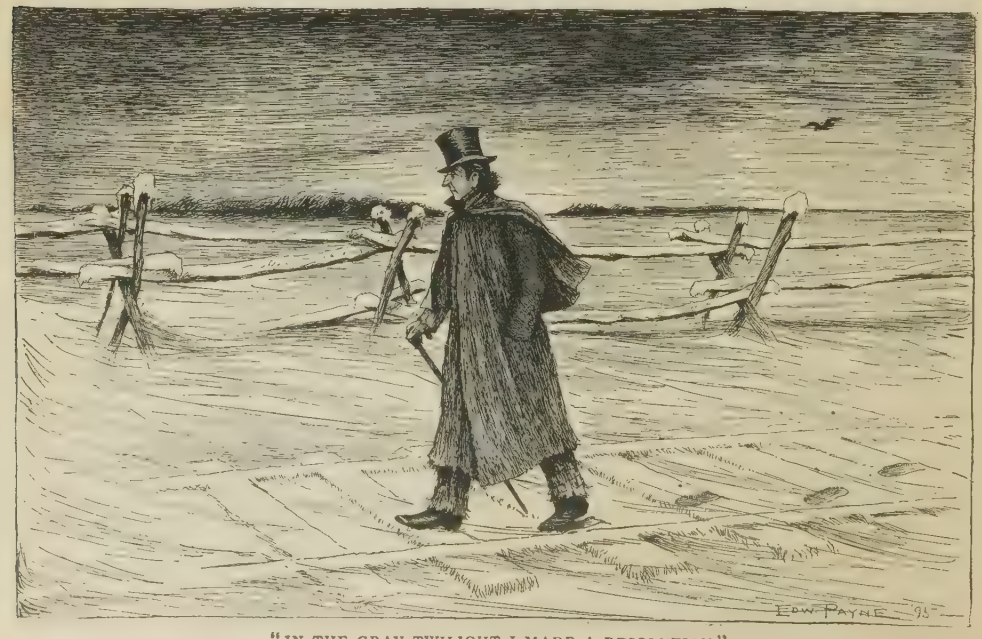
THE PROPRIETOR OF THE HOTEL AND HIS FAMILY IN THE FRONT ROW

usually consists of the proprietor of the hotel patronized by the company, and his family. They are always very appreciative, but nevertheless it is a hard house to play to. One night after we had presented "The Silver King" to an audience of the above description, Bilks came rushing into the dressing-room in a very excited frame of mind. Bilks was the " heavy," and he could be very effective when the occasion demanded.

" Do you know where Cameron is? " he shouted in his *Ingomar* voice. "I do not," said I. " Well I do, that is I mean I don't ; but he's skipped and taken every red cent the company had, and we are lost,—lost in Aroostook County! "

It was sadly true. The manager had foreseen the end and had silently decamped. It's a way that managers have, and the indignation meeting that we organized on the spot is only one of hundreds that have been held in more or less remote and inhospitable parts of these United States.

We divided what little we had among the ladies, left our baggage with the irate landlord, who expressed a very different opinion of our last performance than his face in the front row had betokened, and departed upon our several ways; and in the gray twilight of that winter morning, as I looked on across the wastes of driving snow, I made a resolution.



"IN THE GRAY TWILIGHT I MADE A RESOLUTION"

LIVING MEDUSÆ

By Ernest Ingersoll

Illustrated from drawings from living examples.

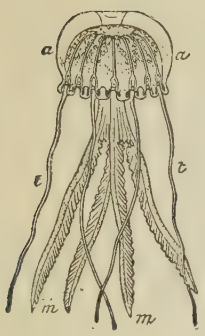


FIG. 1. A TYPICAL MEDUSA

Pelagia cyanella: *a*, disk, umbrella or swimming-bell; *m*, *m*, digestive and generative appendages (fringes), *t*, *t*, tentacles.

Those poetic souls who are ever seeking to discover the spiritual in nature, and contrasting it joyously with the sturdiness and substantiality that is usually too apparent to be idealized, ought to turn their gaze upon the medusæ. Even the term jellyfish, more commonly applied to these sea-swimmers (other names are inelegant), implies a solidity few approach and I shall therefore call them, as the zoologists do, medusæ.

How apt this name is, at any rate for the larger and commoner sorts, may be seen by a glance at figure 12, whose writhing stinging tentacles suggest nothing so obviously as the snaky locks of the fabled gorgon that Perseus killed, whose grimacing visage was mounted upon the ægis of Athena and copied by all good Greeks, even to this day (though they may not realize it), as an object frightful enough to ward off even the superhuman malignancy of the Evil Eye itself. But really there is no more harm in the one than in the other, the jellyfish being, in fact, hardly more substantial than the myth; and a curious incident may further be noted in respect to this name, since the class to which these delicate animals belong is called Acalephs, which means *stingers*, because its principal members are furnished with powerful urticating organs.

FIG. 2. A CTENOPHORE

End-view of Leseueria polyptera.

FIG. 3. PLEUROBRACHIA RHODODACTYLA

The medusæ are among the lowliest of living things, — that is, they have an extremely simple organization, being closely allied to the coral-polyps and sea-anemones on the one hand, and to the trepangs and star-fishes on the other. They consist of hardly more than films and threads of a gelatinous substance, almost unorganized and more or less transparent, which is permeated by cavities and canals through which the sea-water circulates, while their surfaces continu-

ously extract microscopic nutriment from it. Some kinds, however, require a stronger diet and are carnivorous, seizing and drawing into their interiors various small animals whose juices are absorbed and hard parts rejected. A curious example of this is found in the case of the species outlined in figure 8, and common on our North Atlantic coast, as are all those here illustrated. This medusæ is always accompanied by a small shad-like fish which enwraps itself in the pendant fringes, sometimes twenty or more clinging together to this shelter. These fringes, seen also in figures 1, 4 and 11, depend from the mouth of the stomach, and are in reality prolongations of it, since their inner surfaces assimilate the food held in their muscular grasp; and the jellyfish, accepting the goods the gods place in its very mouth, swallows a fish every few hours,—a fact which does not seem to alarm its fellows in the least. Meanwhile, until their turn comes, the minnows are protected from other enemies, and themselves find food among the folds of the fringes, or even eat these wrinkled membranes themselves.

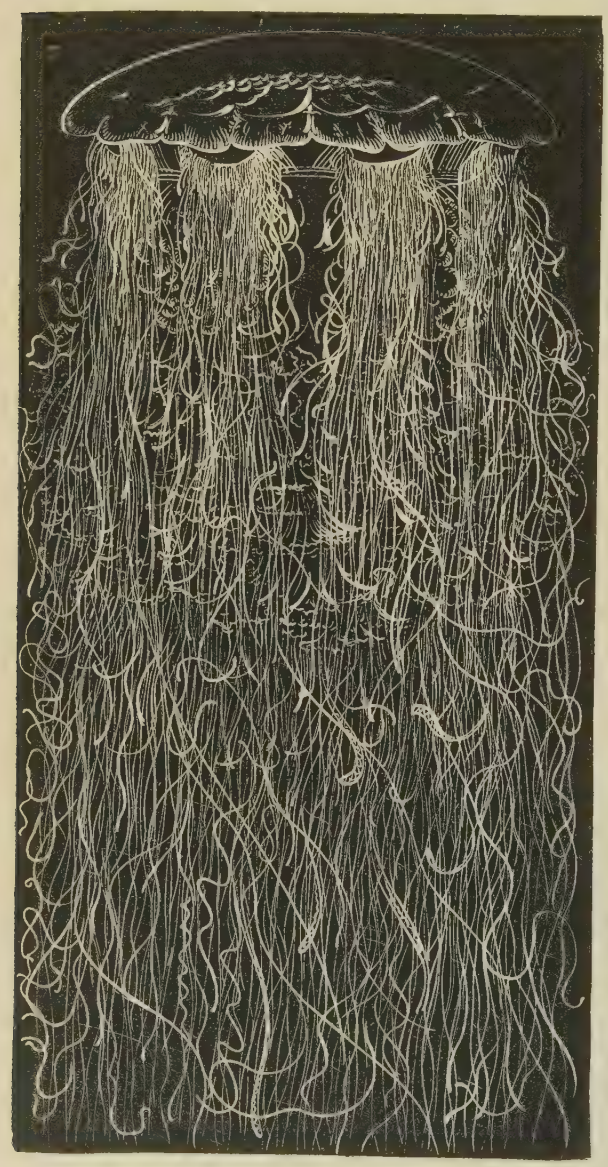


FIG. 4. CYANEA ARCTICA

These lambent gems of the sea, softly radiant with the shifting play of their own phosphorescent light — mantling their cold crystalline bells and lace-like appendages with blushes of submarine lightning —swarm in incredible numbers and diversity under every latitude, but especially within the tropics; and it is to them that the marvelous sea-fires noted by voyagers are principally due. Some are oceanic, and known only where they burst into tiny rockets of blue flame under the prows of far-sailing ships; but the main body of the medusa tribe frequent the coast, thronging especially in protected lagoons, seeking water that is still and warm. A familiar one among the Florida reefs is the " thimble-fish " of the spongers; of which long bending lines may be seen drifting with the tide, like

FIG. 5. AURELIA FLAVIDULA

View from above, showing the radial structure, the ovaries (A, B, C, D) and the ambulacral zones, I, II, III, IV, each with its system of circulatory canals.

chains of iridescent bubbles—necklaces of pearls on ocean's breast.

In more northern and colder waters they are somewhat less common, and many are altogether nocturnal in their habits. On the other hand, the sunshine attracts several of the larger kinds to the surface by day, where they lie, sometimes in vast shoals, basking in the warm light and rising and falling with the quiet billows, but sinking to imperturbable depths upon the approach of a storm, for their delicate structure is unable to endure rough tossing by the waves.

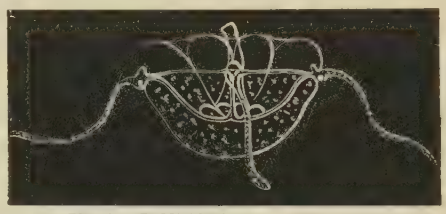


FIG. 6. CAMPANELLA PACHYDERMA

Two conspicuous species, which sailors call "sunfish," on account of this basking habit, are numerous in the Atlantic, and reach a large size. One is the yellowish Aurelia (fig. 5), which has only short tentacles around its margin, and often strews the northern beaches after a gale. It averages the size of a dinner-plate, but is far outranked in size by the equally common and far more splendid reddish-brown Cyanea arctica (fig. 4), which sometimes measures seven and a half feet across the disk, and has tentacles 120 feet in length.

These huge jellyfishes go in great schools, and are preyed upon by several of the larger denizens of the ocean, as the great squids, whales, turtles and some big fishes; but they are well able to seize and devour certain small soft-bodied animals, and to defend themselves against many others.

FIG. 7. HALICLYSTUS AURICULA: NATURAL SIZE

Their vivid phosphorescence is no doubt a means of defence, warning away many creatures that accidentally or designedly might do them an injury; but their active weapons, for both offence and defence, are found in the curious organs to which they owe another name,—"sea-nettles." Thickly scattered over

FIG. 8. DACTYLOMETRA QUINQUECIRRA

FIG. 9. TRACHYNEMA DIGITALE

the surface of every tentacle are pits or pockets of microscopic minuteness closed by a filmy pellicle, within each of which there is coiled, like a spiral spring, a thread terminating in a barbed needle, which is further armed with an acrid fluid. The instant the tentacle, floating about, touches any living object, the delicate covers of hundreds of these thread-cells are ruptured, the springs are released, and the poisoned barbs dart out and penetrate whatever is soft enough to permit it. Lay a living tentacle of one of the larger jellyfishes across the back of your hand and it will leave a fiery red line. Should a naked bather become entangled in the thousand filmy lassos of a great Cyanea, he might be rendered so powerless by the impedient, pain, and numbing effect of the poisonous injection (sufficient to paralyze small prey), as to drown before he could get free.

FIG. 10. EUCOPE POLYGENA

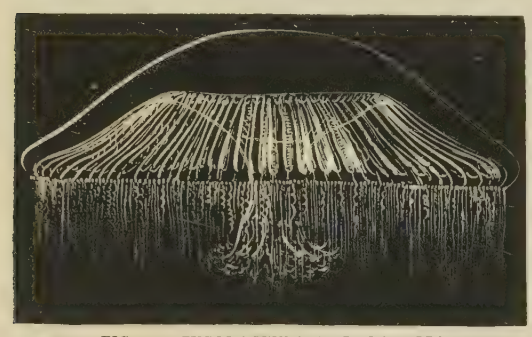


FIG. 11. ZYGODACTYLA GRŒNLANDICA

Not all jellyfishes are umbrella-shaped or thimble-shaped. Some are globular or ovoid, as the exquisite ctenophores, or comb-bearing medusæ (figs. 2 and 3) — transparent orbs, scarcely visible in the water. I remember one summer evening leaning over the side of a boat in Peconic bay, when the water was full of these impalpable globules, and delightedly watching their motions while the men hauled through their ranks the glistening meshes of a purse-net full of menhaden. How the captives

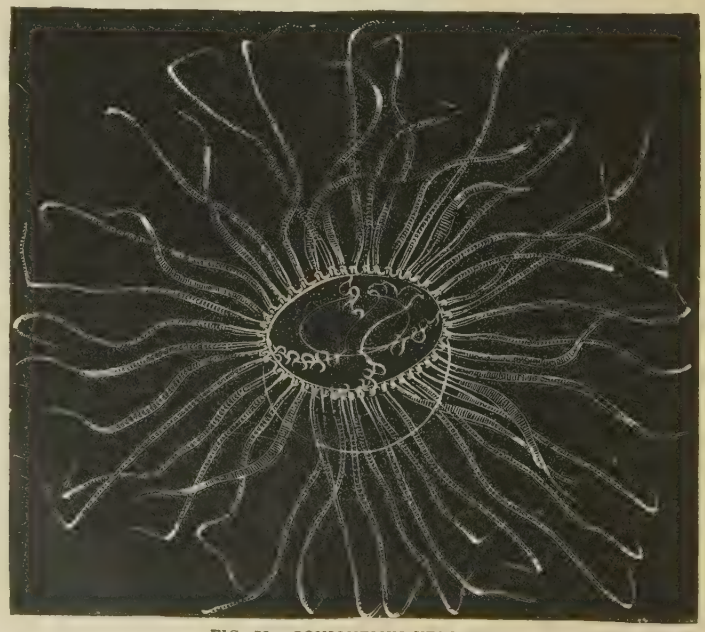


FIG. 12. GONIONEMUS VERTENS

FIG. 13. A "GOSSAMER FRAME"

gleamed! Their iridescent scales seemed illumined from within, so brilliantly was the sunshine reflected from them as they struggled together under the clear green water. Shifting waves of color flashed and paled—gray as the fishes turned their backs, sweeping brightly back as they exposed their nacreous sides, soft, undefined, mutable; while, to show their tints the better, myriads of minute medusæ carried hither and thither little phosphorescent lanterns in gossamer frames and transparent globes, shining brightly even in the daylight. These were ctenophores,—egg-shaped, transparent little creatures, with eight lines of tiny paddles running up their sides; and it was along these lines that the mysterious light flickered so exquisitely. In the larger, umbrella-shaped jellyfishes, it seems to be the rim of the umbrella, or else the radial canals, that bear the light-giving organs; and it is beautiful to watch them pulsing through the water, the disk paling and glowing with each contraction and expansion of the pearly creatures, and the tentacles waving like a moon-lit plume.

FIG. 14. OCEANIA LANGUIDA

This shows the great power of contraction possessed by some species.

FIG. 15. A COMPOUND HYDROID

FIG. 16. CLYTIA BICOPHORA

While some jellyfishes trail radiantly behind them a cloud of tentacles and sweep through the dark water at night like submarine comets, others have no tentacles, or only very few; or in place of them flexible feathery cirri of filmy beauty. Such are the plumularians, one of which is depicted in figure 3. Then, again, others are fixed, rooted upon kelp or some other support, and growing like flowers,—a whole colony on a single stalk, (figs. 7; 10, 15). Others seem never to move about. Such is a species, abundant on the coral-reefs of Florida, which

FIG. 17. HYDROIDS

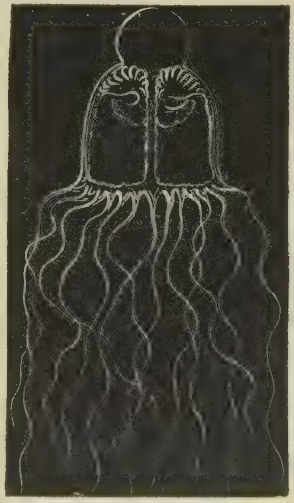


FIG. 18. TURRIS VESICARIA

lies quiet on the living coral day and night. Another is the curious one depicted in figure 12, which is commonly found clinging to the weeds in the kelp-beds along our northern shores. Some jelly-fishes, as those shown in figures 19 and 21, are really a colony of animals, each group of parts having its own organs and separate existence, although the circulatory system of the group is general, so that the nourishing liquids are carried impartially to all members of the colony. Each part, however, has its own function, one set of members buoying up and moving about its fellows, while a part of them catch and digest the food for the whole, and another part is entirely reproductive in its office, and so on. This is an ideal socialism; but it is successful because no part can secede and there is no reward for any member who feels disposed to outdo his fellows.

FIG. 19. NANOMIA CARA: A PHYSOPHORE

FIG. 21. THE PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR

The movements of the medusæ express the perfection of beauty in motion. Nothing in nature exceeds the elegance and sinuous grace of their swimming. Unsubstantial shapes, of, rather than in, the water, palely drawn against the darkness in ghostly outlines of their own phosphorescence, their tentacles mere ripples of light, they swell elegantly onward without any visible effort by the alternate contraction and dilation of their wavering disks, reflecting here a prismatic sunbeam, there altogether lost in a shadow, to appear again in a moment and so throb softly, silently, tracklessly through the liquid,—mere passing thoughts in the brain of the Great Deep.

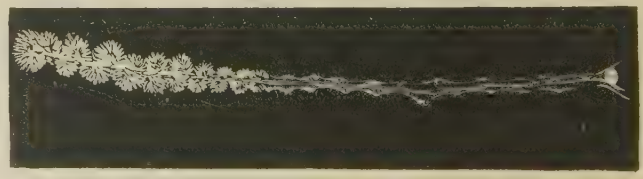


FIG. 20. A TENTACLE OF A MEDUSA (SYNDICTYON), ENLARGED

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. X.—BURIAL OF COUNT HACKELBEREND

According to his wishes, Gerhard and Bruno take the dead Count at night to his forest-grave, riding on his favorite charger. Ghosts appear and taunt the dead noble, because he preferred a hunting-ground to heaven after death.

BEER-MUGS OUT FOR AN AIRING AT A TAVERN ON THE BANK OF THE ISAR

IN THE SUBURBS OF MUNICH

By Hugh H. Lusk

Illustrated from original photographs by Allen B. Doggett.

Stately Germany,—the Germany which is no longer medieval like Nuremburg, nor yet modern like Berlin, but which represents the fusion of that which was with that which is,—may probably be seen at its best in Munich. There is a dignity about its spacious streets and noble buildings that brings even to its most modern aspects much of that stateliness which, more than perhaps any other characteristic, distinguished the medieval from the modern world of Europe.

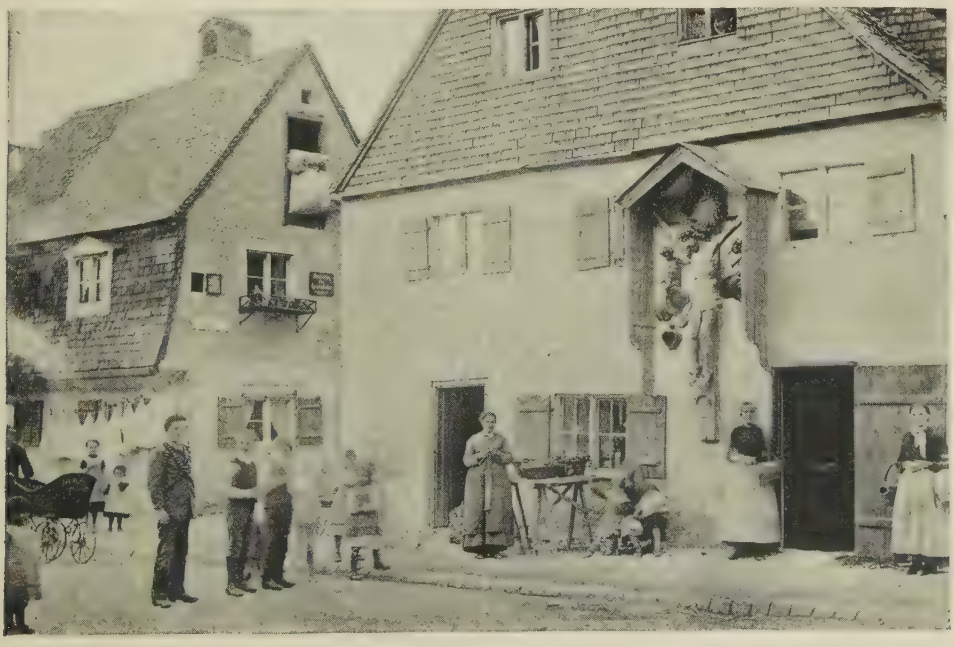
Whatever may be said of the city of Munich itself, however, its suburbs must

LOMBARDY POPLARS SHADING A SUBURBAN ROAD

be admitted to have a very distinct character of their own. There the stranger can, with hardly an effort, dream himself back into a simpler past, without much danger of sudden disillusionment from an all too bustling present. There, as he wanders leisurely under the shadows of the tall trees that fringe the roads and lend a rustic grace to the quaint, high-gabled cottages, he may fancy himself surrounded by a medieval world into which the stir of Reformation-times had not introduced the restless temper of modern Europe.

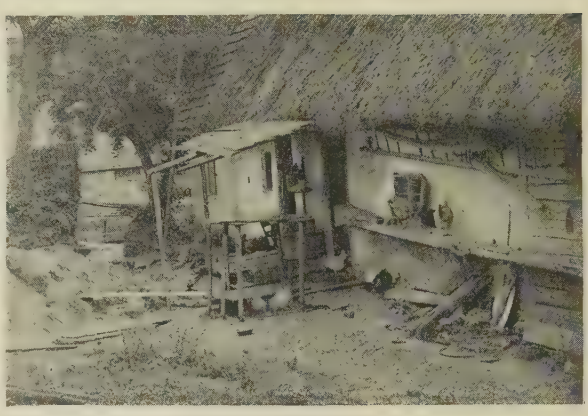
AN OLD GERMAN WAGON

Here you may pause opposite the village house of entertainment to admire the long array of mugs and glasses exposed on the bench to the morning sun and air, silent witnesses of last night's simple revel, at which the village wisdom was moistened by the beverage dear to so many generations of the fathers of the hamlet. You may stop to look at the simple hay-wagon standing by its open shed, undisturbed by the regulations of any too officious street-commissioner. You will probably come to an interested halt before the wayside crucifix, —the more or less artistic center of the village piety and rural admiration.



DAMN ST.: A PART OF OLD MUNICH

The sights on every side are indeed essentially every-day sights, mainly rendered artistic and poetical by the touch of time's decaying fingers on roof or wall. Sometimes, it is true, a sharp contrast will present itself even here, and some obtrusively modern building, with its end-of-the-century windows and conveniences, throws into sharper relief the relics that speak falteringly of its earlier and ruder decades.



A KITCHEN DOOR

A WORK-TEAM

The modern, nevertheless, is always an interloper in the suburbs of Munich; and the eye rests with a sense of fitness and relief on some fair Bavarian maiden, flaxen-haired and barefooted, set in a framework of half-ruined steps and wildly growing creepers, or on some shy yet delighted family group, the members of which, perhaps, fondly imagine themselves rather than their quaint surroundings to be the objects of the traveler's attention. After all, they are not perhaps so very far wrong. There is always a closely connecting link between humanity and its productions. The quaint old houses, stairways, and roads of these suburban villages have but little meaning, and at best a faded sort of interest, apart from the groups of wondering blue-eyed children,—the sturdy boys, the blooming and at times startlingly pretty maidens, with large mild eyes and golden locks,—that lend just that touch of life and reality to the

CUTTING AND CARRYING IN THE HOUSEHOLD FUEL

SOME FAIR BAVARIAN MAIDEN

picture which is needed to give it human interest.

The suburbs of Munich should be seen in spring, however, amidst the wealth of early leaf and flower, as few places lose more by the change to the bleakness of winter. A Bavarian winter-scene is somehow more than ordinarily melancholy. Its long stretches of flat land seem to be pressed upon by the iron hand of winter; its bare and leafless trees look peculiarly gaunt and cheerless as they stand, lone sentinels of its level roads; its very skies, gray, leaden, and hopeless, give an impression of desolation not easily exceeded. It is then, indeed, that the want of the active street-cleaning commissioner makes itself felt in the suburbs of this old city of Munich.

It is then that the other and the much less romantic side of medievalism, with its dangerous, unhealthy ruins, and its overgrown, miasmatic paths, comes into prominence, and forcibly suggests

A SUBURBAN TENEMENT-HOUSE

an argument in favor of our modern methods more easily appreciated than answered.

For the really common side of life you must seek the markets, and there you will find it in the suburbs of Munich, as in

DACHAN WOMEN AT PRAYERS

MIDWINTER

other suburbs, interesting indeed, and characteristic enough, as most common things and common people are, but assuredly not romantic, at least in their outward seeming, and not lending themselves very readily to the requirements of art, except in response to the magi-

CHILDREN BY THE ROADSIDE

THE MAIN STREET IN DACHAN

acteristic one, the frequent groups of worshipers gathered around some way-side-cross, softly sheltered by the leafage of the spring, and he will observe that it is invariably an assemblage of women—as a rule, too, of women no longer very young.

The circumstance that the men are invariably absent, may be owing to the demands of labor; but so also are the younger women and the girls; as for the children, both the young ones and those of a larger growth, they may meanwhile

ical, all-glorifying touch of genius.

Why is it, the traveler is apt to ask himself, as he wanders with observant eyes through these quiet streets and roads, that here in Bavaria, as indeed in many less distant places, the overt acts of religious worship fall so exclusively to the share of the women? He cannot but notice, for the scene is a char-

A DOORWAY IN THE SUBURBS

ON THE ROAD TO DACHAN

be seen in scattered groups, absolved for the moment from maternal supervision and left to the less responsible guardianship of their seniors. Ah, well, there is time enough for anxious thoughts and puzzling questions in their case! The pressure of time's hand has not yet fallen heavily on these flaxen heads; not yet have the disappointments and heart-sicknesses of to-day

THE VILLAGE-MARKET

driven them to anticipations of a brighter, although an always distant, to-morrow.

After all, the principal charm of these suburbs, from a purely artistic point of view, is to be found in their trees, — some stately, some graceful, all full of that charm which nature throws around these most perfect of all her artistic creations.

A PICTURESQUE STREET-CORNER

Copyright, 1895, by Harry C. Jones

TYPES FROM THE STAGE. V.—PAULINE WILLARD IN "CAPTAIN PAUL"

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VI.—ROSE OSBORNE AS DELILAH

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VII.—FRANKIE C. GALE

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. VIII.—ANNA BOYD

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TYPES FROM THE STAGE. IX.—MARIE MILLARD IN THE "SPHINX."

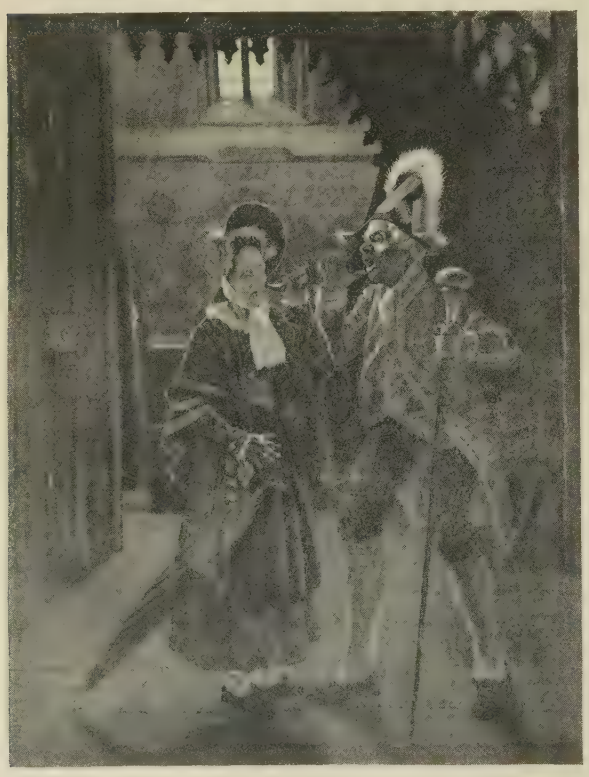
THE MORTGAGE OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By Marguerite Tracy

With original illustrations by Eugene Meeks.

The ways of interpreting a place are as many as there are temperaments through which to see it, and as different as the impressions conveyed.

Artists, so sensitive themselves, are sometimes almost jealous of the influence of first impressions, and I remember a brilliant actor who was perfectly delighted when I confessed to having grown up so far from the world that I had not seen a single "really and truly" play. He declared that he must play to me, that it would make his part fresh to him, and that I must not even know what part he took nor see a program. I am quite sure that the evening when I went with my father to see him play was the most important of my life. A great actor was playing straight to me, and I—the stars pity me—recognized him at once, and was then, as ever since, more interested in the actor than the acting. Knowing nothing of dramatic laws I wondered once why he did not glance toward us. He had nothing else to do. He was standing quite away from the quarrelsome group of minor characters who had the stage, with his hands in his pockets, but with a look of such intense absorbed interest in that quarreling group that he led my attention away from him to them in spite of myself. He had not stirred a muscle to do this, he simply stood there motionless, and riveted the attention of the whole audience on a group of indifferent players. I heard it pronounced the strongest piece of by-play ever done, and I—*Philistine malgré moi*—had been wondering why he did not look our way, being disengaged!



"SHOCKING"

The impression which Mr. Meeks's Venice will convey to an unmortgaged temperament will be of the richest color. The canopies of his gondolas are something more than picturesque accessories, they are prime necessities.

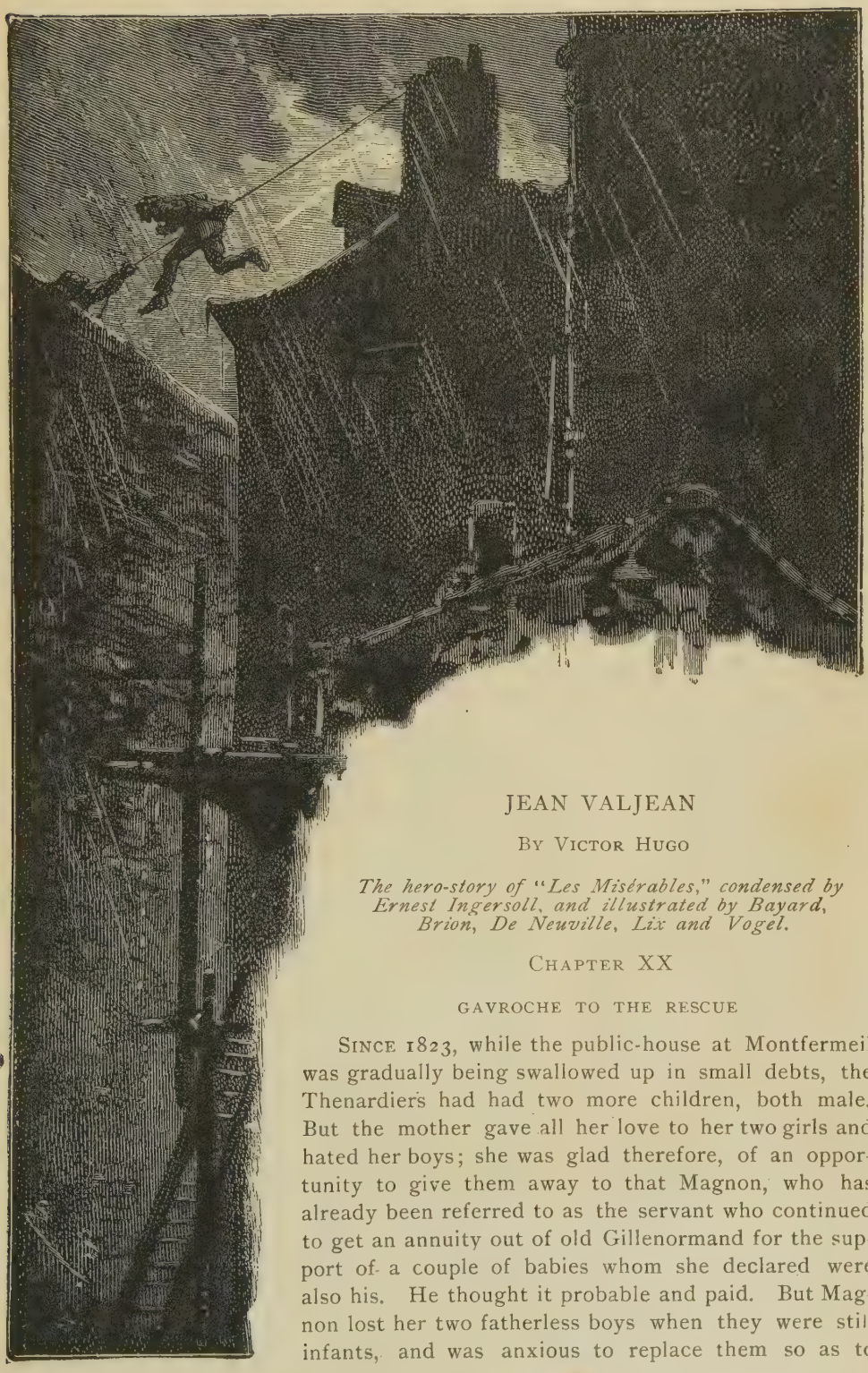
His work, however, shows the influence of the Dutch school which was *his* first impression, and which neither long studies and sojourns in Paris and Rome, nor his subsequent professorship at the Royal Academy of Florence, have been able to efface.

A VENETIAN ROMANCE

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. XI.—STORMING CASTLE TRESEBURG

Volrat, who has escaped death and returned from his terrible ride on the wild deer, has stirred up the peasants to revenge their wrongs and leads them in an attack upon Count Hackelberend's castle, which they burn and destroy.



JEAN VALJEAN

By Victor Hugo

The hero-story of "Les Misérables," condensed by Ernest Ingersoll, and illustrated by Bayard, Brion, De Neuville, Lix and Vogel.

Chapter XX

GAVROCHE TO THE RESCUE

Since 1823, while the public-house at Montfermeil was gradually being swallowed up in small debts, the Thenardiers had had two more children, both male. But the mother gave all her love to her two girls and hated her boys; she was glad therefore, of an opportunity to give them away to that Magnon, who has already been referred to as the servant who continued to get an annuity out of old Gillenormand for the support of a couple of babies whom she declared were also his. He thought it probable and paid. But Magnon lost her two fatherless boys when they were still infants, and was anxious to replace them so as to

MAGNON'S WARDS

keep the annuity going, for Gillenormand would know no difference.

Thus the little Thenardiers became the little Magnons, and Mlle Magnon went to live in the Rue Cloche-Percée with an English woman always called *Mamselle Miss.* The children were well treated, and lived there happily enough for several years, when all at once, immediately following the affair in the Jondrette garret, their protectors were arrested. The children were playing in the back yard, and knew nothing of the raid; but presently a cobbler, opposite the house, called to them, gave them a paper with an agent's address, which their "mother" had left for them, and sent them off. The boys started hand in hand; but before long the wind tore the paper out of their cold fingers, and then they wandered on aimlessly.

On that same cold evening in the spring of 1832, little Gavroche was idly gazing into the windows of a shop, when these two little boys passed him crying. Gavroche ran up and accosted them:

"What's the matter with you, babes?"

"We don't know where to sleep," the elder replied.

"Is that all?" said Gavroche. And assuming an accent of tender affection and gentle protection, he said—

"Come with me, brats."

GAVROCHE AS A PROTECTOR

"Yes, sir," said the elder boy; and the two children followed him and left off crying.

"Then you haven't either father or mother?" Gavroche continued magisterially.

"I beg your pardon, sir; we have a papa and a mama, but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that is better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was a philosopher in his small way.

Finding a sou in some recess of his clothes, he bought for each of them a lump of bread, and they walked on eating it and telling their simple story.

GAMINS

Twenty years back there might have been seen in the southeastern corner of the square of the Bastile, near the canal-dock, dug in the old moat of the citadel-prison, a quaint monument. It was an elephant, forty feet high, constructed of carpentry and masonry, bearing on its back a castle which resembled a house. It was falling into ruins. On coming near this colossus Gavroche went through a hole in the fence around the square, and the children, a little frightened, followed without a word. A workman's ladder was lying along the palings, and Gavroche dragged it underneath the elephant, set it upright against a foreleg, and running up disappeared into a black hole in the belly of the mammoth. A moment afterwards the boys saw his head and heard his voice. The elder climbed the rungs slowly and was hauled into this singular retreat. Then Gavroche went down and helped the smaller brother, and soon all three were together at the top, whereupon Gavroche kicked over the ladder and then covered the hole with a board. This done Gavroche again plunged into the darkness, and the children heard the fizzing of a match dipped into a bottle of phosphorus, as was the old method before lucifer matches were invented.

THE WAIFS IN THE BREAD-SHOP

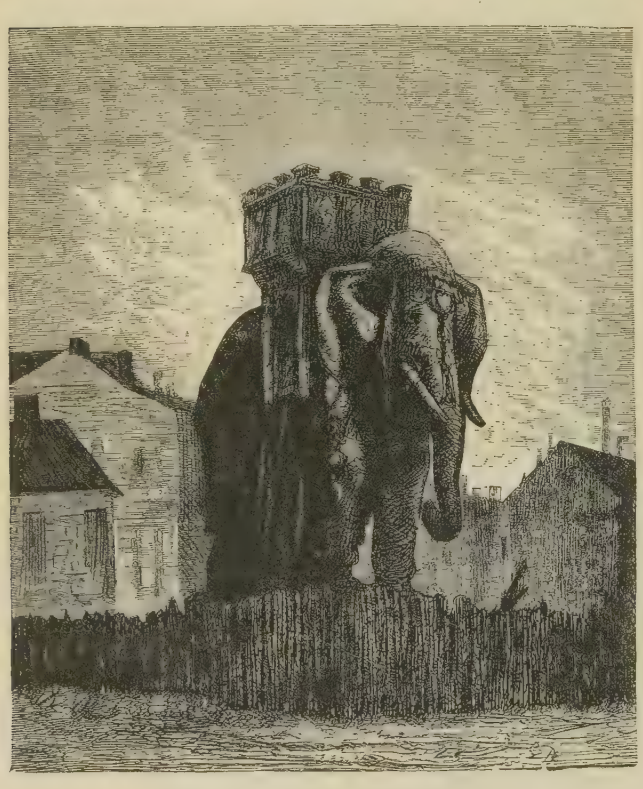
Gavroche had lighted a rope's-end dipped in pitch, and this torch, rendered the inside of the elephant indistinctly visible. Gavroche's two guests looked around them, and had

such a feeling as Jonah must have experienced in the interior of the biblical whale. An entire gigantic skeleton was visible to them; above their heads a long brown beam, from which sprung at regular distances massi ve cross-bars, represented the spine with the ribs, stalactites of plaster hung down like viscera, and vast spider-webs formed from one side to the other dusty diaphragms. The two lads began looking round the apartment with terror, but Gavroche did not allow them any leisure to learn new causes for alarm.

"Quick," he said.

And he thrust them toward what we are very happy to call the end of the room, where his bed was, surrounded by a sort of tent of wire-netting to keep the rats away from him when he slept. Gavroche's bed was perfect; that is to say, there was a mattress, and a wide coverlet of coarse gray wool, enough to wrap all three in, when they lay down.

"Listen to me," Gavroche lectured them, when they had begun to get warm, and somewhat over the terror which this gruesome cavern and the sight of the spiders and sound of the scrambling of the rats had upon their infant minds. "You must never blubber for anything. I'll take care of you, and you'll see what fun we shall have. In summer we'll go to the Glacière with Navet, a pal of mine; we'll bathe in the dock, and run about naked on the timber-floats in front of the bridge, for that makes the washer-women ferocious. We'll go and see the skeleton-man, at the Champs Elysées, and then I will take you to the play; I get tickets, for I know some actors, and even performed myself once in a piece; we were a lot of boys who ran about under a canvas, and that made the sea. We will go and see the savages, but they ain't real savages, and then, we will see a man guillotined, and I'll point out the executioner to you."



THE ELEPHANT OF THE BASTILE

The night hours passed away; a winter wind, mingled with the rain, blew in gusts; the patrols examined doors, inclosures, and dark corners, and, while searching for nocturnal vagabonds, passed silently before this elephant which sheltered from the sky and rain three poor sleeping children.

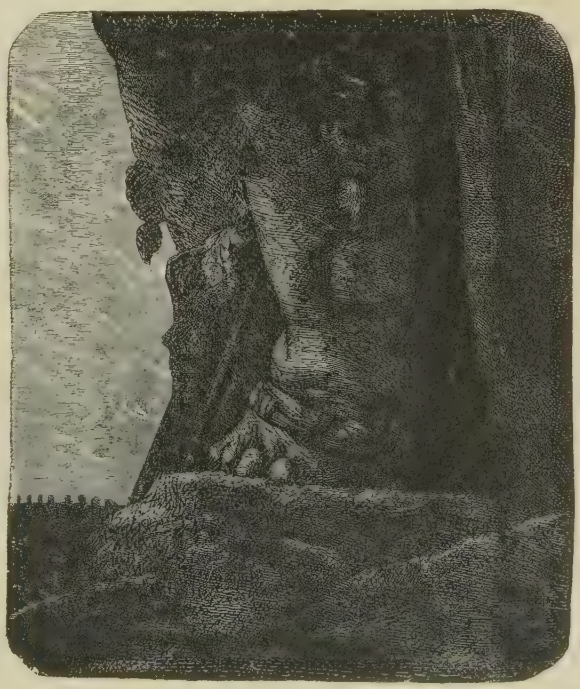
Toward the end of the hour which immediately precedes day-break, a man

GAVROCHE'S WIRE BED-ROOM

slipped through the palings and on getting under the elephant uttered a peculiar cry. At the second cry a clear young voice answered, "Yes!" Almost immediately a lad slid down the elephant's leg and fell at the man's feet. It was Gavroche, and the man was Montparnasse, who confined himself to saying: "We want you; come and give us a lift." The gamin asked for no other explanation. "Here I am," he said, and the pair proceeded toward the Rue St. Antoine, where Babet, who had escaped from La Force that morning, was waiting for them, and where they were presently joined by Brujon and Guelemer, who had got out of the decrepit old prison that same night by means of a perilous journey over the roofs, by jumping from one to another and sliding down a rope which the scoundrels had managed to make, bit by bit.

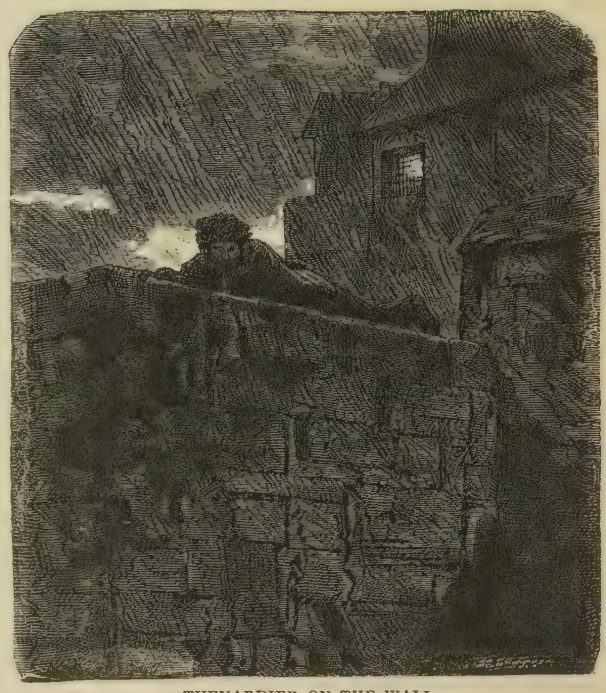
Thenardier also, having had, like the others, help from without, had managed to escape from his separate prison, but failing to get down from the roof, to which he had made his way, by the means he had expected, he had crawled out upon a great ruined wall that extended from the prison—no one knows just how or with what hope. It was now three in the morning, and Thenardier, wet through with rain, his clothes in rags, his hands, elbows and knees bleeding, was lying at full length on the top of the wall, where his strength had failed him. He was suffering from the dizziness of a probable fall and the horror of a certain arrest; and his mind, like the clapper of a bell, went from one of these ideas to the other: "Dead if I fall, caught if I remain."

In this state of agony he suddenly saw in the dark street

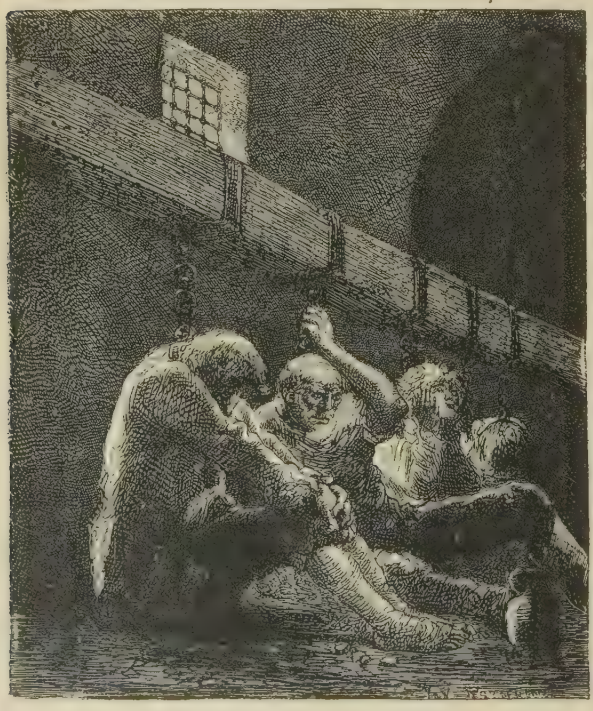


THE SUMMONS AT MIDNIGHT

a man, who glided along the walls and came from the Rue Pavée, stop in the gap over which Thenardier was, as it were, suspended. This man was joined by a second, then by a third, and then by a fourth. When these men were together, all four entered the enclosure, and stood exactly under Thenardier who, unable to distinguish their faces, listened to their remarks with the desperate attention of a wretch who thinks himself lost. He felt something like hope when he recognized the voices of Brujon and Babet. In a moment they would be gone. Thenardier gasped. He did not dare call to them, but he took from his pocket the end of a rope which he had found tied to, and had detached from the chimney of the new building, where his pals had left it, and threw it at their feet.



THENARDIER ON THE WALL



CONDEMNED PRISONERS IN THE OLD CHATELET OF PARIS, AWAITING TRANSPORTATION TO THE GALLEYS

"My cord!" said Brujon, who had left it there when he got down.

"The landlord is there," exclaimed Montparnasse. They raised their eyes and Thenardier thrust out his head.

"Quiet," Montparnasse called; "have you the other end of the rope, Brujon?"

"Yes."

"Fasten the ends together, we will throw the rope to him, he will attach it to the wall, and it will be long enough for him to come down."

Thenardier ventured to lift his voice. "I cannot stir," he explained to them.

"You will slip down, and we will catch you. Only just fasten the rope to the wall."

"I can't."

"One of us must go up," said Montparnasse, after a long study of the situation.

An old plaster pipe, which had served as a chimney for a stove formerly lit in the hut, ran along the wall almost to the spot where Thenardier was lying.

"By that pipe?" Babet exclaimed; "a man? oh, no, a boy is required."

"Yes, a boy," Brujon said in a strongly affirmative tone.

"Wait a minute," Montparnasse said, "I have it."

He gently opened the hoarding door, went out, and ran off in the direction of the Bastile. Seven or eight minutes elapsed,—eight thousand centuries for Thenardier; the door opened again, and Montparnasse came in, panting and leading Gavroche. The rain was dripping from his hair and Guelemer growled at him: "Brat, are you a man?"

THE RESCUE OF THENARDIER

Gavroche shrugged his shoulders and replied,—

"What do you want of me?"

"Climb up that pipe with this rope and fasten it to the crossbar of the window at the top of the wall."

The gamin examined the rope, the chimney, the wall, and the window, gave that indescribable and disdainful smack of the lips which signifies, "Probably you think I can't do it—but you'll find yourself mistaken!" and took off his shoes.

"There is a man up there whom we will save," Montparnasse continued.

Guelemer seized Gavroche by one arm, placed him on the roof of the pent-house, and handed him the rope. The gamin turned to the chimney, which it was an easy task to enter by a large crevice close to the roof. At the moment when he was going to ascend, Thenardier leaned over the edge of the wall; the first gleam of day whitened his dark forehead, his livid cheek-bones, his sharp savage nose, and his bristling gray beard, and Gavroche recognized him.

"Hilloh!" he said, "it's my father; well, that won't stop me;" and taking the rope between his teeth he resolutely commenced his ascent.

He reached the top of the wall, straddled across it, and securely fastened the rope to the topmost cross-bar of the window. A moment after, Thenardier was

in the street; so soon as he touched the pavement, so soon as he felt himself out of danger, he was no longer wearied, chilled, or trembling; the terrible things he had passed through were dissipated like smoke, and all his strange and ferocious intellect was re-aroused and found itself erect and free, ready to march onward. He said not a word nor gave a glance at the boy, who stole away.

Chapter XXI

ENCHANTMENT AND DESOLATION

The reader has, of course, understood that Eponine, on recognizing through the railings the inhabitant of the house in the Rue Plumet, to which Magnon sent her after getting the message from the prisoners, began by keeping the bandits aloof from the house, then led Marius to it; and discovered that, after several days of ecstasy before the railings, Marius had eventually entered Cosette's garden, as Romeo did Juliet's.

ESCORTING THE TREASURES OF FRANCE

"By whom were the carriages, containing the wealth of the Tuileries, escorted in 1818 By the rag-pickers of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Tatters mounted guard over the treasure, and virtue rendered these ragamuffins splendid. In these carts, in barely closed chests—some, indeed, still opened—there was, amid a hundred dazzling cases, that old crown of France, all made of diamonds, surmounted by the royal carbuncle and the Regent diamonds worth 30,000,000 francs. Barefooted, they guarded this crown." V. H.

From that blessed hour Marius went to the garden every night. If, at this moment, Cosette had fallen in love with an unscrupulous libertine she would have been lost, but she did not. Cosette was happy and Marius satisfied. They lived in that ravishing state which might be called the bedazzlement of a soul by a soul.

What passed between these two lovers? Nothing, they adored each other. At night, when they were there, this garden seemed a living and sacred spot. All the flowers opened around them and sent them their incense; and they opened their souls and spread them over the flowers. It was quite simple that Marius, as he adored, should admire. Woman feels and speaks with the infallibility which is the tender instinct of the heart. No one knows like a woman

how to say things which are at once gentle and deep. The most sovereign symptom of love is a tenderness which becomes at times almost insupportable. And by the side of all this—for contradictions are the lightning sport of love—they were fond of laughing with a ravishing liberty, and so familiarly that, at times, they almost seemed like two lads. Still, even without these two hearts intoxicated with chastity being conscious of it, unforgettable nature is ever there, ever there with its brutal and sublime object, and whatever the innocence of souls may be, they feel in the most chaste *tête-à-tête* the mysterious and adorable distinction which separates a couple of lovers from a couple of friends.

ENCHANTMENT AND DESOLATION

Cosette and Marius lived vaguely in the intoxication of their madness, and they did not notice the cholera which was decimating Paris in that very month. They had made as many confessions to each other as they could, but they had not extended very far beyond their names. Marius had told Cosette that he was an orphan, Pontmercy by name, a barrister, but gained a livelihood by writing things for publishers; that his father had been a colonel,—a hero—and all the rest of his story. He even remarked incidentally that he was a baron, but this produced little effect upon the girl. On her part she told him all of the facts of her life that she knew. Jean Valjean suspected nothing, for Cosette was gay, and that sufficed to render the old man happy. Cosette's thoughts, her tender preoccupations, and the image of Marius filled her soul. She was at the age when the virgin wears her love as the angel wears its lily. Jean Valjean was, therefore, happy; and, besides, when two lovers understand each other, things always go well, and any third party who might trouble their love is kept in a perfect state of blindness by a number of precautions, which are always the same with all lovers. Jean Valjean did not even remember that young man of the Luxembourg existed.

MARIUS BY DAY

Marius never set foot in the house when he was with Cosette; they concealed themselves in a niche near the steps, so as not to be seen or heard from the street, and sat there, often contenting themselves with the sole conversation of pressing hands twenty times a minute. At such moments, had a thunderbolt fallen within thirty feet of them, they would not have noticed it. Still various complications were approaching. One evening as Marius was going to the rendezvous, and was turning the corner of the Rue Plumet, he heard some one say, close to him—"Good-evening, Monsieur Marius."

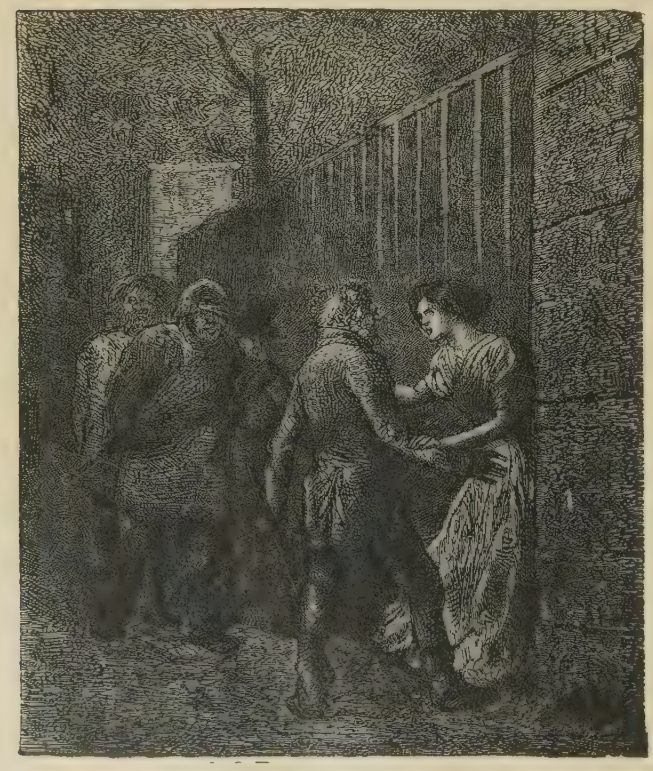
He raised his head, and recognized Eponine. This produced a singular effect: he had not once thought of this girl since the day when she led him to the Rue Plumet. He owed her his present happiness, and yet it annoyed him to meet her and be reminded of that unpleasant fact.

"Ah, is it you, Eponine?'

"Why do you treat me so coldly? Have I done you any injury?"

"No," he answered, and did his best to disguise any repugnance he felt.

Certainly he had no fault to find with her; on the contrary. Still he felt that he could not but say "you" to Eponine, now that he said "thou" to Cosette. As he remained silent, she exclaimed—"Tell me"—then she stopped and looked down on the ground; "Good-night, Monsieur Marius," and was gone.


EPONINE DEFIES PATRON MINETTE

The next night she watched for him, and following saw him enter the garden, whereupon she crept up and sat down on the stonework of the railing in a dark corner. She was listening, and it would have been wonderful to her acquaintances to have seen her face.

Suddenly six men, who were walking separately, stealing along under the shadow of the walls, gathered near her and stopped. She knew them and heard their talk about the house; but when they made a movement to enter the fence, she suddenly confronted them.

For a long time they

cajoled and threatened—these six ruffians of the Patron Minette whom the reader knows so well; but she scorned her life and they knew it, and nothing could persuade or frighten her into permitting them to carry out their plan; and at last they gave it up and disappeared. This was June 3, 1832,—a date to be remembered.

While this sort of human-faced dog was mounting guard against the railing, and six bandits fled before a girl, Marius was by Cosette's side. The sky had never been more star-spangled and more charming, the trees more rustling, or the smell of the grass more penetrating; never had the birds fallen asleep beneath the frondage with a softer noise; never had Marius been more enamored, happier, or in greater ecstasy. But he had found Cosette sad, she had been crying, and her eyes were red. Marius's first remark was—"What is the matter with you?"

Then while he took his seat, all trembling, by her side, she continued—

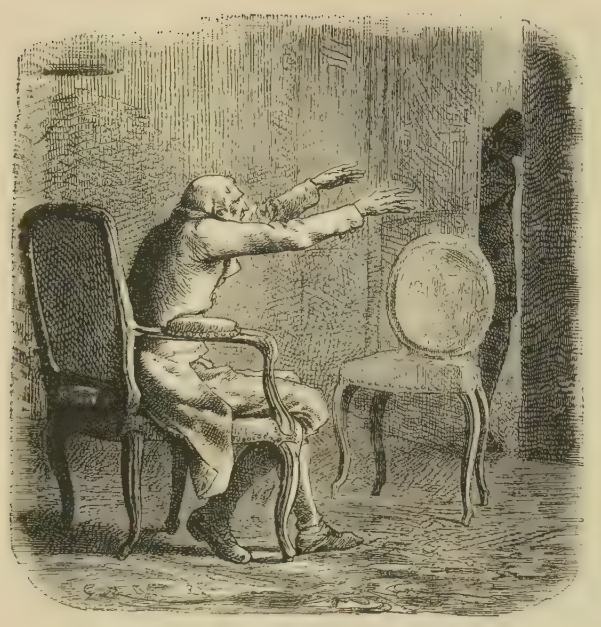
"My father told me this morning to hold myself in readiness for a journey, for he had business to attend to, and that we were probably going away at once."

THINGS OF THE NIGHT

Marius shuddered from head to foot. When we reach the end of life, death signifies a departure, but at the beginning, departure means death. For six weeks past Marius had slowly and gradually taken possession of Cosette; it was a perfectly ideal, but profound, possession, and it is certain that, at this moment, in Marius's mind, no abuse of power, no violence, no abomination of the most prodigious tyrants, no deed of Busiris, Tiberius, or Henry VIII, equalled in ferocity this one—M. Fauchelevent taking his daughter away from Paris because he had business to attend to! He asked in a faint voice—

"And when will you start?"

"He did not say when—but I think it will be soon; and we go to England."



MARIUS FAILS TO MOVE HIS GRANDFATHER

stammered — "What do you mean?"

Marius looked at her, then slowly raised his eyes to heaven. When he looked down again he saw Cosette smiling at him.

"How foolish we are! Marius, follow us if we go away! I will tell you whither, and you can join me where I am."

Marius was now a thoroughly wide-awake man, and had fallen back into reality; hence he cried to Cosette—

"Go with you! are you mad? Why, it would require money, and I have none. Go to England! why I already owe more than ten louis to Courfeyrac, one of my friends. Cosette, I am a wretch. You only see me at night and give me your love: were

"And when will you return?"

"He did not tell me."

Then Marius rose and said coldly — "Will you go, Cosette?"

Cosette turned to him, her beautiful eyes full of agony, and answered, with a species of wildness—"What can I do?"

"So you are determined to go?"

Cosette seized Marius's hand, and pressed it as her sole reply.

"Very well," said Marius, "in that case I shall go elsewhere."

Cosette felt the meaning of this remark even more than she comprehended it. She

OLD GILLENORMAND REFLECTS

you to see me by day you would give me a sou, and perhaps a smile, for charity."

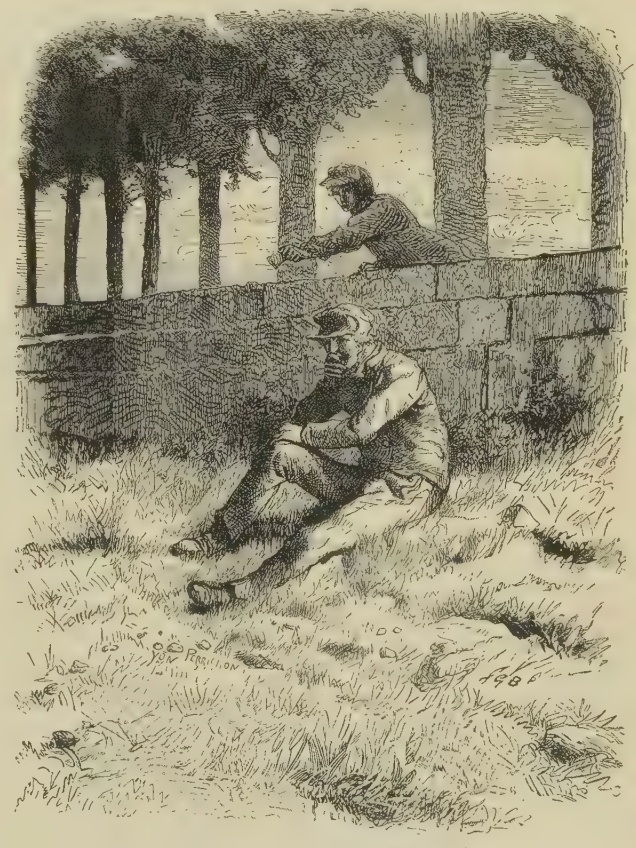
He threw himself against a tree, with his arms over his head and his forehead pressed to the bark, and remained for a long time in this state. At length he turned and heard behind him a little stifled, soft and sad sound; it was Cosette, sobbing.

What could happen? He began to talk to her again, and after a time let her know that she need not expect to see him until the second night. Then he scratched his address, 16 Rue de la Verrerie, on the plaster of the house-wall.

Marius in his desperation had formed the idea of appealing to his grandfather, who, now 91 years old, still lived in the same house with Mlle Gillenormand, who had been unable, however, to ingratiate Theodule, the lancer, into her father's good opinion. He still pretended the greatest fury against Marius, but really was longing for his return.

On the next night, June 4, old Gillenormand was sitting in his library, when Marius was announced.

The old man really longed to throw himself into the young man's arms; but to conceal this he became so rough that Marius was utterly crushed, and showed himself in the worst possible light. At last he stammered forth his request—permission to marry. This threw the old gentleman into a real fury, and his violence aroused the house, while his insults sent Marius away in a rage. He had told his grandfather her name, had poured out her praises, had humbled himself, only to be shamefully abused and insulted by a wicked old roué. So he felt, as, with the stern "Never!" ringing in his ears, he had rushed from the house.



THE MESSAGE FROM OVER THE WALL

The instant he was gone old Gillenormand relented. He had not expected such resistance. He roared at the servants who had let Marius go, and shouted out of the window to recall him, but it was too late. Marius, with a heart full of rage and misery, was already out of hearing.

That same afternoon, Jean Valjean was seated in the Champ de Mars, study-

A PLIGHTED TROTH

ing over his situation. Paris was seething with political troubles, and the police were suspicious and extra alert. He had discovered that Thenardier was free and prowling about that quarter—a source of constant danger. He had been alarmed that very morning by finding mysterious words scratched in the plaster of his garden-wall,—"16 Rue de la Verrerie." In the midst of these troubled thoughts a folded paper fell on his knees, as if a hand had thrown it over his head; he opened it and read the words,—*Leave your house.*

Jean Valjean rose smartly and perceived a slight person, in boy's clothes, slipping down into the moat. Then he went home very pensive.

Jean Valjean's purse was useless to M. Mabœuf, who, in his venerable childish austerity, had not guessed that what "fell from heaven," as Mother Plutarch had thought, came from Gavroche. Hence he carried the purse to the police commissary of the district, as a lost object. One thing after another failed, book after book was sacrificed, until finally there was nothing left to sell, no decent clothes to wear, nothing to eat.

At dawn of this 5th of June he seated himself on the overturned post in his garden, and he might have been seen the whole morning, motionless with drooping head. In the afternoon extraordinary noises broke out in Paris. Father Mabœuf raised his head, noticed a gardener passing, and said—"What is the matter?"

The gardener replied, with the spade on his back, and with the most peaceful accent—"It's the rebels over by the arsenal."

"Why are they fighting?"

"The Lord alone knows," said the gardener.

Father Mabœuf went into

THE MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTON

his house, took his hat, and went out with a wandering look. Before the end of the day he was dead—shot at the barricade.

Marius had left M. Gillenormand's house filled with immense despair. He walked about the streets until two o'clock in the morning and then went to Courfeyrac's lodgings and threw himself on his mattress. When he awoke Courfeyrac said to him—"Are you coming to General Lamarque's funeral?"

It seemed to him as if Courfeyrac were talking Chinese and made no reply, so that his room-mate and other excited members of the Friends of the A B C, who had gathered there, voted him a churlish boor, who was worthy only to be let alone, and then they hurried away together—whither, he did not care to enquire. Marius himself went out shortly after them, and put in his pockets the loaded pistols which Javert had intrusted to him at the affair of February 3 in the Maison Gorbeau.

MABŒUF SELLING HIS LAST BOOK

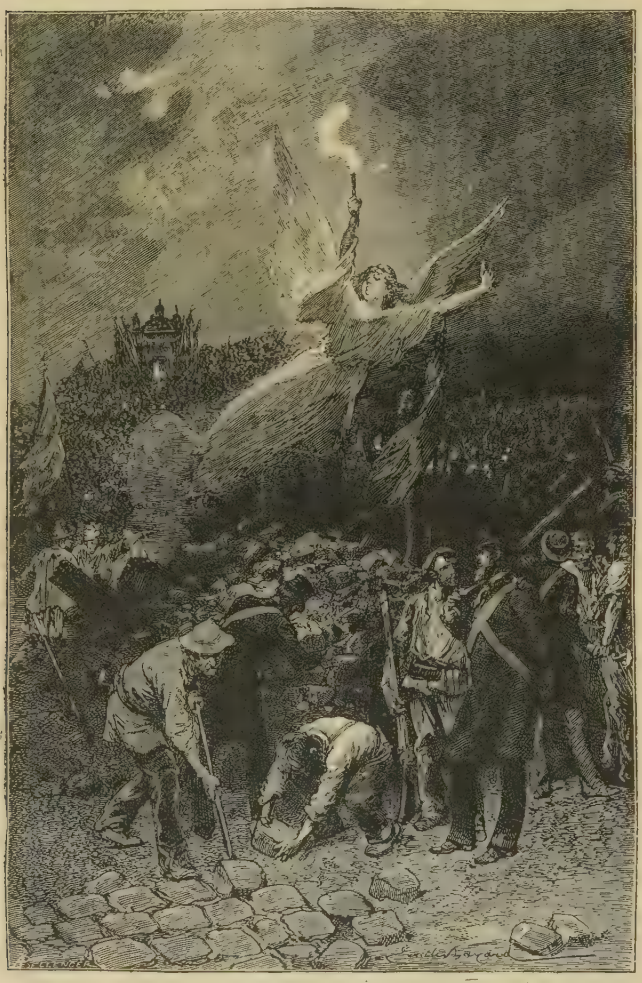
The whole day he wandered about, hoped for nothing, feared nothing. He awaited the evening with a feverish impatience, for he had but one clear idea left, that at nine o'clock he should see Cosette. This last happiness was now his sole future, after which came shadow. At nine precisely he was at the Rue Plumet, as he promised Cosette. Marius removed the railing and rushed into the garden. Cosette was not at the place where she usually waited for him, and he crossed the garden, and went to the niche near the terrace, where they had so often sat, hand in hand, through golden hours.

"She is waiting for me there," he said to himself.

But, alas! Cosette was not there. He raised his eyes and saw that the shutters of the house were closed; he walked around the garden and the garden was deserted. Mad with love, terrified, exasperated with grief and anxiety, he rapped at the shutters, like a master who returns home at a late hour, risking seeing them suddenly open and Fauchelevent's face appear, frowningly demanding what was wanted there at that unseemly hour, when all honest men were at home.

"Cosette!" he cried, "Cosette!" There was no answer and it was all over; there was no one in the garden, no one in the house.

Marius fixed his desperate eyes on this mournful house, which was as black, as silent and more empty than a tomb. He gazed at the stone bench on which he had spent so many adorable hours by Cosette's side; then he sat down on the garden-steps, with his heart full of gentleness and resolution; he blessed his love in his heart, and said to himself that all left him was to die. Alas! who is there that has not experienced these things? When we emerge from the azure why does life go on?



THE FIFTH OF JUNE, 1832

All at once he heard a voice which seemed to come from the street, crying through the trees —"Monsieur Marius!"

He drew himself up guardedly; the voice was not entirely strange to him, and resembled Eponine's rough, hoarse accents.

"Hilloh?" he answered.

"Are you there, Monsieur Marius?"

"Yes. What is wanted?"

"Monsieur Marius," the voice resumed, "your friends are waiting for you at the barricade in the Rue de la Chanvrerie."

Marius ran to the railings, pulled aside the shifting bar, passed his head through, and saw some one, who seemed to be a young man, running away in the gloaming?

At this moment a ragged lad who was coming down the Rue Menilmontant, holding in his hand a branch of flowering laburnum which he had picked on the heights of Belleville, noticed in the shop of a seller of curiosities an old holster-pistol. He threw his branch on the pavement and cried:

"Mother What's-your-name, I'll borrow your machine."

And he ran off with the pistol. It was little Gavroche going to the wars, singing the marsellaise at the top of his voice.

(To be continued)

Drawn by Woldemar Friederich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. XII.—HUNTING UNTIL DOOMSDAY

The wicked nobleman's wish and the curse of the outraged monk have been realized. Fierce figures, howling in riotous merriment, rush through the night air; and the cowering people of the forest cross themselves in terror.

ANIMAL-PAINTING AS A SPECIALTY

By Clarence Cook

With original illustrations by Francis Wheaton.

Landscape-painting, genre-painting, animal-painting—if we do not owe them all, or entirely, to the Dutch of the Seventeenth century, that race of art-loving barbarians certainly gave them a fresh impulse: starting them off on a new road. In Italy, landscape-painting and animal-painting were, for a long period, mere episodes or adjuncts to religious pictures, and the latter scenes of domestic life were the pictures in which the Virgin and the Saints acted their idyllic drama. The Italian artists found in these legendary stories ample room for whatever fancy they might have had for painting familiar subjects: a gambling-scene was no less a gambling-scene because the men engaged in it were the victims of a saint's rebuke; and a richly furnished room, with a number of women of rank visiting a mother with her new-born child, was, to the unconcerned spectator, only a noble "Interior with Figures," albeit the scene represented was "The Birth of the Virgin Mary." Among a people as religious as the Italians, there would be plenty of play for the treatment of a great variety of familiar topics without leaving the Bible.

Animal-painting was not so easily come by, and, besides the fact that the religious stories gave little opportunity for the introduction of animals, Italian cattle are not in general attractive to the eye, nor likely to interest a painter by beauty of form or color. Among the later Italians there were few who showed more than a moderate degree of skill in painting animals. They did best with the horse, but

GUIDING THE FLOCK

WOW! BUT IT BLOWS!

they treated him rather as a splendid incident in their pictured story, and as making, with his richly caparisoned rider, a noble piece of decoration. The Bible offered few opportunities for the introduction of animals into pictures; and from the beginning, the Italian painters seized the opportunity given by the Adoration of the Wise Men to introduce the camel, but their success with this exotic beast was

PLEASE LET US IN OUT OF THE WET

only moderate: in the best pictures he is a queer compound of a horse and a donkey. Benozzo Gozzoli, however, in the picturesque painting of this subject with which he has covered the walls of the Riccardi Chapel in Florence as with a rich tapestry, introduces no camel, but, beside the horses the three kings are riding on, and the big hunting-dogs that course beside them, we have two cheetahs or hunting-leopards, one on the ground, one mounted on the saddle of his master, and a monkey on the saddle of another rider. There are, of course, hawks, as this is really a hunting-party, however disguised as a religious procession, and one of these has caught a rabbit, and is tearing it to pieces. But all these animals, though well enough represented according to the art of the time, are introduced only as parts of the whole subject: they are not expected to receive very much notice.

STUDY FOR "THE FLOCKS DESCENDING"

The same may be said of the only other animal-representations familiar to Italian art, and to the early religious art of the rest of Europe—the ox and ass, universally, and without exception so far as I have observed, introduced into pictures of the Nativity. It is seldom that more is seen of the two animals than their heads, and the artist has seldom employed more skill in painting these than was necessary to our understanding for what they are meant. They serve chiefly as symbols of the fact that the child Jesus was born in a stable, and they are present as well when that stable is mystically represented as part of the ruined temple, and the child is cradled in the hollowed surface of its rejected corner-stone, as when the scene is a veritable stable with a broken roof, through whose chinks the day-star sheds a cheerful ray, and the holy child's couch is the traditional manger.

THEIR FIRST VIEW OF THE COLD WORLD

But, as Holland gave us landscape-art, and pictures of domestic and social life for their own sakes, dissevered from all religious or even historical association, so she was to give us cattle-pieces where we were to admire the cows and bulls of her fat meadows for their own beauty of form and color, and not for their aid in telling a story. If Paul Potter's " Young Bull " was not the first cattle-piece given us

by the Dutch, it may at any rate be allowed to stand as the picture that emphasized the fact of the birth of a new art.

It is true that it has not gained in esteem with the passing of years and the increase of knowledge, as the great landscape of Titian's "Peter Martyr" was doing at the time of its stupid destruction, nor has it even held its own as a work of art; it is virtually

A STUDY FOR THE PICTURE, "A PEACE-MAKER"

LAMBS AND SHEEP: A STUDY

relegated to the position of a curiosity, though it will long be looked upon with respect for the part it has played in the history of the art of painting.

To-day, animal-painting is an art by itself, as distinct as landscape-painting, historical painting, or portrait-painting. In every country of Europe there are animal-painters who will leave their names to other times as admirable painters of cattle, sheep, horses, and dogs; painters who know how to give an artistic value to what may easily degenerate into nothing better than portraiture.

Here at home we have produced several painters of animals who have earned a place among the best of those in Europe: and the artist whose name stands at the head of this paper is not the least deserving of the group. Francis Wheaton not only paints sheep and lambs with knowledge, but he has the skill to make them behave themselves in interesting ways. It may not be

A HAPPY FAMILY

IN THE CORNER OF THE FIELD

taken as a compliment, but it is an observation I will venture to make, that of all the domestic animals, sheep and dogs have the closest resemblance to human beings in their faces. Some may think that cats, also, ought to be added to the list.

This may explain to us why pictures in which these animals play a chief part are more interesting than pictures of cows and horses. We sel-

A SHEEP AND HER LAMB

A STUDY OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SHEEP-SHED

dom see a group of horses painted: the horse in fact is a very inartistic animal, and the new scientific way of painting him, devised by Mr. Muybridge and practiced by Mr. Remington, makes him a hideous and ungainly object. Cows and oxen on the other hand easily lend themselves to majestic treatment, to broad massing of light and shade, and to rich harmonies of color; as Emerson said of Daniel Webster, they make a fit feature in the landscape.

Dutch painters knew how to make delightful cabinet-pictures of cattle: as a rule, however, these large animals look best on a large canvas, while Charles Joeque and Mr. Wheaton show us how well sheep and lambs are suited to a smaller kind of pictures suitable for the home-walls.

Francis Wheaton has a variety in his subjects and his way of treating them that is not common. In his "On the Brink" and study for "The Flocks Descending" there is large feeling, that, in the latter picture amounts almost to grandeur, yet in "Their First View of the Cold World" there is a decided sense of humor yet free from caricature—that dangerous snare to the animal-painter. In "Wow! but it blows!" and "Please let us in out of the wet!" the artist touches a note of pathos and sympathy. There is a playful element in some of the smaller pictures, as, for instance, in "A Study of Lambs and Sheep" and "The Peace-maker," while in "A Sheep and her Lamb" and "The Interior of a Sheep-shed" the artist shows that he can make attractive a simple piece of portraiture, suggesting all the pleasant accompaniments of pastoral life.

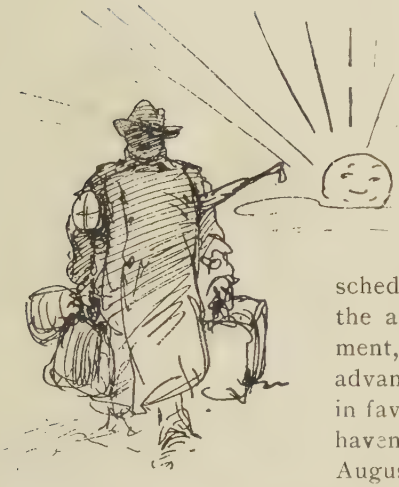
Take Mr. Wheaton's work as a whole and he seems to me to deserve an honorable place among the animal-painters who have devoted themselves to chronicling the characters and fortunes of the sheep.

NOT OF THEIR "FOUR HUNDRED"

FROM CUXHAVEN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By C. W. Allers

Illustrated from drawings by the author.



[Within the past few years certain European steamship companies have organized special excursions, open to the public, to various coasts and ports of interest, making a stoppage of stipulated length at places worth special note, and returning at a given time. A single charge covers all cost of travel, the passenger making the steamer his home, and participating, if he pleases, in such side-trips as the schedule calls for. As no freight is carried, and all the arrangements are for sight-seeing and entertainment, this form of voyage approaches closely to the advantages of a private yacht, and the plan is growing in favor. The first of these excursions was from Cuxhaven (Hamburg) in the Hamburg-American steamship Augusta Victoria in the early winter of 1891. The

THE MARCH TO THE STEAMER AT CUXHAVEN

voyage was to the Mediterranean, which was circumnavigated, and stoppages were made at Alexandria, at ports of Palestine and in the Ionian sea, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, and certain other places of classic and picturesque interest. The passengers were chiefly German, and included many parties of friends; but all soon became acquaintances. Among them were several artists and correspondents, one of whom, C. W. Allers, had and maintains a high reputation as a draughtsman and "special artist." Immediately upon his return Mr. Allers published a large album of sketches, accompanied by brief, chatty notes of the persons and adventures whom he met, which has now become a rare and costly book. Extensive selections from this portfolio are reproduced herewith (to be continued in ensuing numbers) with a translation of such of his notes as seem applicable.]

"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW"

January 22, 1891. English Channel. — At last we are off, bound for the Orient! The Augusta Victoria has been many days ice-bound. To-day it is splendid weather, deep snow and sunshine. The Emperor inspected us very early in the morning, for we met him on our way to Cuxhaven down the Himmel-pforten. In Cuxhaven there was abounding life and a blue sky. The whole nest and its neighborhood were on foot to see the Emperor, and to witness our departure.

In a long procession we tramped through the snow with our portmanteaus to the terribly puffing Augusta V. The harbor and the shipping, the mighty towering ice-masses and the snow, all glistened picturesquely

in the sunshine. The good Cuxhaveners inspected our troop very closely, and on board we were received with music. Stewards appeared to be in abundance, and these companionable gentlemen very soon distributed us, men and baggage, in our alloted quarters. My sleeping-companion, Herr Tahnel, in the employ of the *Nord-Deutschen Algemeine Zeitung* (a daily newspaper of Hamburg), was already unpacking, and we soon came to an understanding about the division of our cabin. I proceeded at once to arrange my belongings in an orderly manner. The electric light was tried, the mattresses were lifted and punched, and, satisfied with the arrangements, we shortly found our way on deck, where my handkerchief was at once brought into requisition to wave adieus to the assembled thousands.

"HI, ALLERS! ARE YOU INSIDE?"

We had imperceptibly got under way amid ringing hurrahs. The band, led by Master Ascher, was playing vigorously; every hat and pocket-handkerchief was saying "good-bye;" and very soon the "old love" was lost to view. For an hour and a half our course lay through ice and snow, looking like thick cream, before we reached the ice-free sea.

"I HAVE A SMALL FLASK"

What confusion prevails on board such a steamer at the outset! But very soon everything is in traveling order. Every one has his own plate, knows his own steward, and the way to his own cabin. It takes some days, however, before the passenger finds out all the tricks and customs on shipboard, and is able to distinguish the bow from the stern without first taking counsel of the waves.

I soon find many more old acquaintances and good friends among the pas-

sengers than I had seen at first, and almost every man takes me away to his cabin to celebrate the happy meeting with cognac, for everybody, in spite of the rigid orders of the steamship company, has smuggled a small secret supply. In the matter of cognac no man trusts another — not even the steamships; and how pleasantly we have deceived ourselves, for there proves to be a supply of the very best sort on board. Here, for example, comes a smiling friend towing a laughing companion. "Allow me," he cries, "to introduce my brother-in-law, Biezosch!——Now isn't it delightful that we are to make the voyage together? The occasion is one to be moistened. I have brought a flask of rare cognac with me,—a splendid remedy for sea-sickness."

A CUP OF TEA

So it goes on all day, and the only incident worth mention otherwise was when Magnus called my attention to a character who appeared on deck in a fez and

THE ADVENT OF THE CHANNEL TURK

FISHING-BOATS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

was at once dubbed the Channel Turk.

"Say, Allers," said Magnus, "there's a picture for you. The Pasha of

MESSRS. ROYNHAUSEN AND FUCHS

Dover A No. 1. Sharpen your pencil and make a sketch of the Mussulman."

Southampton, Friday, January 23.— Yesterday afternoon the sea was somewhat troubled, and many were absent from the table. Seasickness with music! In the neat beds, lighted by two little round windows, one lies very comfortably, listening to the murmur of the sea.

To-day there is a calm sea, but gray, cheerless weather. Early in the morning fogs came and went, giving now and then the shadow of invisible

THE ENGLISH PILOT

coasts past which we swiftly glided. Near Dover, England, the weather was a little clearer and we caught sight of a parade of troops and even heard a

A BROTHER CORRESPONDENT

strain or two of music; and by means of flag-signals the world and our friends at home were informed of our passage by the port. It cleared up later. In the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea rose, but, as if in our behalf, a storm, signalled from America cautioned us to seek shelter behind the Isle of Wight, where we are now lying in security.

We have music in abundance. In

LETTER-WRITING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

the early morning came a flag-parade. Farther on in the forenoon a promenade-concert, and bread-and-butter sandwiches as a preparation for luncheon. Band-master Ascher is on board with innumerable music-pieces, among them a full assortment of national hymns, intended to secure the goodwill of any people we may discover. He wears so many orders that he fairly clatters whenever he moves.

Long before luncheon a goodly number of men gather in the smoking-room, and get acquainted over cocktails, sherry-cobblers, grog or beer. Four colleagues of the brush make their appearance,—Bearath, Wallsee, Webb, and my room-mate Tahnel,—each representing some German periodical. We have on board a rapid printing-press, and Bearath has undertaken the direction and distribution every two or three days of the *Traveling Times* of the Augusta Victoria.

Southampton, Saturday, January 24.—It was quite dark yesterday when we arrived in the harbor of Southampton. We saw the Isle of Wight, gray and foggy, at twilight. Lofty chalk-cliffs and forest heights loomed through fog and rain. The pilot, a sturdy old fellow, came on board, mounting with familiar ease the long rope-ladder let down to him over the side of the swaying ship. To-day,—storm. The wind howls through the rigging and in every corner of the old town of Southampton, through which we have wandered in spite of rain and mud. It must be very delightful out at sea!

The English newsboys were on board early in the morning crying their papers. To-day an inspector of police also came on board and peeped shyly and admiringly into our rococco saloon. The Trave, of the North-German Lloyds, lies near us. As I hear that Paul Lindau, with his children and cats, and his nimble old house-keeper Christel, are on board, intending to voyage to Florida, I go over to greet

A DISCORD IN THE BAY OF BISCAY

ON THE BRIDGE

a mass of shivering, cowering creatures. Our band, always oiled and ever ready to strike up, greeted, refreshed, and gladdened their hearts with some lively strains, which the poor thankful devils answered with clapping and hurrahs. I sought a dry place on board and began to sketch. Our coal-heavers stopped work to-day at noon, as they count on

TOAST TO THE KAISER

my old friend. One soon habituates himself to his surroundings. After familiarity with the Victoria, the old Trave appears contracted and gloomy.

After dinner the Trave departed, and soon disappeared in fog and mist. The Moravia came in immediately afterward, with a great hole in her bows caused by striking the ice in the Elbe. Traveling more slowly than we, she was caught in the signalled snow-storm which we escaped. The decks swarm with sea-sick emigrants,

THE CAPTAIN

Saturday afternoon for a half-holiday, and no inducements could prevail upon them to continue it.

At Sea, Sunday, January 25.— "What? Seasick? Donnerwetter! All imagination. Get up, operate the press vigorously and the nausea will soon cease. The paper must appear for the Kaiser's birthday; and if you don't get up at once, we will set you on shore at Gibraltar and leave you to get home the best way you can."

MEMOIRS OF A MINIATURE-PAINTER—I

By Thomas S. Cummings

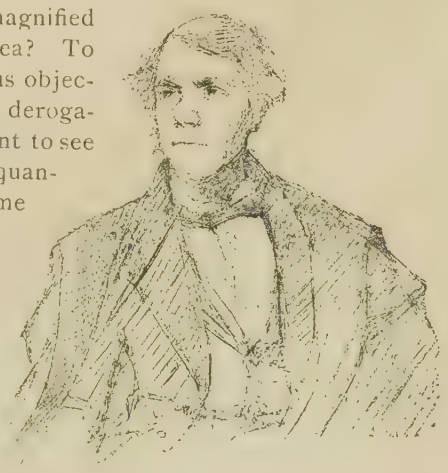
Arranged by Marguerite Tracy from the papers and drawings of the author.

The painter of portraits "in small" had perhaps less opportunity of being known through public exhibitions than an artist of any other class. This was not only by reason of the size of his work but on account of its seclusion. During all my practice the exchange of miniatures formed the lover's engagement-pledge, and far from being publicly exhibited they were worn against the heart to be drawn forth by means of their blue ribbon—emblem of constancy—and dwelt upon only by the lovers themselves.

As to the term, "miniature-painter," it is of little consequence it is true. "A rose by any other name—" etc., yet some doubt seems to exist as to whether the expression applies to the artist or to his productions. There is nothing especially original or confined to myself in the following from a published notice:

"Ah! here is another worthy—my friend Cummings, who, as he is the last whom I address by name, so is he the least,—that is in the size of his pictures. He is a small painter, this Mr. Cummings, whether we regard the dimensions of his earthly tabernacle or those of his paintings, but if we consider their merit alone, ah! then we shall indeed find him A No. 1."

Now it is a well known fact that some of the largest men in the profession were miniature-painters, but let that pass. The term is uncalled for. It is meaningless, as it does not even designate the division of art represented. Marines and landscapes are always executed below natural size; yet who would think of calling them miniatures? On the other hand, who would describe as a colossal or mammoth painter the man who portrayed in magnified form that little nimble jumper yclept the flea? To all this, however, we would not offer serious objection were the term not so often used in a derogatory sense. In criticism it has been frequent to see portraits in small bunched together by the quantity, as "Nos. — — — Miniatures. Some good, some otherwise. The best, Nos. — — are by —."



The so-called miniature is a portrait, and the painter a portrait-painter. It will scarcely be questioned that a work in small, to possess the same merit, must have the same gracefulness of composition, correctness of drawing, truthful-

ness to nature, and the same proper management of color, light and shade. If it be painted on ivory and in water-color, the artist has a far less acceptable ground than the prepared canvas, for the ivory must be brought to a granular surface before the color will adhere to it, as it does but slowly and limitedly at best. The pigments are precisely those used in oil, but being mixed with water they can only be brought to an approximate depth and richness by the use of gum or mucilage—not an agreeable working-medium. The number of hours of actual work are far greater than those required on the same kind of work in oil, more delicacy of touch is needed, more steadiness of hand; the eyes are far more tried, and in every way the work is doubly confining and exhausting to the system. To all this it may be added that the recompense is scarcely one-half, and the reputation attendant thereon not one quarter of that which is awarded to similar work in oil, be the size what it may.

About 1823, when I began to study under Henry Inman, almost all the artists painted both portraits in oil and miniatures in water-color, but for three years I confined my study to oil-portraiture. Then I copied a miniature on ivory in water-color,—a very sweet picture by Dickenson. Inman suggested that I try one from life, and when it was done he was very much pleased with it. On coming to the studio one morning he proposed that I should paint miniatures, as he was tired of it and had all the practice he wanted in oil. He framed a specimen and hung it on the wall beside mine. His price had been thirty dollars for a miniature, and he suggested that I should place mine at twenty-five and he would raise his to fifty. It was customary at that time with all the artists to have a specimen on the wall and a card of prices on the table. Some, it is true, had their works exhibited in windows on Broadway, but that was tabooed by genuine artists and at once relegated the adventurer to "the Buddingtonian school," so called from a man named Buddington who did the worst work in the city—and bad enough it was.

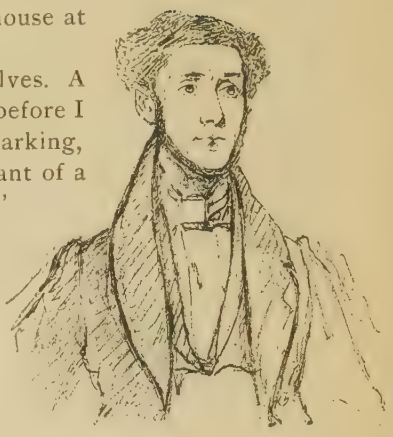
I did as Inman desired,

and was very thankful for what I thought would be an opportunity of earning money. People called, examined, and invariably chose the fifty-dollar style, and I received no orders, although I painted the greater portion of the fifty-dollar pictures for Inman, and was paid by him. One day on entering he said, "I am determined to do no more d— miniature-painting. Take down my specimen and let yours remain at the fifty-dollar price."

This brought me employment at once. No one objected to the price, and then we formed a firm of Inman & Cummings, Portrait and Miniature Painters, the second only of its kind in the country. Inman received half the profits of the miniature-department, and the partnership continued until he moved to Philadelphia. Though I did not relinquish my oil-painting, and constantly did much of it for Inman, our arrangement made me a miniature-painter. Ingham, like Inman, gave up his miniature-work and sent it to me, on condition that I did not exhibit or present myself prominently before the public as a portrait-painter in oil. I might still paint in oil, but must not exhibit such work.

The miniature-painter had knowledge of many secrets, long before they were whispered abroad. At one time I was making portraits of fifteen engaged couples, all residents of the Seventh Ward, which was then the great aristocratic "West End" of New York City. These young people came two by two, and each couple wished to be painted without the knowledge of the others. It took much ingenuity in shifting them from room to room so that they would not see one another,

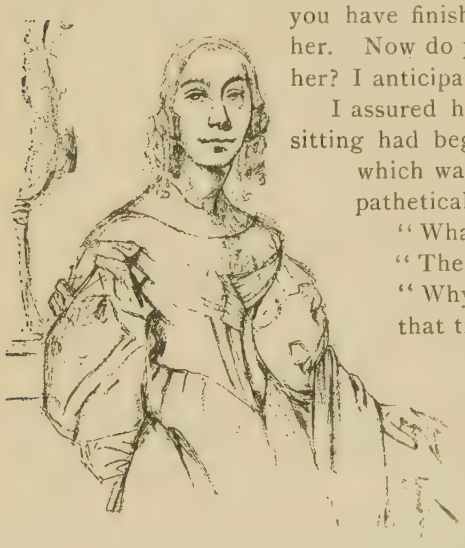
for as many as eight lovers were sometimes in the house at the same moment.



Once in a while, however, they betrayed themselves. A young man called on me very early in the morning, before I had had my breakfast, and took a first sitting, remarking, "Now, Mr. Cummings, I must make you a confidant of a very great secret. Can you and will you keep it?"

I told him that I thought I could and would, and that to do so was my professional duty, which I never willingly violated.

"Now," he said, "I am engaged to a young lady who has promised me to sit for her miniature. She wishes mine in return and I have not entirely promised. I mean to give it to her but I wish to surprise her, so I have come to sit first. When you have finished with me for the day I will go and bring her. Now do you think you can keep the secret, even from her? I anticipate great pleasure from surprising her."



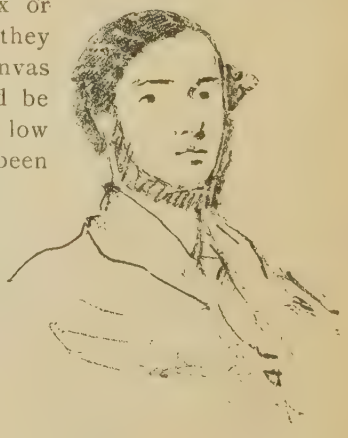
I assured him I was used to such things, but when her sitting had begun and she let her eyes fall with the timidity which was customary in those days, he asked, as sympathetically as a lover's voice could,—

"What is the matter, Susie?"

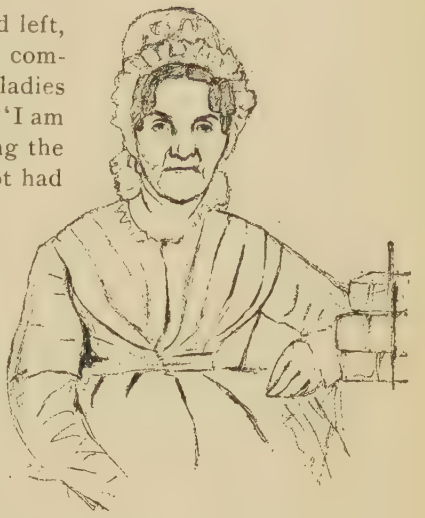
"The strong light affects my eyes," she answered.

"Why," he exclaimed unguardedly, "I found that trouble this morning when I took *my* sitting!"

It often happened that an artist was called upon to make many miniature copies of any favorite portrait. One day a carriage stopped at the studio door and two ladies came in, bringing a painting which they wished to have altered. It was a portrait of Mrs. Kernochan, the younger of the two, and it had been painted when a very lofty head-dressing was fashionable. She had grown tired of the three upright bows of hair some six or eight inches high, and wished to have them removed as they were now out of style. I explained that unless the canvas were correspondingly cut down the alterations would be unsatisfactory, for the head would seem to be placed too low in the picture and would appear ridiculous, as if it had been crushed down.

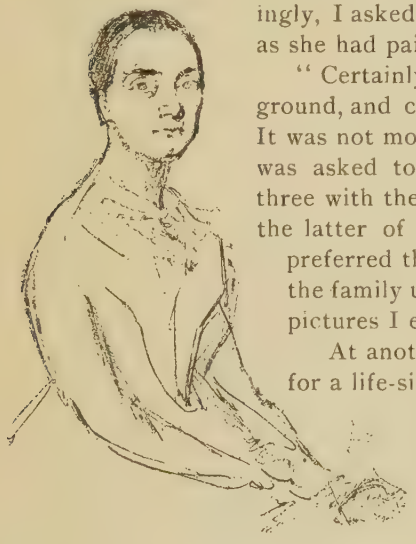


Argument was of no avail. The young lady insisted that it should be painted out without altering the canvas and frame, and that she would take all the responsibility. As the portrait was excellent and had been painted by one of my friends, I respectfully but positively declined to touch it excepting on the conditions I had stated. The older lady counseled taking my ad-



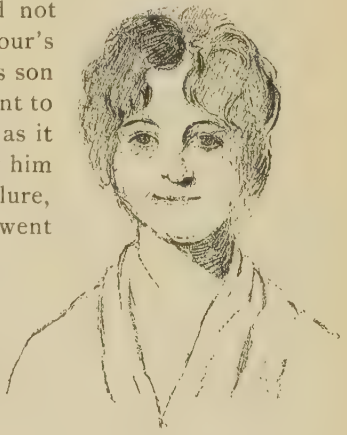
vice but Mrs. Kernochan took up the picture and left, carrying it to another artist who proved more compliant. It was not long, however, before the ladies similarly equipped appeared again at my studio. "I am quite ashamed," Mrs. Kernochan said, unwrapping the picture. "You see I had it altered, and I have not had a moment's peace in the house since it came back. My husband, children, friends, all ridicule it. They say I look as if an extinguisher had been put on me. They expect every minute to see me pop up like a cork-jumper. I cannot stand it any longer, and I have called on you to restore it."

It had only been painted over with a new background, and as the new color was still fresh it could easily be removed and the bows would again rise toward the top of the picture. Laughingly, I asked her if she would be willing to pay me as much as she had paid the other artist for taking it off.

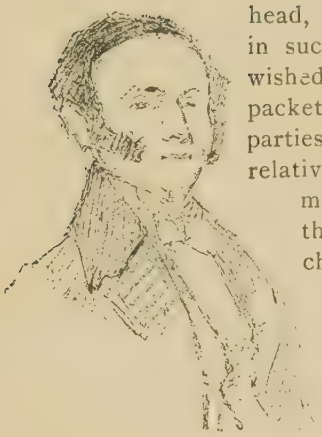


"Certainly, willingly," she said, so I removed the new background, and cleaned, revarnished and sent home the picture. It was not more than a year afterwards that she died, and I was asked to paint six copies of the portrait in miniature: three with the high, unfashionable bows, and three without,—the latter of course properly adapted to the change. Some preferred the one, some the other. I continued to paint for the family until I relinquished practice, and many were the pictures I executed for them.

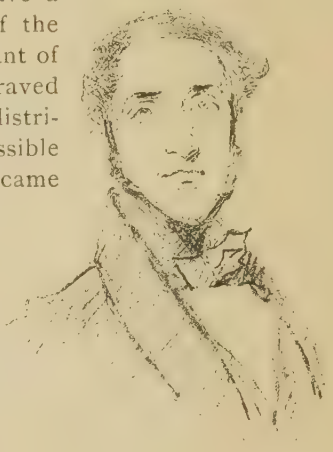
At another time Mr. Pratt, of Philadelphia, came to me for a life-size portrait. He had been painted by almost all the well-known artists, but never with the fullest success. I undertook the work with some trepidation, for Mr. Pratt could only give me two days, and he was so aged and in such feeble health that he could not sit more than fifteen minutes without taking a half-hour's rest. The picture was to be forwarded by packet to his son in Europe, so it was finished as soon as possible and sent to Philadelphia for approval. In about as short a time as it could return a gentleman brought it back. When I saw him standing at the door with it I supposed it was a dead failure, but I did not blame myself under the circumstances and went to meet him resignedly.



To my amazement I found that the canvas had been nearly cut through in the lower part by two well scratched letters. It had been pronounced a perfect success and Mr. Pratt's daughter had cut her initials in it, declaring it should be hers. As she only wanted the

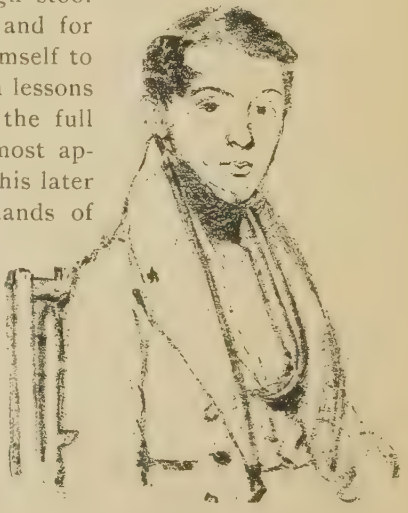


head, she made sure of it by putting her mark on the picture in such a manner that no one else would care for it. They wished it immediately copied,—the copy to be sent by the next packet,—as the only thing that could be done to please all parties. The next order was for twelve copies in miniature for relatives, and soon after a dozen more. Subsequently still more were wanted, but Mr. Pratt wrote that he really felt that he must let Philadelphia have a chance, and he gave a portion of the work to Mr. Lambden, a tenant of his. After all this, it was engraved in mezzotint to continue the distribution to friends, and it is impossible to remember how many orders came to me through its success.



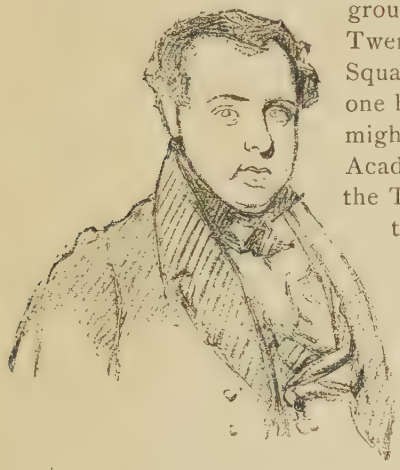
A biographical note at this point seems like introducing people who have already become friends. But the readers of Mr. Cummings' notes will realize that while they have been entertained with many quaint glimpses of the times in which he lived, and have learned much about the art in which he was absorbed, he has told them nothing of himself.

Thos. S. Cummings was born on August 26th, 1804, and was an only son. From his earliest childhood he evinced the strongest taste for art, and when Augustus Earle, "the Wandering Artist," drifted to New York, the Cummings family made him welcome at their home, and it was at his hands that the boy received his first instruction in drawing. He was at this time about fourteen years of age and his father was determined that he should become a merchant. To that end he was assigned a high stool in a counting-room, and for three years applied himself to the mastery of certain lessons of commercial life, the full value of which was most appreciated by him in his later years. But the demands of trade could not confine his creative, imaginative mind, and his father yielded finally to his desire to study art as a profession. He placed him under the instruction of Henry Inman, who afterwards took him into partnership.

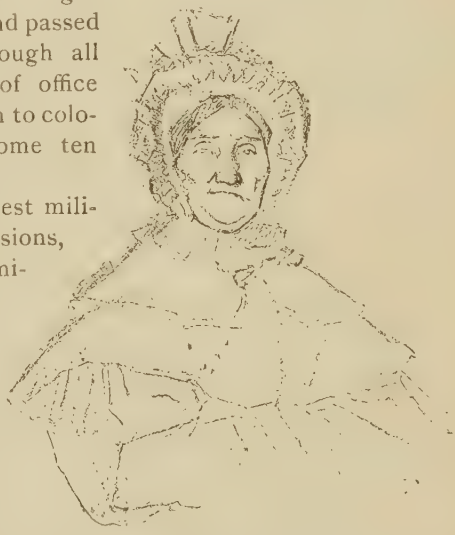


He was married at the age of eighteen, and while still very young led in the founding of the National Academy of Design. The site of the pres-

ent building—so soon to become in its turn a memory—was chosen at his earnest council against the advice of many who thought it much too far up town. Had the other directors gone the whole length of his suggestion, and bought ground which was offered them on Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Square at the exorbitant price of one hundred thousand dollars, they might have done even better by the Academy than in compromising on the Twenty-third-street site. It was in matters such as these that Mr. Cummings's early business training returned to him with interest all that he had devoted to it of time and thought.



He belonged to the Second Regiment, State of New York Light Infantry, and passed rapidly through all the grades of office from ensign to colonel, and commanded the regiment for some ten years, when he was made brigadier-general.

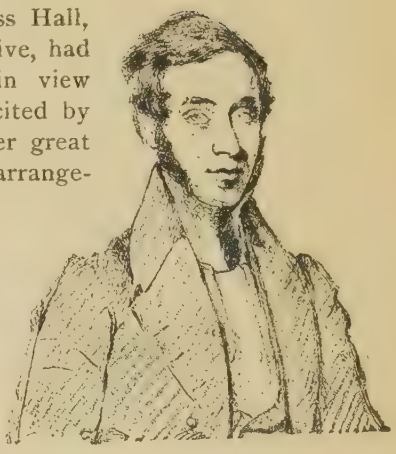


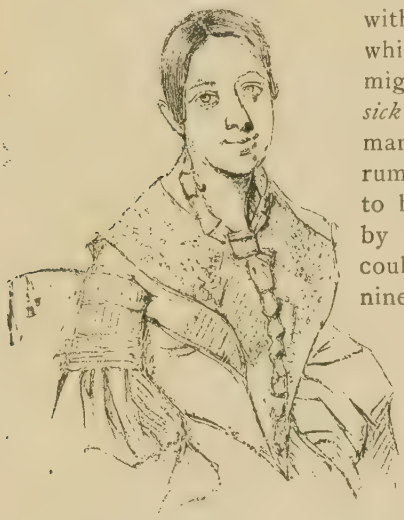
He was looked upon as one of the soundest military jurists in the country, and his decisions, though sometimes contested by the most eminent legal talent, were never reversed by higher judicial authority.

He was indefatigable in his efforts to quicken and preserve a bond of sympathy between the artists, and the records of the Academy are filled with instances like the following, brought about at his special instigation, and doubly worth recollection:

"December 9, 1845.—A special meeting was held for the purpose of passing amendments to the constitution, authorizing the payment of annuities to widows and children of deceased Academicians. Several efforts had been previously made to procure the attendance of the constitutional number of the Academicians without effect, and it had now become an indispensable requisite to give Mr. (Henry) Inman's family the benefits of its results (it being well known that Inman's days were numbered). That it should suc-

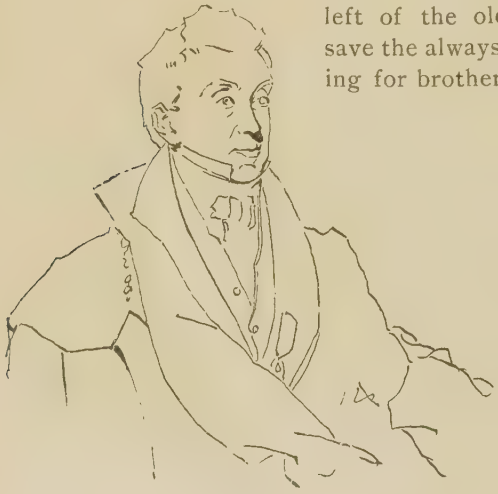
ceed, extraordinary efforts were resorted to. Miss Hall, an Academician, and the only lady in the executive, had never attended the committee meetings, but in view of the exceptional nature of the case she was solicited by Mr. Cummings to attend this meeting, and after great persuasion consented. Further, as a last resort, arrangements had been made with Mrs. Inman, by which the Academy might adjourn to the *sick room* and make Inman one of the quorum, should this prove to be the only means by which a quorum could be obtained. This contingency did occur. At nine o'clock in the evening, after exhausting all other sources, a quorum lacking one had been gotten together, and these adjourned to Inman's chamber.





Sitting in bed supported by Mrs. Inman and Mr. Cummings, surrounded by his brother Academicians, poor Inman listened to the hasty reading of the amendments that were to provide for his wife and family after his death. On calling the next morning, Mr. Cummings received Miss Hall's assurance that she would, knowing what she now knew, be glad to attend a dozen meetings rather than have such an object fail for lack of her vote.

Mr. Cummings lived to see a vastly different world of art, as a younger generation returned from its studies abroad, and, disclaiming the traditions of the Academy, founded rival institutions and influences, until there was little left of the old conditions save the always broad opening for brotherly tokens.



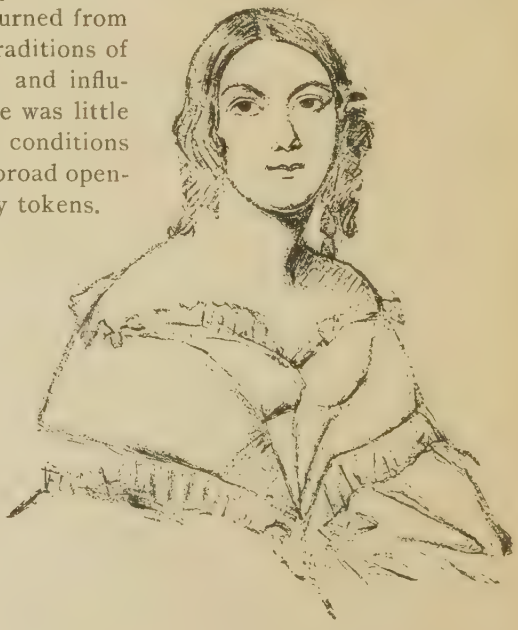


FIG. 102. A SCALE OF BOTTLE-FORMS

FIG. 103. FORMS OF TRIPOD SUPPORTS

THE POTTERY OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS

By W. J. Hoffman, M. D.

Illustrated from specimens in the National Museum.

V.—Water-Bottles and Double Vessels

Some of the most interesting examples of ceramic ware thus far recovered from the mounds and burial-places of the Mississippi valley, consist of a type of full-bodied, high or long-necked vessels, usually designated as water-bottles. Strange as it may seem, this type appears to be restricted, almost exclusively, to this particular region; and although the Pueblo Indians, generally, produce annually vast quantities of pottery, it is but seldom that specimens of this particular shape are met with, varieties of which are indicated in the series shown in fig. 102. They have been found, however, throughout Mexico, Central and South America; and they approach in grace of form the highest classic type characteristic of the countries bordering on the northern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and in Cyprus, as shown in the treasures unearthed by Schliemann, di Cesnola and other recent grave-explorers.

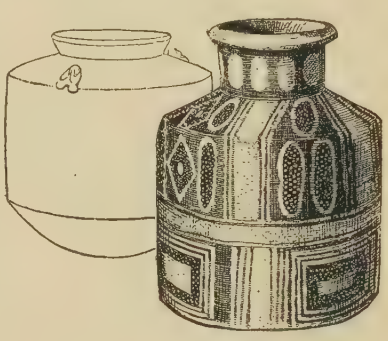


FIG. 104. A CHIRIQUI BOTTLE AND ITS PROTOTYPE

FIG. 105. AN ANCIENT BOTTLE: TENNESSEE

Some of these vessels, in fact the greater number, are round-bottomed or perhaps slightly flattened, though various forms of tripods and other bases occur, some ordinary varieties being indicated in figure 103. The feet are of various shapes and are attached to ordinary forms of vessels as well as bottles, so as to suggest that they were super-added features rather recently acquired; it is not denied however, that in pre-Columbian times legs were probably attached to vessels, such as would result from the need of appliances for steadying these utensils in boiling or baking. The manufacture of life-forms, such as bird-vases, would also suggest the tripod, as the feet and tail would give three supports, and

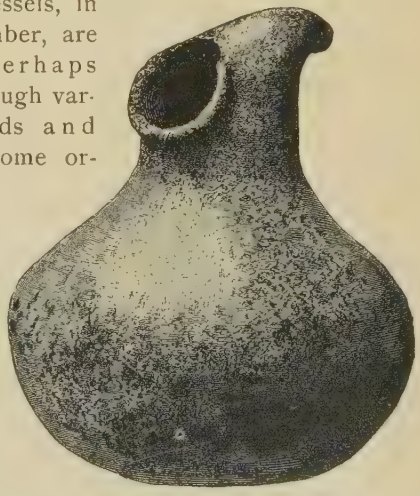


FIG. 106. A GOURD-SHAPED VESSEL: MISSOURI

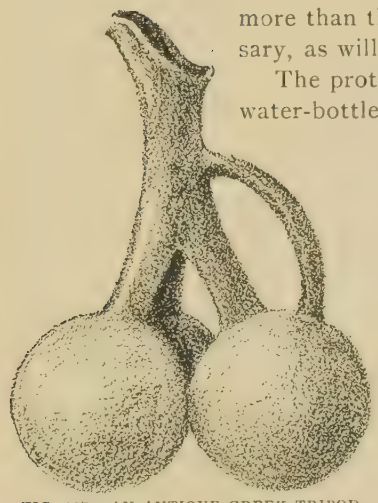


FIG. 107. AN ANTIQUE GREEK TRIPOD VESSEL: CYPRUS

more than this number would be unnecessary, as will be seen in figure 114.

The prototype of the simplest form of water-bottle may have been the gourd, as this article is so employed by the Zuñi and other Pueblo tribes even at the present day; and in a vessel of this shape from a mound in Missouri (figure 106) the top is modeled to represent the curved stem and neck, with unmistakable realism. A plain, unornamented bottle from Tennessee (fig. 105), is a good illustration of the type usually met with in the area above mentioned, the globular form of the body and its gradual contraction toward the neck suggesting very strongly the shape of the gourd as its probable prototype. A scarce, and perhaps unique, specimen from Alabama, is ornamented after a style somewhat Mexican; it has the same gourd-like shape, and was very probably modeled after that vegetable. A graceful and ornamental bottle from Missouri, in which the body is rather more flattened and turnip-like, is illustrated in fig. 110. Similar in shape of the body, though having a longer neck of uniform diameter, are certain specimens found in Arkansas, and this form seems to be typical of a large series from the mounds of that state.

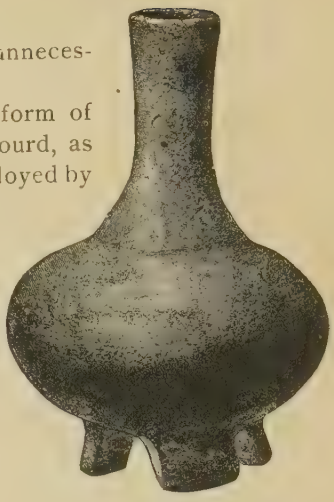


FIG. 109. A TRIPOD BOTTLE: MISSOURI

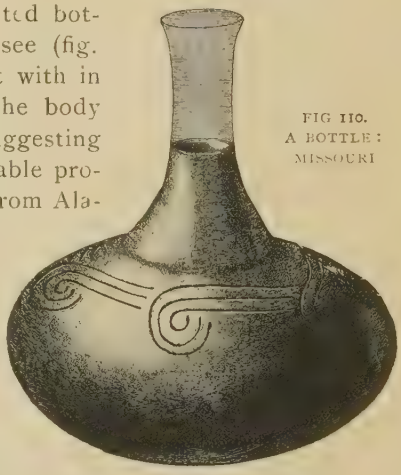


FIG. 110. A BOTTLE: MISSOURI

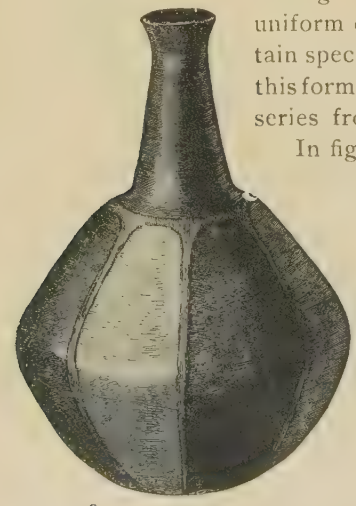


FIG. 108. A PREHISTORIC BOTTLE: ARKANSAS

In fig. 104 is shown an interesting form of bottle from Chiriqui, in which the upright sides and flat base are like the product of the modern glass-manufacturer. The shape, however, is of prehistoric design, and is only an improvement on an older prototype, of which the outline appears partly hidden by

FIG. 111. A TRIPOD BOTTLE: ARKANSAS

FIG. 112. A WATER-BOTTLE: ARKANSAS

the principal figure. It will be noticed that the base of this older specimen is conical, as in many of the vases from the same province. Both of these specimens are decorated, the painted design upon the latter being nearly obliterated, while upon the former the ornamentation occupies the entire surface, and is divided into two sections by a red band about the middle.

The bottle indicated in fig. 108 is a handsome vessel of graceful proportions, having vertical ridges, the spaces or belts between which are colored, alternately, red and white. There is a flattened bottom, without any rim or indication of feet. The mouth is slightly flaring, and the body has a pronounced girdle or horizontal ridge, somewhat similar, though not so conspicuous, as in another Arkansas specimen, which also has a rim or stand added at the bottom to give it steadiness. This bottom-rim is often much broader; and in one example from Arkansas is notable through being perforated at various points. A similar and continuous rim, in which the perforations were widened into square spaces, leaving a divided base of three flat feet, is shown in fig. 109. This vase or bottle has a body of graceful form, very nearly like some of those above mentioned, as, for example, figure 110. How the divisions of the bottom-rim noted above developed into feet, appears rudely in a cumbersome-looking vessel (fig. 111), with a wide neck, resting upon three globular feet, which are hollow and left open, so that the cavities communicate with the body. Continuing the elongation of the legs, though retaining the globular feet, which are connected with one another by rods or tubes, we have a vessel similar to that shown in fig. 115, and described by Mr. Thurston in "The Antiquities of Tennessee" (Cincinnati, 1890), as from that state.

FIG. 114. AN OWL-SHAPED TRIPOD: ARKANSAS

FIG. 113. A PERUVIAN BLACK-WARE WATER BOTTLE

A very interesting tripod vessel is shown in figure 114. The specimen is from a burial-place in Arkansas, and although the form is rare among the ancient varieties, it is exceedingly frequent in modern Zuñi. This owl-shaped bottle presents good modeling; the wings are represented by incised lines, while the plumage is indicated by al-

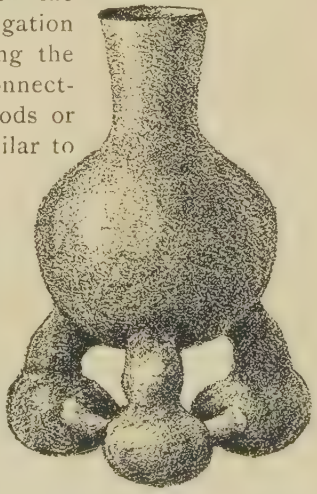


FIG. 115. A TRIPOD BOTTLE: TENNESSEE

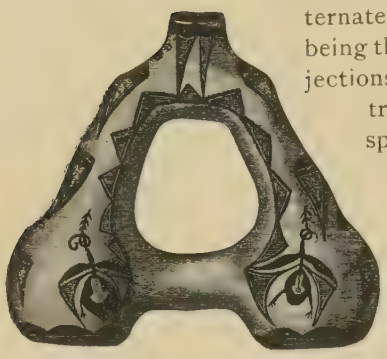


FIG. 116. A DOUBLE-BODIED VESSEL: ZUNI

ternate bands of pale red and yellow-gray, the latter being the ground-color of the vessel. Its tail and the projections representing the feet form a natural and effective tripod for its support. Illustrations of Puebloan specimens of bird-forms will be given farther on.

A beautiful vessel found by General di Cesnola in Cyprus, is shown in figure 107, reproduced from an illustration in a work by that gentleman, entitled: "Cyprus; Its ancient Cities, Tombs and Temples." (New York, 1878.) The hollow, globular feet, very much resemble those in fig. 115, though the neck, with its pitcher-like handle, gives the upper portion a much more graceful appearance. Another illustration of an interesting and analogous form, though from an entirely different part of the world, is a four-footed bottle from Ancon, Peru, represented in figure 118. This vessel is very much like some from the island of Cyprus and from the excavations on the site of Troy.

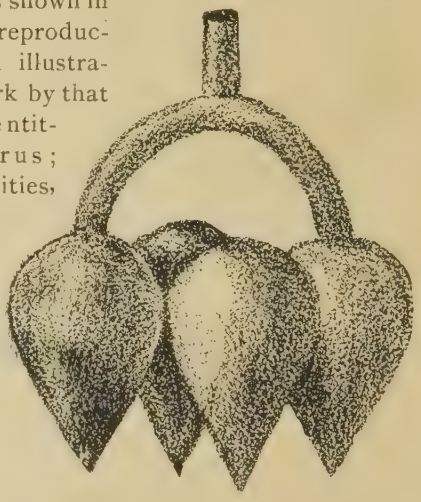


FIG. 118. A PERUVIAN FOUR-FOOTED VESSEL

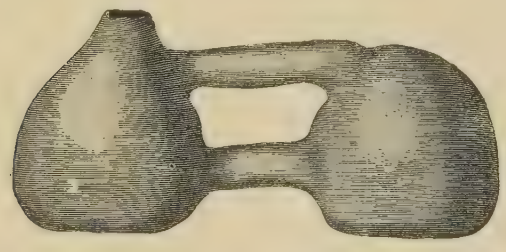


FIG. 117. A DOUBLE WATER-VESSEL: MOKI WARE

The double neck indicated in the preceding, also appears in a bottle of eccentric form found at the foot of a skeleton in a grave at Pecan Point, Arkansas, and again in an interesting specimen of modern ware, from the pueblo of Santa Clara, New Mexico. The body in each case is rather turnip-shaped and bears decorations in black, red and white. This form is one constantly recurring in Peru, as is shown by countless examples in European and American collections. The accompanying illustration (fig. 113) represents a typical vase of this sort. It is reproduced from Reuss and Stübel's German work on Peruvian antiquities. The characteristic feature is that the body is connected with the neck by a hoop-shaped tube, which serves at the same time as a

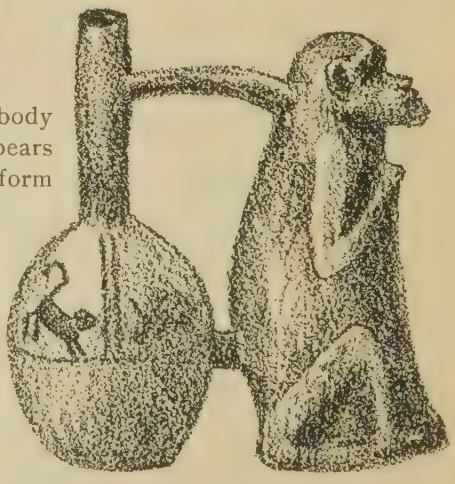


FIG. 119 A PERUVIAN COMPOUND VESSEL

FIG. 120. A BIRD-LIKE VESSEL: COCHITI
The orifice of this and many similar pueblo-made vessels is in the top of the head.

handle. Frequently these vessels are decorated, usually some animate form being depicted, sometimes in color, and again in relief, upon the sides of the body. The specimen here referred to is of black earthenware, and was discovered in the necropolis at Ancon.

A vessel in Washington from Zuñi approaches toward the type of double vessel, the bodies being small and the neck or connecting-piece between them being almost as narrow as the upper portions, so that the whole structure resembles a letter A. This peculiarity is more striking in fig. 117, consisting of a specimen of pottery from the Moki town, Wolpi, in Arizona, of brown ware and rather rudely made, yet resembling very strongly many compound vessels found in the burial-places of the ancient Peruvians, one illustration of which is reproduced herewith in figure 119, representing a bottle connected by two hollow tubes with the back of a hollow effigy of a monkey.

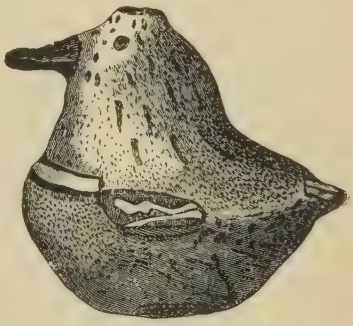


FIG. 122. A BIRD-LIKE FORM: ZUNI

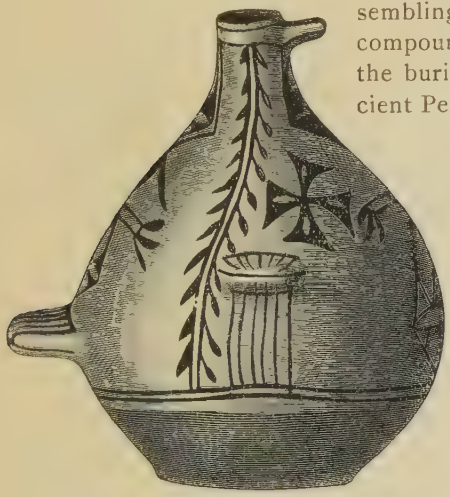


FIG. 121. A QUAINT WATER-JAR: COCHITI

In the ancient province of Tusayan, Arizona, large quantities of prehistoric pottery have been recovered, but only a few examples present the characteristics of the bottle, the more common form being that of the vase and bowl. In one instance (fig. 123) peculiar knobs or ears are placed on the sides of the neck of the bottle near the lip These resemble the corolla of a flower, but may also be copied from the wheel-like coils of hair gathered up at the sides of the head of Moki maidens. In another specimen from the same locality, a longer single projection from one side of the neck survives, suggesting the remains of a handle which may have extended down to the shoulder, as in the pitcher. A handle of this kind, upon either side, would readily suggest the urn or vase, the finest examples of which form are found on the shores of the

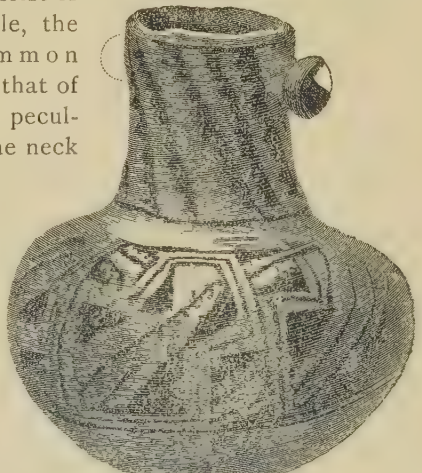


FIG. 123. AN ANCIENT EARED BOTTLE: TUSAYAN

FIG. 124. AN EFFIGY-VESSEL: COCHITI

Mediterranean producing hydræ and other refined shapes.

A water vessel from the pueblo of Cochiti, New Mexico, is interesting, in that one projection appears at the side of the neck, while a second is on the opposite side of the body, low down. Seen in profile, the outline of the whole readily suggests a bird, very rudely indicated. The bird-form is more clearly indicated in a vessel from Zuñi (fig. 122), which presents the characteristics of the duck-like form after which it is modeled. The mouth is pronounced, and colored, while the wings are indicated in like manner. Another Zuñian example in the National Museum is a good imitation of an owl, with the legs and feet clearly distinct from the body and serving as a rest for the vessel. The eyes and plumage are indicated by the application of brown colors. The eyes are large, which, together with the short ear-like projections above them, seem to denote that the potter had before him as a model the horned owl—Bubo virginianus. In a Cochiti vessel of this class we find a basket-like handle, extending from the neck of the bird to the rump, again suggesting the general form of the pitcher, as in fig. 120; while in another effigy-vessel before me (fig. 124), the body is almost upright in position, giving a form and position of handle closely approaching the pitcher,—an ancient specimen of which, found in the ruins of Cañon de Chelly, New Mexico, is illustrated in fig. 126.

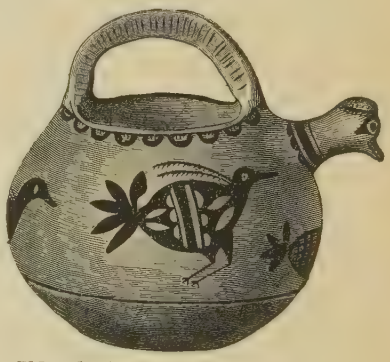


FIG. 125. A BASKET-LIKE VESSEL: COCHITI

FIG. 126. A PREHISTORIC PITCHER: CAÑON DE CHELLY, N. M.

Returning for a moment to fig. 120, the next deviation from the bird-form is perceptible in the absence of the tail, as in fig. 125, while a true basket-form results in the farthest removed and most highly conventionalized examples as shown in fig. 127. The rim is terraced, suggesting the conventional cloud-form, while the reference to its use for holding water, is further evinced in the delineation of lizards and tadpoles, both animals being aquatic and symbolical of water.

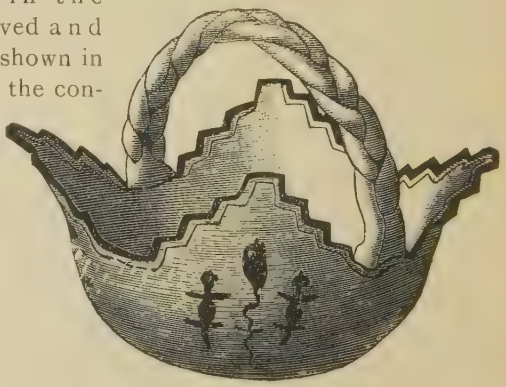


FIG. 127. A BASKET-LIKE WATER-VESSEL: ZUNI

These basket-like vessels are of great frequency and figure extensively in ritualistic ceremonials. In one exceedingly interesting specimen in the National Museum, the handle bears colored decorations of

FIG. 128. A DOUBLE VESSEL: CHIRIQUI

toads or frogs, and conventionalized figures of butterflies, while the outside of the bowl bears the outline of a feather-crowned serpent. The rim, instead of being terraced in angles, is beset with rounded, wave-like processes. Of probably later date is the same basket-like vessel, for the same purpose, though without the handle, thus leaving us only, in reality, a bowl, although designated by the same name as its predecessor.

Another interesting form of workmanship consists of double vessels, a type frequently found in collections of Peruvian pottery. These usually consist of two small wide-mouthed bottles, or perhaps small vases, joined together at the greatest diameter, and connected above by a hooped handle to unite the inner surfaces of the lips of the vessels. Similar in every respect are some of the compound vessels obtained in the province of Chiriqui. Fig. 131 represents one of graceful shape, the handle being rather strong, but the two compartments do not communicate with one another, as in some examples of double bottles before described. In another specimen from the same locality (fig. 128), the bowls are a little farther removed from one another, though the general shape is the same. In both cases the surface bears color-decoration. In general form these Chiriqui vessels occupy a position intermediate between those from Peru, and those obtained in Zuñi, an illustration of an example from the last named locality being given in figure 129. The resemblance is remarkable, though the finish is less artistic than upon those from the more southern localities.

FIG. 130. A QUADRUPLE CUP: ZUNI

FIG. 129. A DOUBLE VESSEL: ZUNI

In this connection may be presented a Zuñi quadruple cup, (fig. 130) the bowls being united at the sides without bars, and being, also, without the handle indicated upon the preceding examples; it was doubtless a fanciful creation.

There is a variety of ware extant among various Puebloan tribes, and also in Mexico, to which reference has already been made and which it is necessary to describe. The so-called canteen, of which illustrations are given in figures 132 and 133, appears to be an imitation of the form of the human mammary gland; some of these vessels are very similar indeed to that organ, as is to be seen in the comparative illustration, (fig. 132); and Frank H. Cushing states that the Zuñi name of the

FIG. 131. A DOUBLE VESSEL: CHIRIQUI

FIG. 132 A WOMAN'S BREAST IMITATED IN THE PUEBLO FORM OF CANTEEN

vessel is *me'he ton ne*; while *me'ha na*, the name of the mammary gland, gives rise to *wo'ha na*, hanging or placed against anything, obviously because the mammaries hang or are placed against the breast. These vessels are used to carry water to long distances only, and are possibly the clay survivals of a prototype made of wicker-work, grass and roots, as such were, until recently, in use among some of the Shoshonian tribes. These canteens are carried upon the back by means of a band passed across the forehead.

A fanciful variant of the preceding, having three figures of bird-heads attached to the top of the body, equidistant from one another and from the mouth of the vessel, is given in figure 134. Rings at either side, for holding a rope or strap, indicate the manner in which the specimen was carried by natives of Santa Clara, by whom it was made in imitation of the polished black ware peculiar to that people. The addition to the exterior of vessels of animal or other living objects, as decorations, is peculiar not only to the Pueblo Indians, but prevails extensively in other parts of the American continent. Frequently such ornamentation is the result of fancy or a desire to exhibit skill in imitation, but the greater number of what appear to us to be grotesque forms or creatures of mythic outline only, are prompted by far deeper motives, and based upon cult and shamanistic beliefs and ceremonials. This is the interpretation of a large part of the decorative marks and designs with which Indian pottery is ornamented. Both molded and painted figures are very largely symbolic,—a fact true of all savage and barbarous art, and lingering long among civilized nations, especially in religious art, which is more or less impregnated with legendary if not superstitious elements. We may see in an Indian's design only a figure of some bird or animal: but to him it bears a deeper significance.

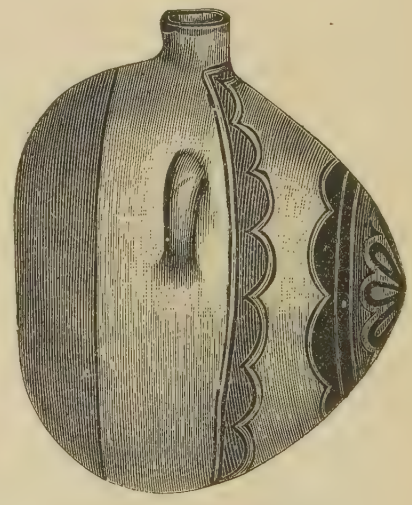


FIG. 133. A CANTEEN: ZUNI (compare fig. 132)

FIG. 134. A GROTESQUE FORM: SANTA CRUZ, N. M.

Types of ware embracing exaggerated life-forms, and examples of the purely grotesque, will receive treatment in another paper.

(To be continued)